

For M.^r HACKETTS EPITAPHS.



*How are the Mighty fallen!
Oh! that they understood this!
O! that they would consider this, & be wise!*

B. Cole, sculp.

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503
SELECT and REMARKABLE
E P I T A P H S

ON
ILLUSTRIOUS and OTHER PERSONS,
IN
SEVERAL PARTS of EUROPE.

WITH
TRANSLATIONS
Of such as are in
LATIN and Foreign LANGUAGES.

AND
Compendious Accounts of the DECEASED,
Their LIVES and WORKS.

By JOHN HACKETT,
Late Commoner of BALIOL-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

*Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Play'r,
That struts and frets his Hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a Tale
Told by an Idiot, full of Sound and Fury,
Signifying nothing.*

In Two VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. OSBORNE, and J. SHIPTON, in GRAY'S-INN.

M.DCC.LVII.

MUSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM



To the Honourable

JAMES BRUCE, Esq;

OF

BROOMHALL, SCOTLAND.

DEAR SIR,



S I know your Temper was always
averse to fulsome Panegyric, and as
even my Enemies will own that to
be among the many Things in which
I myself am not born to make any Figure, you
need not fear being put out of Countenance
any further than by having it known that you
deign me the Honour of your Friendship.

This Connexion I could always boast of,
even in the most ridiculous and absurd of all
my Undertakings, in my Days of special Fol-
ly: But as I began to be a Fool very early, so
I hope it will not be found that I have recover-
ed the Use of my Senses too late.

The

DEDICATION.

The Sheets I have taken the Freedom to address to you were the Fruits of leisure Hours, when, somewhat grave, and sensible of a Deficiency in that Part of a Man's Cloathing that has so great a Sympathy with the Animal Spirits, I have left Mirth for the Church-yard, and deserted Folks all alive and merry, for a pensive Hour with the Dead.

This public Acknowledgement of the many Favours I have received from you, Sir, and your noble Family, I hope you will accept with your accustomed Kindness. Long, long may it be ere your Virtues furnish Matter for *your* Epitaph, but may you live to write that of

S I R,

Your most affectionate Friend,

and obliged humble Servant,

JOHN HACKETT.



COLLECTION
OF
EPI TAPH S.

St. John's, Neuremberg.

Credo Resurrectionem Carnis.
Basilius Bessler Noricus,
Artis Pharmaceuticæ amator singularis,
Rei Herbariæ studiosus.

1629.

Una custodia Pietas.

In English thus :

‘ I believe in the Resurrection of the Flesh. *Ba-
silius Bessler* of *Neuremberg*, a singular Lover of
‘ Chemistry, and Student in Botany. 1629. Piety is
‘ the only Guard.’

This Epitaph is inserted on account of its being so
beautifully modest. This learned Man, the most

B

knowing

knowing Botanist of his Time, contents himself (for he wrote the Inscription himself) with the simple Title of *Rei Herbariæ studiosus*. But, for his Skill in Botany, see his Collection, under the Title of *Musæum Besslerianum*. He also wrote a Treatise, containing a Description of the Bishop of *Aichstedt's* Gardens, under the Title of *Hortus Aystadensis*.

Panttheon, at Rome.

*Raphaeli Sanctio, Joannis F. Urbinati,
 Pictori eminentissimo, veterumque æmulo.
 Cujus spiranteis prope imagineis si contemplere,
 Naturæ atque Artis, fœdus facile inspexeris:
 Julii II. et Leonis X. Pont. Max. Picturæ et
 Architecturæ operibus gloriam auxit.
 Vixit Annos xxvii. integer integros.
 Quo die natus est, eo esse desiit, viii Id. April. MDXX.
 Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
 Rerum magna Parens, et moriente mori.
 Ut videant Posteris oris decus ac venustatem, cujus
 gratias
 Mentemque celestem in Picturis admirantur, Raphaelis
 Sanctii
 Urbinatis, Pictorum Principis, in tumultu spirantem ex
 marmore
 Vultum Carolus Marattus tam eximii viri memoriam
 veneratus
 Ad perpetuum virtutis exemplar et incitamentum
 P. Ann. MDCLXXIV.*

In English thus:

‘ To Raphael Sanctius, Son of John of Urbino, the
 ‘ celebrated Painter, and Rival to the most illustrious
 ‘ of his Profession among the Ancients. In contem-
 ‘ plating his almost breathing Images, you will easily
 ‘ discover a strict Alliance between Art and Nature.

‘ By

By his exquisite Performances, both in Architecture and Painting, he exceedingly raised the Glory of Julius the Second and Leo the Tenth, under whose Popedom he lived and wrought. He died on the same Day that he was born, the 8th of the Ides of April, 1520. Aged 37.

This is the great Raphael. Nature, the Mother of all Things, was equally afraid of being outdone by him while he lived, and of expiring when he died. Out of a profound Veneration for the Memory of this excellent Man, and to enable Posterity to admire the graceful Features of one, whose divine Soul is universally admired in the several masterly Strokes of his Pencil, and to excite others, by a standing Monument, to follow his noble Steps, Charles Matti erected this Marble Effigy, in the Year 1674.

Intended by Mr. Prior for his own Monument.

As Doctors give Physick by way of Prevention,
 Matt alive and in Health of his Tomb-stone took
 For Delays are unsafe, and his pious Intention [care;
 May haply be never fulfill'd by his Heir.
 Then take Matt's Word for it, the Sculptor is paid;
 That the Figure is fine, pray believe your own Eye;
 Yet credit but lightly what more may be said;
 For we flatter ourselves, and teach Marble to lye.
 Yet counting so far as to Fifty his Years,
 His Virtues and Vices were as other Men's are;
 High Hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great Fears,
 In a Life party-colour'd, half Pleasure, half Care.
 Nor to Business a Drudge, nor to Faction a Slave,
 He strove to make Int'rest and Freedom agree;
 In publick Employments industrious and grave; [he!
 But alone with his Friends, Lord! how merry was
 Now in Equipage stately, now humbly on Foot,
 Both Fortunes he try'd, but to neither would trust,

And whirl'd in the Round, as the Wheel turn'd about,
 He found Riches had Wings, and knew Man was
 but Dust.

This Verse, little polish'd, tho' mighty sincere,
 Sets neither his Titles nor Merits to View:
 It says, that his Relicks collected lie here,
 And no Mortal yet knows too if this may be true.
 Fierce Robbers there are, that infest the Highway,
 So *Matt* may be kill'd, and his Bones never found;
 False Witness at Court, and fierce Tempests at Sea,
 So *Matt* may yet chance to be hang'd or be drown'd.
 If his Bones lie in Earth, roll in Sea, fly in Air,
 To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
 And if passing thou giv'st him a Smile or a Tear,
 He cares not — yet pr'ythee be kind to his Fame.

Tiddefwall, Derbyshire.

Under this Stone, as here doth ly, a Corps sometime of
 Fame,
 In *Tiddefwall* bred and born truly *Robert Pursglowe* by
 Name.
 And there brought up by Parents Care at Schoole and
 Learning trad
 Till afterwards by Uncle dear to *London* he was had;
 Who *William Bradshaw* hight by Name in *Paul's*
 which did him place,
 And there at Schoole did him maintaine full thrice 3
 whole Year's Space:
 And then into the Abberye was placed as I wis,
 In *Southwark* call'd, where it doth ly, Saint *Mary*
Overis:
 To *Oxford* then, who did him send into that College
 right,
 And there 14 Years did him find which *Corpus Christi*
 hight:

From thence at length away he went, a Clerke of
Learning great,

To *Gisburn Abbey* freight was sent and plac'd in
Prior's Seat ;

Bishop of *Hull* he was also, Archdeacon of *Nottingham*,
Provost of *Rotheram College* too, of *York* eak Suffragan ;
Two Gramer Schools he did ordain with Land for to
endure,

One Hospitall for to maintain 12 impotent and poor.

O *Gisburn*, thow with *Tiddefwall Town*, lement and
mourn you may,

For this said Clerk of great Renown lyeth here com-
pact in Clay :

Though cruel Death hath now down brought this Body
which here doth ly,

Yet Trump of *Fame* stay can he nought to sound his
Prayse on high.

Qui legis hunc versum crebro reliquam memoreris
Vile cadaver sum tuque cadaver eris.

Round the Verge of the Stone.

Christ is to me as Life on Earth,

And Death to me is Gaine,

Because I trust thro' him alone

Salvation to obtaine.

So brittle is the State of Man,

So soon it doth decay,

So all the Glorie of this World

Must pass and fade away.

This *Robert Purslove*, sometime Bishop of *Hull*, de-
ceas'd the 2d Day of *May* in the Year of our Lord
God 1579.

Robert Purslove, alias *Silvester* (says *Browne Willis*)
succeeded *Cuthbert Marshall* as Archdeacon of *Notting-
ham*, being installed Jan. 31. 1549. He was deprived
1559. and sentenced to remain at *Ugthorp*, Co. *York*,

or within 12 Miles of it. He died *May 2. 1579.*
and was buried in *Tiddefwall Church, Co. Derby.*

Westminster-Abbey.

D. O. M.

Bonæ Memoræ et Spei Æternæ

Mariæ Stuartæ, Scotorum Reginæ, Franciæ Dotariæ,
Jacobi V.

Scotorum Regis Filiæ, et Hæredis unicæ Henrici
Angl. Regis

Ex Margareta majori natu filiæ (Jacobo III. Regi
Scotorum

matrimonio copulatæ) Proneptis Edwardi III. Angl.
Regis

Ex Elizabetha filiarum suarum natu maxima, abneptis
Francisci

II. Gallorum R. conjugis, coronæ Angl. dum vixit
certæ et Indubitatæ

hæredis, et Jacobi Magnæ Brit. Monarchæ potentissimi
Matris.

Stirpe vere Regia et antiquissima prognata erat, maximis totius Europæ principibus agnatione et cognatione conjuncta, et exquisitissimis animi et corporis dotibus et ornamentis cumulatissimæ. (verum ut sunt variae rerum humanarum vices) postquam annos plus minus viginti, in custodiâ detenta fortiter et strenue (sed frustra) cum malevolorum obtreccionibus, timidorum suspicionibus, et inimicorum capitalium insidiis conflictæ esset, tandem inaudito et infesto regibus exemplo, securi percutitur; et contempto mundo, devicta morte, lassato carnifice, Christo Servatori animæ salutem, Jacobo filio spem regni et posteritatis, et universis cædis infaustæ spectatoribus exemplum patientiæ commendans, pie, patienter, intrepide, cervicem regiam securi maledictæ subjecit, et vitæ caducæ sortem cum

cum cœlestis regni perennitate commutavit, VI. Idus
Feb. A. C. MDLXXVII. Ætatis XXXXVI.

Si generis splendor, raræ si gratia formæ,
Probrî nescia mens, inviolata fides,
Pectoris invicti robur, sapientia, candor,
Nixaque solantis spes pietate Dei,
Si morum probitas, duri patientia fræni,
Majestas bonitas pura, benigna manus,
Pallida Fortunæ possint vitare Tonantis
Fulmina, quæ montes templaque sancta petunt ;
Non præmaturâ fatorum sorte perisset,
Nec fieret mœstis tristis imago genis.
Jure Scotos, thalamo Francos, spe possidet Anglos,
Triplíce sic triplex Jure corona beat ;
Fælix heu nimium felix, si turbine pulsa
Vicinam fero conciliasset opem :
Sed cadit ut terram teneat ; nunc morte triumphat,
Fructibus ut sua stirps pululet inde novis.
Victa nequit vinci, nec carcere clausa teneri,
Non occisa mori, sed neque capta capi.
Sic vitis succisa gemit foecundior ævis,
Sculptaque purpureo gemma decore micat.
Obruta frugifero sensim sic cespite surgunt
Semina per multos quæ latuere dies
Sanguine sancivit foedus cum plebe Jehova,
Sanguine placabant numina sancta patres.
Sanguine conspersi quos præterit ira Penates,
Sanguine signata est, quæ modo cedit humus,
Parce, Deus (satis est) infandos siste dolores ;
Inter funestos pervolet illa dies.
Sit Reges mactare nefas, ut sanguine posthac
Purpureo nunquam terra Britannia fluat.
Exemplum pereat cæsæ cum vulnere Christæ,
Inque malum præceps Author et Actor eat.
Si meliore sui post mortem parte triumphet ;
Carnifices fileant tormina claustra, cruces.
Quem dederant cursum superi Regina peregit,

Tempora læta Deus, tempora dura dedit.
 Edidit eximium, fato properante, Jacobum,
 Quem Pallas, Musæ, Delia, fata colunt.
 Magna viro, major natu, sed maxima partu,
 Conditur hic regum filia, sponfa parens,
 Det Deus ut nati, et qui nascentur ab illis,
 Eternos videant hic sine nube dies.

H. N. Gemens.

1 Pet. 2. 21.

Christus pro nobis passus
 est ; relinquens exem-
 plum ut sequamini vesti-
 gia ejus.

1 Pet. 2. 23.

Qui cum malediceretur
 non maledicebat, cum
 pateretur, non commi-
 nabatur ; tradebat autem
 judicanti juste.

The Verses in English are as follow :

If Birth illustrious, or if Beauty's Pride,
 A guiltless Mind, and Faith severely try'd ;
 If Wisdom, Fortitude, a candid Breast,
 And hope in Him who comforts the Distress ;
 If Probity of Heart, with Patience mild,
 To bear injurious Wrongs, to be revil'd ;
 If Goodness, Majesty, a lib'ral Will
 To raise the Wretched, and the Poor to fill,
 Could 'scape blind Fortune's Thunders, that alike
 On good and bad, on low and lofty, strike ;
 Thou hadst not early fall'n by being great,
 Nor thy sad Image seem'd to weep thy Fate.
 Scotland by Right, by Marriage France was thine ;
 To these well-founded Hope did England join ;
 By triple Right a triple Crown she wears ;
 But dim its Lustre to a Crown of Stars.
 Happy, too happy, if, the Storm allay'd,
 Tho' late, the neighb'ring Realm had her obey'd :
 But see, she falls, to triumph in the Grave :
 New Vigour thence, and Fruits, her Branches have.

Con-

Conquer'd, she conquers ; free, tho' close confin'd ;
 Not dead, tho' slain ; the Fates her Chains unbind.
 So the prun'd Vine shoots forth with fertile Sprays,
 And the cut Gem reflects its purple Rays ;
 So genial Seeds, committed to the Earth,
 Rise from the fruitful Soil a brighter Birth.
 With Blood, God's Covenant with Man was made ;
 With Blood, the Patriarchs his Wrath allay'd ;
 With Blood, the First-born scap'd the gen'ral Doom ;
 Blood stain'd the Land which now is hers become.
 Oh stay thy Vengeance, Heav'n, for Mercy's sake !
 That fatal Day be ever mark'd with black : —
 To murder Kings abhorr'd for evermore,
 Nor *Britain* stain'd again with Royal Gore.
 Let the Example perish with the Blow ;
 Accurs'd its Author and its Actor too.
 Since in her better Part she triumphs still,
 Dumb be her Fate, and silent ev'ry Ill.
 Such was her Course, as Heav'n thought fit to steer ;
 She had her Joys, she knew her Sorrows, here.
 Early to Life the Royal *James* she gave,
 Whom ev'ry kinder Pow'r in Keeping have.
 By Nuptials great, by Birth still greater known ;
 And greatest in her Issue, such a Son.
 Here *Mary* lies, of whom we sighing sing ;
 The Daughter, Wife, and Mother of a King.
 Grant, Heav'n ! that to the latest Times her Race,
 Their happy Hours without a Cloud may pass !

H. N.

In the Beginning of *May* 1568. *Mary* Queen of
Scots escaped from her Confinement in the Castle of
Lochleven in *Scotland* (whither she had been sent by
 the Nobility), and collected a Body of Forces ; but
 being defeated, fled to *England*, upon large Promises of
 Assistance and Favour from Queen *Elizabeth*. But,
 upon her Arrival there, she was detained as a Pri-
 soner of War, till she should answer for the Death of

Lord Darnley her Husband, who was a Native of *England*. Commissioners were appointed to take Cognizance of her Cause, Deputies sent from *Scotland* to accuse her, and *York* was named for the Place of Conference. This Commission was soon recalled, and the Matter brought to a Rehearing at *Westminster*, though without Effect. Her Confinement, which was a strict one, occasioned repeated Attempts, both at home and abroad, to deliver her, and even some Plots against the Life of Queen *Elizabeth*; which at last occasioned, in 1584, an Association to be entered into by the Subjects of the Queen in her Defence. The Queen of *Scots* perceiving this to be formed for her Destruction, offered, among other things, to renounce all Claim to the Crown of *England* during Queen *Elizabeth*'s Life: But this was rejected, upon Suggestion, that there was no Hope of the Safety of the latter, if the former should enjoy her Freedom. In consequence of this, the Queen of *Scots* being charged, in 1586, even by her own Secretaries, with having a Share in *Babington's* Plot, it was determined by the *English* Ministers to bring her to Trial; which was accordingly done in *October* that Year; and on the 25th of the same Month Sentence was pronounced against her; which was confirmed a few Days after by the unanimous Consent of both Houses of Parliament, who petitioned Queen *Elizabeth*, that it might be put in Execution. On the first of *February* 1586-7. the Warrant was signed for her Death; but that Queen being desirous to have the Blame of the Action, as much as possible, removed from herself, gave Orders to her Secretaries, *Walsingham* and *Davison*, to write to Sir *Amias Paulet* and Sir *Drue Drury*, the Queen of *Scots* Keepers, to make her secretly away; but they declining the Office, her Majesty next Day commanded *Davison*, that a Letter should be sent to *Paulet* for the speedy Execution of the Warrant. The Queen of *Scots* was accordingly beheaded, on the 8th of *February*.

bruary, in the Hall of *Fotheringay* Castle, and died with great Resolution, and an inviolable Attachment to the *Romish* Religion. Her Body was at first interred in the Cathedral of *Peterborough*, and about twenty Years after removed to *Westminster Abbey*, by Order of her Son King *James I.* T. BINCH.

The Prose Part of the Epitaph runs thus: 'To the gracious Memory and eternal Hope of *Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, Dowager of France, Daughter and sole Heiress of James V. King of Scots; and Great Grand-daughter of Henry the VIIIth, by Margaret his eldest Daughter, married to James IV. King of Scots: Descended from Edward IV. King of England, by Elizabeth his eldest Daughter, Consort to Francis II. King of France; True and undoubted Heiress to the Crown of England, and Mother to the most mighty Prince James, King of Great Britain.* She was of a most ancient and truly Royal Descent, related to the greatest Princes of all *Europe*; eminent for all Accomplishments of Mind and Body. But such is the Vicissitude of human Things! after an Imprisonment of about twenty Years, and a firm but, alas! successful Struggle against the Calumnies of the Malicious, the Suspicions of the Timorous, and the Snares of the Implacable, she lost her Head! by an Act of unparalleled Severity, and to the Disgrace of the Sacredness of Majesty. With a noble Contempt of the World, and a Soul superior to the Fear of Death, and to the Terror of the Executioner, leaving her Soul to Christ, the Kingdom to her Son *James*, and to the Spectators of this atrocious Murder a Pattern of most exalted Fortitude, she composedly submitted her Royal Head to the Axe, and exchanged a precarious Life for the Eternity of Heaven, on the 18th of *February 1587.* aged 46.'

St. Faith's, under St. Paul's.

William Lambe, so sometime was my Name,
 Whiles I alyve did run my mortall Race;
 Servynge a Prince of most immortal Fame,
Henry the Eighth, who of his princely Grace
 In his Chappell allowed me a Place.
 By whose Favour from Gentleman & Esquire
 I was prefer'd with Worship for my Hire.
 With Wives three I joynd Wedlock Band,
 Which all alive true Lovers were to mee,
Joane, Alice, and *Joane*, for so they came to Hand,
 What needeth Prayse regarding their Degrees?
 In wively Truth none stedfast more could be,
 Who though in Earth Death's Force did once dissever,
 Heaven yet, I trust, shall joyne us all together.
 O *Lambe* of God, which Sinne didst take away,
 And as a *Lambe* was offered up for Sinne;
 Where I (poor *Lambe*) went from thy Flock astray,
 Yet thou, good Lord, vouchsafe thy *Lambe* to winne.
 Home to thy Folde, and holde thy *Lambe* therein:
 That at the Day when *Lambes* and *Goats* shall sever,
 Of thy choice *Lambes* *Lambe* may be one for ever.

This *Lambe* having left a perpetual Annuity to the
 Poor of this Parish, they are, upon receiving the said
 Charity, enjoined to say theie Verses:

I pray you all that receive Bread and Pence,
 To say the Lord's Prayer before you go hence.

Gloucester Cathedral.

Here lyes the Body of *Samuel Bridger*, Gent. who
 departed this Life upon the 21st Day of *July*, An.
 1650.

Receiver of this College Rents, he paid
 His Debt to Nature, and beneath he's laid

To

To rest, until his Summons to remove,
At the last Audit, to the Choir above.

Sherborne, Dorsetshire.

*On the Monument of the Honourable Robert Digby,
and of his Sister Mary, erected by their Father the
Lord Digby, Anno 1727.*

Go! fair Example of untainted Youth,
Of modest Wisdom, and pacific Truth;
Compos'd in Sufferings, and in Joy sedate,
Good without Noise, without Pretension great.
Just of thy Word, in ev'ry Thought sincere,
Who knew no Wish, but what the World might hear:
Of softest Manners, unaffected Mind,
Lover of Peace, and Friend of human Kind:
Go, live! for Heaven's eternal Year is thine;
Go, and exalt thy moral to Divine.

And thou, blest Maid, Attendant on his Doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent Tomb,
Steer'd the same Course to the same quiet Shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only Bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these Tears, Mortality's Relief,
And till we share your Joys, forgive our Grief:
These little Rites, a Stone, a Verse, receive,
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend, can give.

A. POPE.

Westminster Abbey.

*Sidney, Earl of Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer of
Great Britain, and Chief Minister during the first
nine glorious Years of Queen Anne.*

He

He died in the Year 1712. the 15 Day of *September*. Aged 67. and was buried near this Place; to whose Memory this is offered, with the utmost Gratitude, Affection, and Honour, by his much obliged Daughter-in-Law, *Henrietta Godolphin*.

This Nobleman was Member of Parliament in 1661. Groom of the Bedchamber to King *Charles II.* Commissioner of the Treasury 1679. in 1684 Secretary of State, then created Baron of *Rialton* in *Cornwall* by King *James II.* he was made Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, and Commissioner for executing the Office of Lord High Treasurer. After the Revolution, he was First Commissioner of the Treasury, and soon after Lord Treasurer.

Sidney Earl of Godolphin was the silentest and modestest Man that perhaps was ever bred in a Court. He had a clear Apprehension, and dispatched Business with great Method, and with so much Temper, that he had no personal Enemies. But his Silence begot a Jealousy, which hung long upon him. His Notions were for the Court; but his incorrupt and sincere Way of managing the Concerns of the Treasury, created in all People a very high Esteem for him. He had true Principles of Religion and Virtue, and never heaped up Wealth: So that, all things being laid together, he was one of the wisest and worthiest Men employed in that Age. Bishop BURNET.

The same Historian observes in another Place, That he was a Man of the clearest Head, the calmest Temper, and the most incorrupt of all the Ministers he had ever known; and that, after having been thirty Years in the Treasury, and during nine of those Lord Treasurer, as he was never once suspected of Corruption, or of suffering his Servants to grow rich under him, so in all that Time his Estate was not increased by him to the Value of 4000*l.*

He had a penetrating, contemplative Genius, a
slow,

slow, but unerring Apprehension, and an exquisite Judgment, with few Words, tho' always to the Purpose. He was temperate in his Diet. His superior Wisdom and Spirit made him despise the low Arts of vain-glorious Courtiers; for he never kept Suitors unprofitably in Suspence, nor promised any thing that he was not resolved to perform; but, as he accounted Dissimulation the worst of Lying, so, on the other hand, his Denials were softened by the Frankness and Condescension, with which he informed those whom he could not gratify. His great Abilities, and consummate Experience, qualified him for a Prime Minister; and his exact Knowledge of all the Branches of the Revenue, particularly fitted him for the Management of the Treasury. He was thrifty, without the least Tincture of Avarice, being as good an Oeconomist of the public Wealth, as he was of his private Fortune. He had a clear Conception of the whole Government, both in Church and State; and perfectly knew the Temper, Genius, and Disposition of the *English* Nation. And tho' his stern Gravity appeared a little ungracious, yet his steady and impartial Justice recommended him to the Esteem of almost every Person; so that no Man, in so many different public Stations, and so great a Variety of Business, ever had more Friends or fewer Enemies. **BOYER.**

Westminster Abbey.

To preserve and unite the Memory of two faithful Friends, who lost their Lives at Sea together,
May 28. MDCLXXII.

Sir *Charles Harbord*, Kt. third Son of Sir *Charles Harbord*, Kt. his Majesty's Surveyor-General, and First Lieutenant of the *Royal James*, under the most noble and illustrious Captain, *Edward Earl of Sandwich*,

wich, Vice-Admiral of *England*; which, after a terrible Fight, maintained to Admiration against a Squadron of the *Holland Fleet* for above 6 Hours, near the *Suffolk Coast*, having put off two Fireships, at last being utterly disabled, and few of her Men remaining unhurt, was, by a third, unfortunately set on Fire; but he, though he swam well, neglected to save himself, as some did, and out of perfect Love to that worthy Lord, whom for many Years he had constantly accompany'd in all his honourable Employments, and in all the Engagements of the former Warre, dyed with him at the Age of thirty-two, much bewailed of his Father, whom he never offended, and much beloved of all, for his knowne Piety, Virtue, Loyalty, Fortitude and Fidelity.

On the left Side of the Monument:

Clement Cottrell, Esq; eldest Son of Sir *Charles Cottrell*, Knt. Master of the Ceremonies, and his Assistant to have succeeded in that Office; for which he was fit; having a tall, handsome Person, a graceful, winning Behaviour, and great natural Parts, much improv'd by Study and by Converse in most Courts of *Europe*; where, firm to the Church of *England*, he learned not their Vices, but Customs and Languages, understanding Seven, and speaking Foure of them as his own, though but 22 Years old: Yet not content to serve his King and Country at home only, his Excess of Courage, incited by a deep Sense of Honour, could not be kept from going Volunteere with the Earl of *Sandwicke* with whom he had been in *Spaine*, when his Excellency was Embassadour extraordinary; with whom, after having returned unwounded into his Ship from being the first Man that had boarded a *Dutch* one of sixty Guns, and pulled down the Ensigne of it with his own Hand, he also perished universally lamented.

Litch-

Litchfield Cathedral.

JOHANNIS HACKETT

Episc. *Litchf.* et *Coventr.* Cineribus sacrum.
 Primævæ Pietatis et summæ eloquentiæ Præfulem,
 Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ et Fidei Orthodoxæ Assertorem
 strenuum,

Concionatorem etiam ad ultimum assiduum,
 Et superstitionis Babyloniciæ tam maturum hostem,
 Ut pene in cunis straverit Loyolitas;

(Raro Exemplo

Ut poeta præluderet Theologo)

Vitæ denique integritate et innocentia,

Morum suavitate et candore,

Charitate erga pauperes eximiâ

Et Liberalitate erga suos insignem typum;

(Verbo omnia)

Jo. Williams Metropol. *Ebor.* Patroni sui Ec̃typum;

(Desine ulterius quærere)

Ista omnia Tabulâ hæc unico in *Hacketto* exhibet;

Adversus positum cætera Marmor habet.

Obiit 28. Oct. 1670.

Sub anno Ætatis suæ 79.

Sistamus ergo!

Moræ pretium est scire,

Quis demum *Langthono* claudit latus?Solutus *Hackettus* tanto dignus contubernio;

Cujus piæ Liberalitati debetur

Quod *Langthoni* cineres non frigescent,Ædis Cathedralis *Lichfeildicæ* Instaurator illic

Restaurator hic jacet.

Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Antistitum par ingens,

Eoque ingentius quod sibimet pares.

Scire vis Lector,

Quam multis ille bonis flebilis occidit?

Schola Regia *Westmonast.* Alumnum,Collegium S. S. *Trinitat.* Cantabr. Socium,

Eccl.

Eccl. Sancti *Andreae*, *Holborn* } Quadrigenarium Rec-
Et *Cheam* in Agro *Surrien.* } torem,

Ædes D. *Pauli* Residentiarium,

Sedes hæc Episcopalis dignissimum sibi

Præsulem abreptum deslet.

Sed ludo te, Viator,

Dum inter mortuos refero

Eum Virum

Quem Restauratæ *Pauli* Reliquiæ et *Cedde* ruinæ,

Quem Hospitium Episcop. S. S. *Trinit.* Coll.

De novo extractum,

Et *Cantab.* Bibliotheca libris cumulatè aucta

Longum dabunt superstitem.

Dr. *Hackett* was born in the *Strand*, near *Exeter-House*, in the Parish of *St. Martin's in the Fields*, within the Liberty of *Westminster*, on the first Day of *September* 1592. His Father *Andrew Hackett*, of *Pitferrane* in *Scotland*, a senior Burgess of the City of *Westminster*, and afterwards of the Robes to Prince *Henry*, being a zealous Protestant, took great Care to breed up his only Son to that Religion. When he was young, therefore, he put him to the College-School at *Westminster*, where he soon gained the Affection of his Master, Mr. *Ireland*, and the Patronage of Dr. *Lancelot Andrews*. When Mr. *Andrew Hackett* (says *Antony Wood*) addressed Dr. *Nevill*, Master of *Trinity College, Cambridge*, about his Son, the Doctor told him, that he should go to *Cambridge*, or else he would carry him upon his Back. As soon as he had taken Orders, Dr. *John Williams*, Bishop of *Lincoln*, chose him his Chaplain. Two Years he spent in that Bishop's Service; then was made Chaplain to King *James* the First; the next Year, presented to the Church of *St. Andrew* in *Holborn*, and suddenly after made Parson of *Cheam* in *Surrey*. Finding afterwards his Church of *St. Andrew* in *Holborn* much in Decay, he obtained, by Subscriptions, divers thousands
of

of Pounds to repair it; but the Long Parliament seized on that and the Money for repairing *St. Paul's Cathedral*, to carry on their execrable Rebellion against their King. Having suffered much from the Rebels, on the Restoration of his Majesty, the Bishoprick of *Gloucester* was offered to him, but he refused it. On his being made Bishop of *Litchfield and Coventry*, he laid out 2000 *l.* in repairing the *Litchfield Cathedral*; 1000 *l.* of which he had of the Chapter, and the rest was of his own Charge, and his procuring from Benefactors. The noble Monument over his Grave, from which the foregoing Inscription is taken, was erected by his Son Sir *Andrew Hackett*, of *Moxbull* in *Warwickshire*, sometime one of the Masters in Chancery. —His Works are a *Century of Sermons*, published, with his Life at large set before them, by Dr. *Plume* of *Cambridge*, afterwards Archdeacon of *Rocheſter*; and a *Latin Comedy*, called *Loiola*, printed at *London* in the Year 1648. *Octavo*.

The Epitaph in *English* is thus: — Sacred to the
 ‘ Ashes of *John Hackett*, Bishop of *Litchfield and Co-*
 ‘ *ventry*: A Prelate of primitive Piety and great Elo-
 ‘ quence: A strenuous Aſſerter of the *English Church*,
 ‘ and the orthodox Faith; a Preacher to the laſt moſt
 ‘ aſſiduous; and ſo early an Enemy to Superſtition,
 ‘ that he vanquiſhed the *Jefuits* almoſt in his Cradle.
 ‘ Rare the Example, of a great Poet’s becoming an
 ‘ excellent Divine! For the Integrity and Innocence
 ‘ of his Life, the Sweetneſs and Candour of his Mo-
 ‘ rals, his great Charity to the Poor, and Generoſity
 ‘ to his Relations, a Type of his Patron *Jo. Williams*,
 ‘ Archbiſhop of *York*. All theſe Qualities this Marble
 ‘ boaſts in *Hackett*. The reſt the other Side will tell.
 ‘ —He died 28. *Oct.* 1670. Aged 79.

‘ Stop!

‘ It will be worth your Delay to know who it is
 ‘ that is laid here by *Langton*. *Hackett*, alone worthy
 ‘ of

' of such a Place : To whose Liberality it is owing
 ' that the Ashes of *Langton* are now covered. Here
 ' lies the Rebuilder of this Cathedral Church of *Litch-*
 ' *field*, and there the Repairer of it. Two the great-
 ' est of *English* Prelates, and the greater that they
 ' were equal. Would you know, Reader, how many
 ' different People weep this great Man's Departure ?
 ' In him — the Royal College at *Westminster* mourn
 ' the Loss of their greatest Honour ; *Trinity-College*,
 ' *Cambridge*, a most learned Fellow ; the Churches of
 ' *St. Andrew's Holborn*, and *Cheam* in *Surrey*, their
 ' Rector ; *St. Paul's* a Residentiary ; and this See
 ' a most worthy Bishop. But I mock thee, Traveller,
 ' while I reckon among the Dead that Man, whom
 ' the Churches of *St. Paul* and *Litchfield* magnificently
 ' repaired, the Bishop's House at *Trinity-College* built
 ' a-new, and the *Cambridge* Library greatly increased
 ' with Books, will keep for ever living.'

Christ Church, Oxford.

Hic jacet *Johannes Higden*, S. Theol. Profess. et Coll. *Henrici* octavi in *Oxon.* primus Decanus, qui obiit 13 Die *Januarii*, A. D. 1532.

Pray for the Soule of Master *John Higden*, which hath stablyfyed and founded a perpetual Exhibition for eight Students of this College.

Westminster Abbey.

Ab hoc haud procul marmore juxta Preceptoris *Busbeii* Cineres suos conquiescere voluit *Robertus South*, S. T. P. Vir Eruditione, Pietate, Moribus antiquis, Scholæ *Westmonasteriensis*, deinde *Ædis Christi* Alumnus, et post restauratum *Carolus*, magno favente *Clarendono*, utriusque in quo sensim adoleverat Collegii Preben-

Prebendarius, Ecclesiæ *Anglicanæ* et florentis et afflictæ Propugnator assiduus, Fidei *Christianæ* Vindex Acerimus, in Concionibus novo quodam et plane suo, sed admirabili dicendi genere excellens, ut harum Rerum peritis dubitandi sit locus utrum Ingenii acumine, an Argumentorum vi, utrum Doctrinæ ubertate, an splendore Verborum et pondere præstaret; hisce certe omnibus simul instructus adjumentis animos audientium non tenuit tantum, sed percelluit, inflammavit. Erat ille humaniorum Literarum et primævæ Theologiæ cum paucis sciens; in Scholasticorum interim scriptis idem versatissimus è quibus quod sanum est et succulentum expressit, idque a rerum futilium disquisitione et vocabulorum involucris liberatum luculentâ oratione illustravit. Si quando vel in Rerum vel in Hominum Vitia acerbius est invecus, ne hoc aut Partium studio aut Naturæ cuidam asperitati tribuatur; eam quippe is de rebus omnibus sententiam aperte protulit quam ex maturo animi sui Judicio amplexus est: Et cum esset ipse suæ Integritatis conscius, quicquid in Vitâ turpe, quicquid in Religione fucatum fictumque viderat, illud omne liberima Indignatione commotus profligavit. His intentus studiis, hæc animo semper agitans, Hominum a Consortio cum esset remotior, auxilio tamen non defuit: Quam enim benignum, quam misericordem in Calamitosos animum gesserit, largis Muneribus vivens moriensque testatus est. Apud *Islipam* Ecclesiæ Sacram et Rectoris Domum de integro extruxit; ibidemque Scholam erudiendis pauperum Liberis instituit et dotavit. Literis et hic Loci, et apud *Ædem Christi* promovendis, *Ædificiis* istius Collegii instaurandis, Libras millenas in numeratis Pecuniis, tercentenas circiter annuis redditus ex Testamento reliquit; Pietatis erga Deum, Benevolentia erga homines, Monumenta in æternum mansura. Obiit *Jul. 8. Ann. Dom. MDCCXVI. Ætat. LXXXII.*

In English thus :

Not far from this Monument

Robert South, D. D.

Gave Orders his Ashes should rest near those of his
Master *Busby*;

A Man of Learning, Piety, and Simplicity of Manners.

He was Scholar of *Westminster School*,

Then Student of *Christ-Church*;

And after the Restoration of King *Charles*,

By the Interest of Lord *Clarendon*,

Prebendary of both Colleges where he was educated :

A firm and indefatigable Champion of the Church,

In her flourishing and afflicted State ;

A stout Asserter of the Christian Faith.

Excellent in his Sermons,

For a new Method entirely his own,

But illustrious and admirable ;

Infomuch that, versed in all these Qualities, there is
room to doubt

Whether he was most excellent

In his fine Turn of Thought, or Force of Argument,

The Richness of his Doctrine, or the Beauty and

Weight of his Language.

Of all these Assistances, being undoubtedly at the same
time possessed,

He not only gained upon the Minds of his Audience,
but inflamed and moved them.

In Orthodox Divinity, as well as human Learning

He was scarce equalled ;

And at the same time familiar with the Schoolmen,

Out of whom he made use of whatever was wholesome
and nourishing :

And having relieved it from their nice and intricate
Distinctions,

And Cloud and Jargon of Words,

He set it off in fine Language.

If

If at any time he was severe,
 In exposing the Vices of Men, or the Times,
 It ought not to be ascribed to Party, or Ill-nature;
 For in all these Cases he openly express'd,
 What he had before deliberately weigh'd in his Mind:
 And being well assured of his own Innocence,
 He, warmed with a generous Indignation,
 Exposed whatever was base in Life, or superficial or
 affected in Religion.
 Intent on these Studies; and his Mind working that way,
 When he was more secluded from the Conversation
 of Men,
 He was not wanting to them in his Assistance:
 How munificent, how pitiful, he was in his Temper,
 To those in Distress,
 Is evident from his extensive Charities when living,
 And Legacies at his Death.

On the Pedestal.

He was Rector of *Ipsip*, where he rebuilt the Rectory, and founded and endowed a School for the Education of poor Children; an Encourager of Learning both at this Place and *Christ-Church*; for enlarging the Buildings of which College, he left, by his Will, the Sum of One thousand Pounds, three hundred of which to be paid in one Year after his Decease; Lasting Monuments of his Piety to God, and Beneficence towards Men. He died the 8th of *July*, *A. D.* 1716. Aged 82 Years.

Peterborough Cathedral.

Juxta jacet doctissimus sanctissimusque Præsul Richardus Cumberland, hujus Civitatis Episcopus; qui cum Ecclesiæ et Reipublicæ, diu et feliciter invigilaverat migratus ad aliam quam solam quærebat civitatem,

tem, Honorum et Dierum satur, obdormivit in *Dominico*
Anno Christi 1718. Ætatis 86.

Maſte malæ Fraudis Domitor, Defenſor Honeſti,
 Legum Naturæ, Juſtitizque Pugil!

O quantum debent, quas læſerat *Hobbius* ambas,
 Recta ſimul Ratio, Religioque Tibi!

Duport in *Hobbium* à *Cumberlandio* Confutatum.

*Underneath are two Books, with theſe Words engraved
 on the Leaves :*

Biblia Sacra.

De Legibus Naturæ.

This great Man was born *July 15. 1632.* in the
 Pariſh of *St. Anne's Alderſgate, London*; was Fellow of
Magdalen College, Cambridge, Rector of *Brampton*, and
 Vicar of *St. Martin's Stamford*, in the Dioceſe of *Peterborough*;
 elected Biſhop of *Peterborough* *May 15*,
 conſecrated *July 5*, and enthroned *September 12, 1691*.
 He died *October 9. 1718*. Beſides his Book, intituled,
De Legibus Naturæ diſquiſitio, he wrote *An Eſſay to-*
wards the Recovery of the Jewiſh Meaſures and Weights.

The Epitaph is in *English* thus:—‘Hard-by lies
 ‘ the moſt learned and moſt holy Prelate *Richard*
 ‘ *Cumberland*, Biſhop of *Peterborough*; who, when he
 ‘ had long and happily watched over the Church and
 ‘ Commonwealth, leaving this World for a more laſt-
 ‘ ing one, full of Days and Honours, ſlept in the
 ‘ Lord, the Year of *Chriſt 1718*. aged 86.’ The
 Verſes are only a poor Compliment on his vanquiſh-
 ing *Hobbes*.

St. Mary's, Warwick.

Lettrice, Counteſſe of Leyceſter,

Who dyed upon Chriſtmas-Day in the morning, 1634.

Look in this Vault, and ſearch it well,

Much Treafure in it lately fell;

We

We all are robb'd, and all do say
Our Wealth was carry'd this away;
And that the Theft might ne'er be found;
'Tis buried closely under Ground:
Yet if you gently stir the Mould,
There all our Loss you may behold!
There may you see that Face, that Hand,
Which once was fairest in the Land;
She that in her younger yeares
Matcht with two great *English* Peares,
She that did supply the Wars
With thunder, and the Court with Stars;
She that in her Youth had bene
Darling to the Maiden Quene,
Till she was content to quitt
Her Favour for her Favouritt:

Whose Gold Thread when she saw spunn,
And the Death of her brave Son,
Thought it safest to retire
From all Care and vain Desire,
To a private Countrie Cell,
Where she spent her Days so well,
That to her the better Sort
Came as to a holy Court;
And the Poor that lived near
Dearth or Famine could not fear.
While she liv'd, she lived thus,
Till that God, displeas'd with us,
Suffer'd her at last to fall;
Not from him but from us all;
And because she took delight
Christ's poor Members to invite,
He fully now requites her Love,
And sends her Angels from above,
That did to Heaven her Soul convey,
To solemnize his own Birth-day.

JERVASE CLIFTON.

All-Hallows, Staining, London.

Our *Holt* (alas !) hath flint his *Hold*,
 By Death call'd hence in *Haste*,
 Whose Christen Name being *Christopher*
 With *Christ* is better plac'd.

In *Sawton* born of gentle Race,
 In *London* spent his *Dayes* ;
 A Clerke that was in *Custom House*,
 In *Credit* many *Wayes*.

So that altho' we feel the *Losse*
 Of this so dear a *Friend*,
 His life well spent while he was here
 Hath gain'd a better *End*.

If *Heav'n* be pleas'd, when *Sinners* cease to sin,
 If *Hell* be pleas'd, when *Souls* are damn'd therein ;
 If *Earth* be pleas'd, when it's rid of a *Knave* ;
 Then *all* are pleas'd, for *Colman's* in his *Grave*.

Westminster Abbey.

Thomas Parr, of the County of *Salop*, born in
Anno 1483. He lived in the Reigns of ten Princes ;
 viz. *Edward IV.* King *Edward V.* King *Richard III.*
 King *Henry VII.* King *Henry VIII.* King *Edward VI.*
 Queen *Mary*, Queen *Elizabeth*, King *James*, and
 King *Charles* ; aged 152 Years, and was buried here
Novemb. 15. 1635. see *Ages of his Descendants*

+ in *London Magazine* 1757. p. 460

On a *Lady* that was blind long before she died.

I liv'd in *Darkness* ; (such th' all-seeing *Fate*)
 Could there be *Life* in that unhappy *State* ?

+ *A Son* 115 - *Grandson* 109

I often

Great Grandson 124.

I often sigh'd and mourn'd, but all in vain;
 Kind Heav'n forgave th' impatient murm'ring Strain.
 All Pity shew'd, but none could give Relief;
 What then could ease my Soul and silence Grief?
 Revolving oft the Follies, Sin and Woe,
 Th' unhappy *seeing* Mortals plunge into;
 I then began to love the Death-like Shade;
 Which deeper Thought confirming, thus I said:
 Am I not happy that I do not see
 Deluding Objects of Mortality?
 Our Light is Darkness, if we see in Sin;
 Our Darkness Light, if all be Light within.
 O wretched Light, by which we blindly go
 To Sin, to Death, to everlasting Woe!
 O Darkness happy, that can shew the Way
 To Life and Virtue and eternal Day.

J. B.

How apt are Men to lye! how dare they say,
 When Life is gone, all Learning fleets away?
 Since this glad Grave holds *Cloe* fair and young,
 Who where she is, first *learnt* to hold her Tongue.

AARON HILL.

On Sir Antony Denny.

Death and the King did, as it were, contend,
 Which of the two bare Denny greatest Love:
 The King to show his Love gan farre extend,
 Did him advance his Betters far above:
 Nere place, much Wealth, great Honour eke him gave,
 To make it knowne what Power great Princes have.

But when *Death* came with his triumphant gift,
 From worldly carke he quit his wearied ghost,
 Free from the corpes, and straight to heaven it lift,
 Now deeme that can who did for *Denny* most :
 The *King* gave *Wealth*, but fading and unsure,
Death brought him blisse that ever shall endure.

Henry Earl of Surrey.

This Sir *Antony Denny* was one of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, and Groom of the Stole, to King *Henry VIII.* which King (says the Author of *Athenæ Oxonienses*), when he lay on his Death-bed, he, the said *Denny*, was employed by some of the Council to put him in mind to erect his Thoughts to Heaven, and bethink himself of his forepassed Life, as also to implore the Mercy of Christ; which he accordingly did; tho' what he said was not very acceptable: But, being in fair Esteem with that King, he was constituted one of his Executors, and appointed to be one of the Council to Prince *Edward*, his only Son and Successor.—Sir *John Cheek* published a little *Quarto* in 1551, entituled *Epitaphium in Anton. Dennyum.*

St. Peter's, at St. Alban's.

In the Yere of Christ, one Thousand Fowr Hundry'd,
 full trew,

With fowr and sixteen,

I *Rychard Skypwith*, Gentyelman in Birth, late Fellow
 of New Inne;

In my Age Twenti-on, my Sowl party'd from the Body
 in *August*

the Sixtenth Day,

And now I ly her, abyding God's Mercy, under this
 Ston in Clay;

Desyryng

Desyryng yow that this sal see, unto the *Meyden* prey
for me,

That bare both God and Man;
Like as ye wold, that oder for yee shold
When ye ne may nor can.

HIC. SITA. EST. AMYMONE. MARCI.
OPTIMA. ET. PULCHERRIMA.
LANIFICA. PIA. PUDICA. FRUGI. CASTA.
DOMISEDA.

This antique *Sarcophagus* is in the Collection of the
Prince *Giustiniani* at *Rome*. In *English*: Here lies
Aymone, the Wife of *Marcus*; a Woman good and
fair; industrious, pious, modest, frugal, chaste, and
no Gadabout.

Qui colitis *Cybelen*, et qui *Phryga* plangitis *Atyn*,
Dum vacat, et tacita *Dindyma* nocte silent,
Flete meos cineres! non est alienus in illis
Hector, et hoc tumultu *Mygdonis* umbra tegor.
Ille ego, qui magni parvus cognominis hæres
Corpore in exiguo res numerosa fui.
Flectere doctus equos, nitida certare palæstrā,
Ferre jocos astu, fallere nosse fidem.
At tibi dent superi, quantum, *Domitilla*, mereris,
Quæ facis, exigua ne jaceamus humo.

This is a very singular Inscription, and seems to be
in Memory of some adroit and comical *Phrygian Dwarf*,
of the Name of *Hector*, in the Service of *Domitilla*,
Wife to *Vespasian*. It is in the Palace of Cardinal
Alessandro Albani, near the *Quattro Fontane* at *Rome*.
The Sense of it is thus: — Ye Worshippers of *Cybele*,
and you who mourn *Atys*, for a while suspend your
Orgies,

Orgies, and weep over my Ashes : Here I lie, *Haſter*,
the little Heir of a great Name. I could ride, wreſtle,
and joke. Thanks to thee, *Domitilla*, who haſt buried
thy ſmall Servant under ſo large a Monument.

Siſte, Viator !
Noverisque mirans,
Reliquias *Thomæ*,
A *Thomâ et Margarita Hall*,
Hic jacere ſepultas :
Qui
Nondum Anniculus,
Pubuit :
Triennis necdum,
In Quatuor fere Pedes
Adoleverat :
Ingenti robore,
Partium Symmetriâ rectâ,
Stupendâ voce
Præditus :
Sexennis neque,
Provectâ quaſi Ætate,
Mortuus eſt.
Accepit in hac Villa vitam,
Pridiè *Kalend. Novemb. MDCCXLI.*
Inque eadem reddidit illam,
Septembris Illtio,
MDCCXLVII.

This Boy lies buried at *Wellingham*, near *Cambridge*.
I know not for certain, whether or not this Inſcrip-
tion is really on his Grave; but it was written by
Mr. *Dawkes*, a Surgeon of *St. Ives*, near *Hunting-*
don, who publiſhed alſo an Account of this Boy, called
Prodigium Willinghamenſe. Mr. *Dawkes* viewed him
after he was dead, and ſays the Corpſe had the Aſpect
of a venerable old Man.—The *Engliſh* of the Inſcrip-
tion

tion is thus. ‘ Stop, Traveller, and wondering know,
 ‘ that here lie the Remains of *Thomas*, Son of *Thomas*
 ‘ and *Margaret Hall*. Before he was a Year old, he
 ‘ arrived at Puberty; and was near four Feet high be-
 ‘ fore he was three Years old; endowed with great
 ‘ Strength, exact Symmetry of Parts, and a stupendous
 ‘ Voice. He had not quite reached his sixth Year
 ‘ when he died, as of an advanced Age. Here he was
 ‘ born, and here he gave way to Fate, *September the*
 ‘ *3d. 1747.*’

In the *Collatine Way*, at *Rome*.

Dis Manibus
Sexti Perpennæ Firmi :
 Vixi quemadmodum volui :
 Quare mortuus sum nescio.

In *English* :

‘ To the Gods Manes of *Sextus Perpenna Firmus*.
 ‘ —I liv’d as I lik’d; but why I died I can give no
 ‘ Reason.’

To the Memory of the Unfortunate

BOSAVERN PENLEZ ;

Who finished a Life, generally well reported of,
 By a violent and ignominious Death.

He was the Son of a Clergyman ;

To whom he was indebted for an Education, which
 he so wisely improved,

As to merit the Love and Esteem of all who knew him.

But actuated by Principles truly laudable
 (When rightly directed and properly restrained)

He was hurried by a Zeal for his Countrymen,

And an honest Detestation of public Stews,

C 4

(The

(The most certain Bane of Youth, and the Disgrace
of Government)

To engage in an Undertaking, which the most partial cannot defend,

And yet the least candid must excuse.

For thus indeliberately mixing with Rioters, whom he
accidentally met with,

He was condemned to die :

And of 400 Persons concerned in the same Attempt,
He only suffered,

Tho' neither Principal, nor Contriver.

How well he deserved Life, appears
From his generous Contempt of it, in forbidding a
Rescue of himself.

And what Returns he would have made to Royal
Clemency,

Had it been extended to him, may be presumed
From his noble Endeavours to prevent the least Affront
to that Pow'r ;

Which, tho' greatly importun'd, refused to save him.
What was denied to his Person was paid to his Ashes,

By the Inhabitants of *St. Clement's Danes* ;
Who order'd him to be interr'd among their Brethren,

~~Defray'd the Charges of his Funeral,~~
And thought no Mark of Pity or Respect too much
For this unhappy Youth ;

Whose Death was occasioned by no other Fault,
But a too warm Indignation for their Sufferings.

By his sad Example, Reader, be admonished
Of the many ill Consequences that attend an intemperate
Zeal.

Learn hence to respect the Laws—even the most oppressive ;

And think thyself happy under that Government,
“ That doth truly and indifferently administer Justice,

“ To the Punishment of Wickedness and Vice,
“ And to the Maintenance of God's true Religion and

“ Virtue.”

On Sir William Trumbal, One of the Principal Secretaries of State to King William III. who, having resigned his Place, died in his Retirement at East Hamsted, in Berks, 1716.

A pleasing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one Side, but mod'rate to the rest:
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A gen'rous Faith, from Superstition free;
A Love to Peace, and Hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was; who now from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

A. POPE.

Bamberg Cathedral.

Primus in Christo Pater et Dominus D. Suidgerus a Mayendorf Saxo. Hic Epif. Bamh. Postea Summ. Pont. Clemens IIus dictus. Obiit Romæ, 10 Octob. Anno M.XXXXVII.

Suidgerus was the second Bishop of *Bamberg*, when the three Anti-Popes divided *Italy*, under the Names of *Benedict IX.* *Sylvester III.* and *Gregory VI.* The Emperor *Henry III.* surnamed the *Black*, Son to *Conrad the Salio*, went to *Rome* and took along with him this Bishop; and, after making himself Master of the City, got him to be chosen Pope, under the Title of *Clement II.* But poor *Suidgerus* did not long enjoy that Honour; for after having consecrated the Emperor and the Empress *Agnes* his Consort, Daughter

ter to *William, Duke of Aquitania* : He died a little after, being poisoned by the *Italians*, who could not suffer a *German* in *St. Peter's Chair*. The Emperor ordered his Body to be carried to *Bamberg*, and interred the Cathedral there.

D. M.

Qui me volent,
 Valet, Matronæ, Matresque Familias.
 Vixi, et ultra Vitam nihil credidi.
 Quos potui, pellexi Philtris et Astu.
 Viro humato
 Non vidua fui, nec maritæ Nomen adepta :
 Quæso, non invidete.
Portia Famelia est, Veneris Domus,
Illicium Cupidinum.
 Cave, Viator,
 Ne me diu calcatam Calces.

This is on a Lady of Pleasure.

Gloucester Cathedral.

M. S.

Juxta obdormiscit in Christo
Edwardus Wright,
 Medicinæ Doctor, vere Christianus ;
 Quippe qui Naturam investigans,
 Naturæ Deum agnovit et veneratus est :
 Vir doctus, pius et severe justus ;
 Qui ægris non funerandis, sed sanandis
 Nomen et Famam conciliavit :
 Nec tam ægrotantium crumenis
 Quam bonæ inhiavit valetudini.
 Unde nulli Inimicus Inimicum non habuit
 Præter Ignorantem.

In egenos usque adeo fuit beneficus,
Ut Concilium, Opem, Medicamina,
Liberaliter et Gratis suppeditavit.

Dum autem aliorum sedulo curavit Salutem,
Propriam amisit ;

Immaturâ nimium Morte præreptus,
Tristissimum hic reliquit Desiderium,

Julii 24. A. D. 1701. Ætat. 36.

Conjux superstes Memoræ Viri optime merentis hoc
qualecunque Monumentum, Amoris ergo, lugens
mærensque poni curavit.

In English :

‘ Sacred to Memory. Hard-by sleeps in Christ Ed-
ward Wright, Doctor of Physick ; a Man truly
Christian ; who, in his Investigations of Nature,
saw God, and worshipped him ; he was learned,
pious, and strictly just ; who got his great Character
by curing and not burying the Sick ; nor did he watch
over the Purse, but the Health of his Patients ;
whence it came that, being an Enemy to no one,
he had no one his Enemy, unless the Man of Igno-
rance. He was so charitable to the Poor, that he
gave them Advice, Help, and Physick, gratis, and
liberally. But while he was too intent on the Health
of others, he lost his own and died immaturally, and
greatly lamented, on July 24, 1701. Aged 36.

‘ His Wife, surviving, raised this Monument (poor
as it is) to the Memory of her dear Husband, with
Sorrow.’

Here continueth to rot
The Body of Francis Chartres,
Who, with Inflexible Constancy,
And inimitable Uniformity of Life,
Persisted,

In spite of Age and Infirmities,
 In the Practice of every human Vice;
 Excepting Prodigality and Hypocrisy:
 His insatiable Avarice exempted him from the first,
 His matchless Impudence from the second.
 Nor was he more singular
 In the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
 Than successful
 In *accumulating* Wealth;
 For, without Trade or Profession,
 Without Trust of Public Money,
 And without Bribeworthy Service,
 He acquired, or more properly created,
 A Ministerial Estate.
 He was the only Person of his Time,
 Who could cheat without the Mask of Honesty.
 He retain'd his *primaeval* Meanness
 When possessed of Ten Thousand a Year;
 And having daily deserved the Gibbet for what he *did*,
 Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not do.
 Oh, Indignant Reader!
 Think not his Life useless to Mankind!
 PROVIDENCE permitted his execrable Designs,
 To give to after Ages
 A conspicuous Proof and Example,
 Of how small Estimation is exorbitant Wealth
 In the Sight of God,
 By his bestowing it on the most Unworthy of all Mor-
 tals.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Old Gray Friars, Edinburgh.

Cy gift ma femme fort bien,
 Pour son repose, ce pour le mien.

Which

Which may be translated:

Here snug in Grave my Wife doth lie,
Now she's at Rest, and so am I.

St. Michael's, Crooked-Lane.

Here lyeth wrapt in Clay
The Body of *William Wray*;
I have no more to say.

St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Here lyeth *George Braaks*, sometyne Yeoman of
the Guard to *Henry 8. Edw. 6. Q. Mary, Q. Eliz.*
and now is until the Time of his Death; who died
the 24th of *October, 1593.* in the 35th Year of her
Majesties Reign.

Doncaster, in Yorkshire.

Howe ! howe ! who is heare ?
I *Robin of Doncasters*,
And *Margaret my Feare* *.
That I spent, that I had,
That I gave, that I have,
That I left, that I lost.

A. D. 1579. Quoth *Robertus Byrkes*, who in this
World did reigne threescore Years and seven, yet liv'd
not one.

This Man gave *Rossingoon-wood* to the Public. — I
have found two or three Inscriptions like this ; one in

* *An old word for Wife,*

the

the Cloisters of *Westminster-abbey*; another in *St. Olave, Hart-street, Church*, in *Southwark*; and a third in the Church of *St. Faith*, as Part of the Epitaph of one *William Lamb*: But the oldest, and from which the others may have been taken, is in the Choir of *St. Peter's Church*, at *St. Alban's*. There was to be seen in *Scotland* some Years ago upon a very old Stone the same Thought, thus express'd:

It that I gife, I haif,
It that I len, I craif,
It that I spend, is myne,
It that I leif, I tyne.

On little Stephen, a noted Fiddler in Suffolk.

Stephen and *Time* are now both even;
Stephen beat *Time*, now *Time's* beat *Stephen*.

Hic, O Viator, sub lare parulo,
Couleius Hic est conditus, Hic jacet
Defunctus humani Laboris
Sorte, supervacuâque Vitâ.
Non indecorâ Pauperie nitens,
Et non inertis nobilis Otio,
Vanoque dilectis Popello
Divitiis animosus Hostis.
Possis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En Terra jam nunc quantula sufficit!
Exempta sit curis, Viator,
Terra sit illa Levis, precare.
Hic sparge Flores, sparge Rosas breves,
Nam Vita gaudet mortuâ Floribus,
Herbisque odoratis Corona
Vatis adhuc Cinerem calentem.

This was written by the Poet *Cowley*, as an Epitaph for himself.

In English thus:

- ‘ From Life’s superfluous Cares enlarg’d,
- ‘ His Debt of human Toil discharg’d,
- ‘ Here *Cowley* lies ! beneath this Shed,
- ‘ To ev’ry worldly Int’rest dead ;
- ‘ With decent Poverty content,
- ‘ His Hours of Ease not idly spent ;
- ‘ To Fortune’s Goods a Foe profess,
- ‘ And hating Wealth by all carest.
- ‘ ’Tis true he’s dead ; for Oh ! how small
- ‘ A Spot of Earth is now his all :
- ‘ Oh ! wish that Earth may lightly lay,
- ‘ And ev’ry Care be far away ;
- ‘ Bring Flowers ; the short-liv’d *Roses* brings,
- ‘ To Life deceas’d, fit Offering :
- ‘ And Sweets around the Poet strow,
- ‘ Whilst yet with Life his Ashes glow.’

Mr. ADDISON.

Wirtzburg Cathedral.

En me *Franconia* Nithardum Vulpis alumna
Herbipoli quondam fovit in Urbe Parens.
Martis eram Decus, ac Equitum Peditumque Magister,
 Magnus, et immensi Belliger orbis eram.
 Innumeros domici Populos, Villagia et Urbes,
 Acer et armipotens alter *Achilles* ego.
 Indomitos *Suevos* Gladio vibrante subegi,
 Indomitoque jugo substravi Frissiones.
 This is on the Grave-stone of Captain *Richard Fox*,
 born at *Wirtzburg*.

This valiant Wight, notwithstanding all his Feats
 of Arms, is now almost demolished ; as the Stone
 from which this is taken, by lying on the Pavement,

is very near worn out. The Epitaph tells us, ' That
 ' he was a glorious Warrior throughout the Globe,
 ' that he was a second *Achilles*, and that he conquered
 ' People, Villages, and Cities.'

On Master Howard, Son to Lord Viscount Andover;

'Tis fit the *English* Reader should be told,
 In our own Language what this Tomb doth hold.
 'Tis not a noble Corpse alone does lie
 Under this Stone, but a whole Family;
 His Parents pious Care, their Name, their Joy,
 And all their Hope, lies bury'd with this Boy;
 This lovely Youth, for whom we all made Moan,
 That knew his Worth,—as he had been our own.

Had there been Space, and Years enough allow'd,
 His Courage, Wit, and Breeding to have shew'd;
 We had not found in all the num'rous Roll,
 Of his fam'd Ancestors, a greater Soul.
 His early Virtues, to that antient Stock,
 Gave as much Honour as from thence he took.
 Like Buds appearing ere the Frosts are past,
 To become Man he made such fatal Haste,
 And to Perfection labour'd so to climb,
 Preventing slow Experience and Time,
 That 'tis no Wonder Death our Hopes beguil'd;
 He's seldom old, that will not be a Child.

E. WALLER.

This Grave, O Grief ! hath swallow'd up with wide
 and open Mouth,

The Body of good *Richard Brooke*, of *Whitchurch*,
Hampton-South;

And *El'sbeth*, his wedded Wife, twice twenty Years
 and one;

Sweet *Jesus* hath their Souls in Heaven; the Ground,
 Flesh, Skin, and Bone. In

In *January*, worn with Age, Day *sixteenth* died he;
From *Christ* full fifteen hundred Years; and more by
Ninety-three:

But Death her Twist of Life in *May*, Day twentieth
did untwine;

From *Christ* full fifteen hundred Years, and more by
Ninety-nine.

They left behind them, well to live, and grown to
good Degree,

First *Richard*, *Robert*, *Thomas Brooke*, the youngest
of the three.

Elizabeth, and *Barbara*, then *Dorothy* the last;
All fix the Knot of Nature's Love, in Kindness keep-
ing fast.

This Tomb-stone, with the Plate thereon, thus graven
fair and large,

Did *Robert Brooke*, the youngest Son, make at his
proper Charge.

A Citizen of *London* late, by faithful Service free,
Of *Merchants great Adventurers*, a Brother sworn is he;
And of the *Indian Company*, come Gain or Loss a
Limb;

And of the *Goldsmith's Livery*, all these God's Gifts
to him.

This Monument of Memory in Love performed he,
December thirty-one, from *Christ* sixteen hundred and
three.

St. Edmund's, London.

Richard Nordell, lyeth bury'd here,
Somtym of *London*, Citizen and Drapier.
And *Margerie*, his Wyf, of her Progenie,
Returnyd to Erth, and so fall ye.
Of the Erth we were made and formed,
And to the Erth we been returned.

Hate

Have yis in Mynd and Memory,
 Ye yat liven lerneth to dy.
 And beholdyth here your Destine,
 Such as ye erne, sometym were wen.
 Ye shall be dyght in yis Aray,
 Be ye nere so stout and gay.
 Therefor, Frendys, we yow prey,
 Make yow redy for to dey,
 Yat ye be not forr Sinn atteynt,
 At ye Dey of Judgment.
 Man the behovyth oft to have yis in Mynd,
 Yat thow geveth wyth yin hand yat fall thow
 fynd.
 For wydowes be sloful and chyldren beth unkynd,
 Executors be covetos, and kep al yat they fynd.
 If eny body esk wher ye Deddys Goodys becam,
 Ye ansqueare,
 So God me help and Halidam, he died a pore Man.
 Yink on yis.

St. Lawrence Jewry, London.

The Honourable Merchant, *Jon Pickering*,
 And *Elizabyth*, lie undeyr this Ston :
 Of the *English* Merchant Venturers, undeyr the Kyng,
 In the Martis beyond See, Governor, was this *Jon*,
 Thirty Yere and more, that Roome he did manteyn,
 To his Honor and Worschip and died in *Nowembyr*,
 The xxix. Day m.cccc. Fourty and Eyght certeyn,
 Whos Soul and al Christians for Cherite remembyr.

On a young Clergyman at St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet.

Was Rhet'ric on the Lips of Sorrow hung,
 Or could Affliction lend the Heart a Tongue,
 Then should my Soul, in noble Anguish free,
 Do glorious Justice to her Grief and Thee.

But,

But, ah! when loaded with a Weight of Woe,
 Ev'n Nature, blessed Nature, is our Foe.
 When we should praise, we sympathetic groan,
 For sad Mortality is all our own.
 Yet, but a Word; as lowly as he lies,
 He spurns all Empires, and asserts the Skies.
 Blush, Pow'r! he had no Int'rest here below;
 Blush, Malice! that he dy'd without a Foe;
 The universal Friend, so form'd t'engage,
 Was far too precious for this World and Age.
 Years were deny'd, for (such his Worth and Truth)
 Kind Heav'n has call'd him to eternal Youth.

C. SMART.

St. Alban's.

All yee that passe by, on this pillar cast eye,
 This Epitaph read if you can;
 'Twill tell you a Tombe onc't stood in this roome,
 Of a brave spirited Man.
John Mandevill by Name, a Knight of great Fame,
 Borne in this honoured Towne.
 Before him was none, that ever was knowne,
 For travaile of so high renowne,
 As the Knights in the temple, cross-legged in Marble,
 In armour, with sword and with sheeld,
 So was this Knight grac'd, which Time hath defac't,
 That nothing but ruines doth yeeld.
 His Travailes being done, he shines like the Sun,
 In heavenly *Canaan*.
 Yo which blessed place, O Lord of his grace,
 Bring us all *Man* after man.

He certainly was *born* in this Town, but as to his *lying*
 here that is perhaps a Mistake; for in the *Guillamites*
Church, in the City of *Liege*, is a Tomb erected to him,
 with

with the following Inscription, and the Verses hanging by on a Table.

Hic jacet Vir nobilis D. *Johannes de Mandevile*, D. ad Barbam, Miles; Dominus de *Campdi*; natus de *Anglia*, Medicine professor, devotissimus orator, et bonorum largissimus pauperibus erogator; qui toto quasi orbe lustrato *Leodii* diem vite sue clausit extremum. *Ann. Dom. M. CCC. LXXI. Mens. Novemb. die XVI.*

(Hoc jacet in tumulo, cui totus patria vivo
Orbis erat; totum quem peragrasse ferunt.
Anglus, Equesque fuit, nunc ille *Britannus Ulysses*
Dicatur, Graio clarus *Ulysse* magis.
~~Moribus, ingenio, candore, et sanguine clarus,~~
Et vere cultor Religionis erat.
Nomen si quæras, est *Mandevil*; Indus Arabque,
Sat notum dicet finibus esse suis.

The Churchmen at *Liege* shew you his Knives, the Furniture of his Horse, and his Spurs, which he used in his Travels.

Colehill, Warwickshire.

Mary, Relict of *Kildare Lord Digby*,

Departed this Life, *December 23d,*

Anno Dom. 1692.

Whom it were unpardonable to lay down in Silence,
And of whom 'tis difficult to speak with Justice;
For her just Character will look like Flattery,
And the least Abatement of this, is Injury to her Memory.

In every Condition of Life she was a Pattern to her Sex;

Appear'd Mistress of those peculiar Qualities,

That

That were requisite to conduct her thro' it with Honour ;

And never fail'd to exert them in their proper Seasons,
With the utmost Advantage.

She was modest without Affectation,
Easy without Levity, and reserved without Pride :
Knew how to stoop without sinking ;
And to gain People's Affections without lessening their
Regards.

She was careful without Anxiety,
Frugal without Parsimony ;
Not at all fond of the superfluous Trappings of Great-
ness ;

Yet abridg'd herself in nothing that her Quality re-
quir'd.

She was a faithful Member of the Church of *England* ;

Her Piety was exemplary, her Charity universal :
She found herself a Widow in the Beginning of her
Life,

When the Temptations of Beauty, Honour, Youth,
and Pleasure,

Were in their full Strength ;
Yet she made them all give way to the Interest of her
Family,

And betook herself entirely to the Matron's Part.
The Education of her Children engross'd all her Cares ;
No Charge was spar'd in the Cultivation of their
Minds,

Nor Pains in the Improvement of their Fortunes,
In a Word,

She was truly wise, truly honourable, and truly good :
More can scarce be said,

And yet he that says this, knew her well ;
And is well assur'd he has said nothing,
Which either Veracity, or Modesty, should oblige
him to suppress.

This was written by Dr. *Hough*, Bishop of *Worcester*.

Blacknotley,

Blacknotley, Essex.

Eruditissimi viri *Johannis Ray*, A. M. quicquid mortale fuit hoc in angusto tumulo reconditum est; at scripta non unica continet regio; & fama undequaque celeberrima vetat mori. Coll. S. S. *Trinitatis Cantab.* fuit olim socius, necnon *Societatis Regiæ* apud *Londinenses* sodalis, egregium utriusque ornamentum. In omni scientiarum genere, tam divinarum quam humanarum, versatissimus: Et sicut alter *Solomon*, cui forsan unico secundus, a cedro ad hyssopum, ab animalium maximis minima usque ad insecta exquisitam nactus est notitiam. Nec de plantis solum quæ patent terræ facie, accuratissime differuit; sed & intima ipsius viscera sagacissime rimatus, quicquid notatu dignum in universa natura descripsit. Apud exterarum gentes agens, quæ aliorum oculos fugerant, diligenter exploravit, multaque scilicet notatu dignissima primus in lucem protulit. Quod superest, ea morum simplicitate præditus, ut fuerit absque invidia doctus; sublimis ingenii, et, quod raro accidit, demissi simul animi, et modesti. Non sanguine et genere insignis, sed, quod majus, propriâ virtute illustris. De opibus titulisque obtinendis parum sollicitus; hæc potius mereri voluit, quam adipisci: Dum subprivato Lare sua sorte contentus, fortuna lautiori dignus consenuit. In rebus aliis sibi modum facile imposuit, in studiis nullum. Quid plura? Hisce omnibus pietatem minime fucatam adjunxit. Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ, id quod supremo halitu confirmavit, totius et ex animo addictus. Sic bene latuit, bene vixit vir beatus, quem præsens ætas colit, postera mirabitur.

(*Infra.*)

Hoc cænotaphium olim in cæmiterio sub dio positum, inclementis cæli injuriis oblitteratum, et tantum non collapsum, refecit et sub tectum transposuit *J. Legge*, M. D. 16 Kal. Aprilis, A. D. 1737.

This

This excellent Person was born at *Blacknotley* in *Essex*, *November 29, 1628*, being the Son of Mr. *Roger Ray*, a Blacksmith, by *Elizabeth* his Wife. In the same Town where he was born, he died, and was buried, with this Inscription on his Tomb. As he never affected Pomp in his Life-time, so he modestly refused a Place of Interment in the Chancel of the Church, which the Rector offered him, chusing rather to be deposited in the *Church-yard*, with his Ancestors. He died the 17th of *January, 1705-6*.

The Epitaph in *English* is thus: ' The mortal Part of the most learned *John Ray*, A. M. is deposited in this narrow Tomb; but his Writings are not confined to one Nation; and his Fame, everywhere most illustrious, renders them immortal. Formerly he was Fellow of *Trinity Coll. in Camb.* and of the Royal Society in *London*: A singular Ornament of both. In every kind of Science, as well divine as human, most expert; and like a *Solomon* (to whom alone perhaps he was inferior) from the Cedar to the Hyssop, from the largest of Animals to the smallest of Insects, he arrived at a consummate Knowledge. And not only did he most accurately discourse of Plants, spread over the Face of the whole Earth, but making a most strict Search into its inmost Bowels, whatever deserved Discussion through all Nature he described. While on his Travels abroad, he diligently discovered what had escaped the Observation of others; and first brought to Light many Things most worthy of Remark. Farther than this, he was endowed with so unaffected a Manner of Behaviour, that he was learned without Pedantry, of a sublime Genius! and at the same time, which is rarely known, of an humble and modest Disposition: not distinguished by an illustrious Extraction, but what is greater, by his own Virtue. Little solicitous about obtaining Wealth and Titles,

' he

6 he chose rather to deserve than to possess them.
 6 Content with his own Lot he grew old in a private
 6 Station; worthy of more ample Fortune: In every
 6 other respect he readily observed Moderation; in
 6 Study, none. To conclude, to all these Perfections
 6 he added a Piety free from Artifice; bearing an en-
 6 tire and hearty Veneration for the Church of *England*.
 6 Which he confirmed with his last Breath. Thus
 6 happily, in a virtuous Retirement, lived He, whom
 6 the present Age reveres, and Posterity will admire.

Westminster Abbey Cloister.

Reader, if thou art a *Briton*, behold this Tomb
 with Reverence and Regret. Here lie the Remains
 of *Daniel Pulteney*; the kindest Relation, the truest
 Friend, the warmest Patriot, the worthiest Man. He
 exercised Virtues in this Age sufficient to have distin-
 guished him even in the best. Sagacious by Nature,
 industrious by Habit, inquisitive with Art: He gained
 a compleat Knowledge of the Interests of *Britain*, so-
 reign and domestic, in most, the backward Fruit of te-
 dious Experience; in him, the early Acquisition of
 of undissipated Youth. He served the Crown ----
 Years abroad, in the auspicious Reign of *Queen*
Anna; at home, in the Reign of that excellent Prince
King George the First.----He served his Country al-
 ways, at Court independent, in the Senate unbiassed:
 At every Age and in every Station this was the Bent of
 his generous Soul, this the Business of his laborious
 Life. Public Men and public Things he judged by
 one Standard, the Interest of *Britain*; he made no
 other Distinction of Party; he abhorred all other. Gen-
 tle, humane, disinterested, beneficent; he created no
 Enemies on his own Account; firm, determined, in-
 flexible,

exible, he feared none he could create in the Cause of Britain.

Reader, in this Misfortune of thy Country, lament thy own; for know, the Loss of so much private Virtue is a public Calamity.

Neither his Age or the Time of his Death are mentioned on the Monument.

On a Marble on the ground in D.P. 1731.

Delft.

D. O. M.

Et æternæ Memoriz

Gulielmi Nassovii

Supremi *Arausoniensium* Principis

Patr. Patriæ.

Qui *Belgii* Fortunis suas posthabuit

Et Suorum.

Validissimos Exercitus ære plurimum privato

Bis conscripsit, bis induxit.

Ordinum auspiciis *Hispaniæ* Tyrannidem propulit.

Vere Religionis cultum, Avitas Patriæ leges,

Revocavit, restituit.

Ipsam denique Libertatem, tantum non assertam

Mauritio Principi

Paternæ Virtutis Hæredi Filio,

Stabiliendam reliquit.

Herois vere Pii, Prudentis, Inviæti,

Quem *Philippus* II. *Hisp.* Rex, ille *Europæ* timor
timuit,

Non domuit, non terruit ;

Sed empto Percussore fraude nefanda sustulit.

Fæderati *Belg.* Provinc.

Perenne Meritor. Monument.

P. C. C.

This great Prince, *William Nassau*, was assassinated at *Delft*, by a Shot from a Pistol, loaded with three Balls, the 10th of *July*, 1584, in the 32d Year of his Age.

His vile Murderer, was *Balthazar Guerard*, a *Burgundian*; who pretended to be a Protestant, and Son of one who had suffered for his Religion; by which he insinuated himself into the Prince's Favour, who employed and entrusted him in Business of Importance, The Villain never offered to get off, but was taken and pinched to Death with hot Irons, his Flesh being first slashed with a Knife, and so Piece by Piece torn off with hot Pincers; he died obstinate, and said if it were to do again, he would do it.

Islington.

I p̄ye the Cr̄yſten m̄n that haſt g'ce to ſee this:
to p̄ye for the Soulls of them that here buryed is:
And remember that in Cryſt we be brethrene:
the wich hath comaundid ev'ry m̄n to p̄y for other:
'This ſayth *Robert Middleton* and *Johan* his Wyf here
wrappid in claye.

Abiding the mercy of Almyghty God till domeſdaye.
Wich was ſūtyne ſ'unt to s' *george haſting knyght*,
Erle of huntingdunt paſſid this tncſitory lyf, in the yere
of our Lord God

m cccc and the . . . day of the moneth of . . .
On whoſe Soull Almyghty God have m'cy amen.

Intended to be placed on a Stone in the Church
of *Brombam*, in the County of *Wilts*.

'Tis not the Tomb in Marble poliſh'd high,
The venal Verſe, or flattering Titles nigh,

The

The classic Learning on an impious Stone,
Where Latin tells what *English* blush'd to own,
Shall shroud the Guilty from the Sight of God,
Incline his Balance; or avert his Rod;
His Hand can raise the crippled and the Poor,
Spread on the Way, or fainting at the Door;
And blast the Villain tho' to *Altars fled,
Who robb'd us living, and insults us dead.

*When Hopkins dies, a Thousand Lights attend
The Wretch, who living sav'd a Candle's End:
Should ring God's Altar a vile Image stands,
Belies his Features, nay extends his Hands, &c.*

POPE.

Gloucester Cathedral.

Hic conditum quod Reliquum est *Hesteræ Glodsborough*
Disce viator verum si supra fidem
Hic jacet lectissima Virgo, Mater, Matrona,
Tribus expedita Viris, potita Tribus
Civibus hic summis-summo ille antistite
Ecclesiæ queis singulis apprime vixit chara
Rara in Pietate modestia, modestia Pietas,
Nosce quæ non videns, videns non admiræris
Munificentiam in pauperes sine arrogantia
Non imitandam vivas dotes non æquendæ
Fæminæ octodenos liberosque utriusque
Jam numerosi: Sexus sobolem sine numero
Filios egregios Filia, tantum non matri pares
Glosce felices unam feliciter aviam
Inter amplexus omnium et pia vota omnium
In Senectute ultima senectam non languidam
Et fidem spirantem et expirantem in Fide
Serviit quæ Christo in Christo obdormientem.
An. 1622. Ætatis 80.

Gloucester Cathedral.

Sacrum Memorix *Thomæ Dobbes*, generosi, unius
Clericorum de Banco Regis, qui de Vitâ hac migravit
21 Feb. An. salutis humanæ, 1635.

Sat scio justificat nullum Lex tradita *Mosi*,

Nec mea me iustum jura dedere virum.

Unum caufidicum cœlis habeamus Iesum,

Unus, non multi sunt ibi caufidici.

Caufidicus Christus sunt caufidiciqui Fideles,

Cœlo sed summi sanguine caufidici.

This is on *Thomas Hobbes*, one of the *Clerks of the King's Bench*, who observes in the 3d and 4th Lines of the Epitaph. which are the only remarkable ones, that he has one Solicitor in Heaven, which is *Christ*, but that there are very few there besides.

Ely Cathedral.

Johannes Nalson, L. L. D. hujus Ecclesiæ Canonici, Eccl. de *Dodington*, cum Capella de *Marsh* Rector ; Vir in Ecclesiâ, Republica, Orbe literato, nunquam satis celebrandus ; qui summâ Eruditione, acumine singulari Doctrinam et Disciplinam Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Apostolicam, divina Regum Angliæ Jura et Sacro-sancta majestatem contra Fanaticorum Schismaticorum Rebellium Puritatis et Libertatis pretextum, feliciter propugnavit ; nec calamo solum, sed Vita fere et sanguine labantem Regis et Ecclesiæ causam asseruit, Factionis in Comitibus dominantis Insolentiæ et Furori ausus se opponere ; a quibus nova Autoritate, inaudito Exemplo citatus, in carcerem conjectus, tantum non oppressus est ; sed eo magis Bonorum omnium æstimationi, præsertim Principis *Caroli Secundi* et sacra-

tissimi

tissimi Præsulis * *Petri Eliensis* favore, commendatus; ab hoc in Canonicorum suorum amicitiam, intimam necessitudinem, unius Laris et Mensæ consortium vocatus; at illo Regii Favoris et Patrocinii præsidio munitus contra grassantem Factiosorum Invidiam et Furorē: Et cum solis tanto opere par merito videretur, jussus horrendæ Schismaticorum Rebellionis, quæ *Carolo* primo Martyri Sceptrum et Vitam infando Bello et execrabili Parricidio eripuit, Originem et Progressum justâ et fideli, ex Actis Publicis, Historiâ conscribere, hoc grade et immortale opus uno et altero Volumine feliciter inchoatum, summo et Literarum et Historiæ dispendio imperfectum destituit Authoris a Laborum requiem et Mercedem vocati præmaturus nec satis, Orbi et Ecclesiæ descendus obitus 24 Die *Martii*, A. D. 168½, Ætat. 48.

This long Epitaph contains an Encomium on Dr. *Nelson* for his Piety, Learning, and Loyalty to his Prince; his great Sufferings by being thrown into Prison by the Fanatics, and there almost destroyed, with his Release from thence, and his Honours from *Charles II.*

* The primitive *Peter Gunning*, a Person of a most diffusive Charity; an universal Benefactor to all Places he had any Relation to: and what he had not spent in his Life, he bequeathed in his Will to charitable Uses, particularly the Endowment of poor Vicarages.----His Epitaph follows.

Ely Cathedral.

M. S. Reverend. admodum in *Christo*, Patris ac Domini *Petri Gunning Cantiani*, è Schola *Cantuariensi*, *Aulæ Clarensis* apud *Cantabr.* Alumni et Socii, Coll. *Corporis Christi* et Sancti *Johannis Evang.* Præfecti, Dominæ *Margaretæ* et Regii Professoris; Eccl. *Cantuariensis* Canonici, *Cicestrensis* et *Eliensis* Episcopi.

Episcopi. Juxta hoc Marmor quiescit Exemplar Sanctitatis, Doctrinæ Abyssus, Episcopus si quis olim Apostolicus; exulans ab Academia, Ecclesiam Anglicanam inter Schismaticorum Furias coram ipso Cromwellum Concionibus, Disputationibus, publicè asseruit, tantum non solus sustinuit, vindicavit. At cum Deus et Rex redux nobis otium fecisset, hic tamen indefessus, studiis, vigiliis, jejuniis totus incubuit; Fidelibus erudiendis, refutandis Hæreticis, vitam egit Cælibem, Angelicam; bonis Ecclesiæ legatis Christum Hæredem scripsit; et Virtutibus diu optatum rapuit cælum, Jul. 6, A. D. 1684, Ætatis suæ 71.

This is entirely in the Method of the foregoing.

Fulham.

H. London, ΕΙ ΜΗ ΕΥ ΤΩ ΣΑΥΓΗ, 1713.

This short Epitaph is on Henry Compton, S. T. P. who was Master of St. Grosse's Hospital near Winchester, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, elected November 10, confirmed December 2, and consecrated December 6, 1674. He was, on December 18 following, translated to London; and died at his Palace at Fulham, July 7, 1713.

Bleckley, Bucks.

Qui multos ad Justitiam adducunt, sicut Scintillæ semper splendebunt, Dan. xii. 3.

Tho. Spark, S. Th. Doctor celeberrimus, hujus Ecclesiæ Rector vigilantissimus. Scutum Fidei. Arma nostra sunt spiritualia. Mortuus Anno Ætatis suæ 68, Dom. 1666, Octob. 8.

Then follows a Figure of Rose Spark, his Wife, and this Verse:

En

En renovata tamen ista Caduca Rosa est.
 Next an Angel, sounding a Trumpet, and this :
 Mors tegit, at reteggit Nuncius iste Tubâ.

Then the Titles of his Books, viz.

Exhortatio ad Conformitatem Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ :
 Libellus de Successione ; Responsio ad Joh. de Albi-
 nis : Catechism : Concion. Funeb. Vis Naturæ, ac
 Virtus Vitæ, Explicatio. Myster. Pietatis : Conscientiæ
 gravatæ Levamen.

Over which Titles are these Verses :

Vindex Fama Libros fatali tollit ab urnâ :
 Sic Scintilla micat quam tegit atra cinis.
 Non extincta, sepulta libet, Scintilla ; favilla est.

On another Part of the Monument, pointing to his Sons,

Filioli charissimi, cavete vobis ab idolis ;
 Bis geniti, retinete fidem, Zelumque paternum ;
 Heredes vestri sic decet esse Patris ;
 Sic decet. O mea tunc quam molliter ossa cubabun !
 Si licet in Natis sic superesse meis.
 Scintillam Scintilla meam si vestra sequatur,
 Orba suâ flamma non erit ara Dei.

On another Part, pointing to his Parishioners, this,

Deum adorete.

Ut sacra in Populo signatur Epistola Pauli,
 Sic mea in hoc sancto lucet Imago grege.
 Corporis in Fabulâ datur imperfecta, sed illa
 Cordibus in vestris viva figura mei est :
 Viva mei dixi ? Christi at sit vera figura,
 Sat mihi si populus vera figura Dei.

At the Bottom.

Hoc Monumentum Tho. Spark, Filius et Hæres pie-
 tatis ergo mœrens posuit. Non ita vixi, ut me pudeat

vixisse ; neque mori timeo, quia bonum Dominum habemus.

Ely Cathedral.

Yet a little while, and he that will, shall come ; the Spirit and Bride say come. Let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst say, come even so come *Lord Jesus*.

Ursula Tindall by Birth ;
Coxee by Choice ;
Upcher for Age and Comfort.

St. Mary Overis, London.

Sept. 21, die *Lunæ*, horâ matutinâ fere quartâ, *Lancelotus Andrewes*, Episcopus *Wintoniensis* meritissimus, Lumen Orbis Christiani, mortuus est. *Ephemeris Laudiana*, A. D. 1626. *Ætatis suæ* 71.

Lector, si Christianus es, siste : Moræ Pretium erit non nescire te qui vir hic situs sit. Ejusdem hunc Catholicæ Ecclesiæ Membrum, sub eadem felicitis Resurrectionis spe, eandem *D. Jesu* præstolans *Epiphaniæ*, sacratissimus Antistes, *Lancelotus Andrewes*, *Londoni* oriundus, educatus *Cantabrigiæ Aula Pembroch*. Alumnorum sociorum, Præfectorum unus, et Nemini secundus. Linguarum, Artium, Scientiarum, humanarum, divinarum omnium, infinitus Thesaurus, stupendum Oraculum : Orthodoxæ *Christi* Ecclesiæ, Scriptis, Dictis, Precibus, Exemplo, incomparabile Propugnaculum ; Reginæ *Elizabethæ* a Sacris ; *D. Pauli, London*. Residentiarius ; *D. Petri Westmon*. Decanus ; Episcopus *Cicestrensis, Eliensis, Wintoniensis* ; Regique *Jacobo* tum ab Eleemosynis, tum ab utriusque Regni Con-

Confiliis, Decanus denique Sacelli Regii. Idem ex indefessâ Operâ in Studiis, summa sapientia in Rebus, assiduâ Pietate in Deum, profusâ Largitate in Egenos, rarâ amœnitate in suos, spectatâ Probitate in omnes, æternum admirandus: Annorum pariter et publicæ Famæ satur, sed bonorum passim omnium cum luctu denatus cælebs hinc migravit ad Aureolam Cælestem Anno Regis *Carolo Secundo*, *Ætatis suæ 70*, *Christi 1626*. Tantum est, Lector, quod te mærentes posterius nunc volebant, atque ut ex voto tuo valeas.

Sit Deo Gloria.

This Epitaph is in English thus:

Reader, if thou art a Christian, stay; it will be worth thy tarrying to know how great a Man lies here. A Member of the same Catholic Church with thyself; under the same Hope of a happy Resurrection; and in Expectation of the same Appearance of our Lord *Jesus*; the most holy Bishop *Lancelot Andrews*; born at *London*; educated at *Cambridge*; one of the Scholars, Fellows, and Masters of *Pembroke Hall*, and inferior to none: An infinite Treasure, an amazing Oracle of Languages, Arts and Sciences, and every Branch of human and divine Learning; an incomparable Bulwark of the Orthodox Church of *Christ*, by his Conversation, Writings, Prayers and Example. He was Chaplain in ordinary to *Queen Elizabeth*; Residentiary of *St. Paul's* in *London*; Dean of *St. Peter's Westminster*; Bishop, first of *Chichester*, then of *Ely*, and lastly of *Winchester*; Almoner to *King James*, Privy Counsellor of both Kingdoms, and Dean of the Royal Chapel. He merits eternal Admiration, for his indefatigable Application to his Studies, his consummate Experience in Affairs, his constant Piety towards God, his Liberality and Charity to the Poor, his uncommon Affability and Humanity to those about him, and his unshaken Integrity towards all. Full of Years and

Reputation, to the Regret of all good Men, he died a Bachelor, and exchanged this Life for a Crown of Glory, in the second Year of King *Charles*, the seventy first of his Age, and that of *Christ* 1626. Reader, farewel, and give Glory to God.

Mr. *Isaacson*, the Author of this Prelate's Life, celebrates in particular his great Piety, his Charity and Compassion, his Fidelity and Integrity, his Gratitude and Thankfulness, his Munificence and Bounty, his Hospitality, his Humanity and Affability, his Modesty, his diligent Application to Study, and his Talents as a Preacher and a Writer. He generally hated all Sorts of Vices, but more especially three, which were Usury, Simony, and Sacrilege. King *James*, says *Fuller*, had so great an Awe and Veneration for him, that, in his Presence, he refrained from that Mirth and Levity, in which he indulged himself at other Times. What Opinion my Lord *Clarendon* had of him, appears from hence, that, in mentioning the Death of Dr. *Bancroft*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, he remarks, that if he had been succeeded by Bishop *Andrews*, or any Man who understood and loved the Church, that Infection would easily have been kept out, which could not afterwards be so easily expelled. Our great Poet *Milton* too thought him worthy of his Pen, and wrote a Latin Elegy on his Death.

St. Flavian's, by Mount Fiascone.

EST. EST. EST. PPR. NIUM. EST. HIC.
IO. DE. FUC. D. MEUS. MORTUS. EST.

This is (according to the Abbé *Blainville*) on the Tomb of a German Prelate. This worthy Bishop who, like the rest of his Countrymen, was no Enemy

to the Bottle, had an Affair which required his Presence in *Rome*. No sooner had he set his Foot in *Italy*, but he ordered his Steward to go before, in order to taste the Wines in every Inn upon the Road. In case the Wine was tolerably good, the *Major-domo* was to chalk upon the Door, in Capitals, the Latin Word *Est*; if very good, he was to write *Est. Est*. At last the Steward being arrived in *Monte Fiascone*, found the *Muscadel* Wine so delicious, that he did not scruple to triple the *Est*; and accordingly the Bishop found that his Steward had a superlative Taste. And now the *right reverend Father* caroused so heartily that his *Farce* became a *Tragedy*; in a Word, in a few Days he died of --- the *Muscadel*. The Tripler of *Est*, who perhaps did not lay in such a large Stock as the Bishop, survived to bury his Master, and on the Stone the Deceased is represented in his Pontifical Vestments, with his Mitre, Crosier, and other Episcopal Ornaments. The People of the Town tell you, that this *venerable Bacchanal* bequeathed ten Thousand Crowns to the Hospital of *Monte Fiascone*, upon Condition that the said Hospital should give annually, on *Whitsunday*, to all Persons who might come thither, as much Bread and Muscadel Wine as they could eat and drink at one Meal.-----On each Side of his Effigies there are two Scutcheons and as many Drinking-glasses. *Misson* mentions the Arms, and says he was of one of the most considerable Families in *Augsburgh*.

Beneath this Stone ———'s Dust is laid,
 Who drank his *Passing-cup*, and reel'd to Bed;
 Death reach'd the *Bowl*, and this Prescription gave;
 "Dose now thy Senses sober in the Grave."
 Life paid the present *Shot*; but Oh! the Fears,
 When Morn awakes him to his long Arrears,
 Charg'd with the Revels of each former Day!
 For there's a *dreadful Reck'ning* still to pay.

On Miss Kitty Congreve.

Here *Congreve* lies, who too untimely fell ;
 But what she was a *Congreve's* Muse should tell :
 And had the Bard by Blood so near ally'd—
 Mourn'd o'er her Tomb in Verse that ne'er had
 dy'd,
 Her matchless Worth his soaring Wings had
 try'd. }
 In all the Bloom of Youth she met her Death,
 Yet calm as hoary Age resign'd her Breath.
 Prepar'd by Virtue for her blest Remove—
 There sure to find what's only found above,— }
 Friendship sincere, and Peace, and *constant Love*.

Viterbo.

Galienæ Patriciae Viterbiensis,
 Cujus incomparabilem pulcritudinem
 Insigni pudicitiae junctam
 Satis fuit vidisse Mortales.

Consules Majestatis tantæ Fæminæ admiratione hoc
 Honoris ac Pietatis Monumentum exculptum voluere.
 MCXXXVI.

On the Outside of the Dome of the Senate.—
 The Ashes of the Lady are in a Stone Coffin under it.
 The Stile of the Sculpture is entirely *Gothick*, and agree-
 able to that Age. The Inscription is thus in *English* :
 ' To *Galiena*, a Lady of *Viterbo* : To behold her in-
 ' comparable Beauty, joined to her most exquisite
 ' Modesty, was full enough for this World : The
 ' Consuls, in Admiration of this great Woman, raised
 ' this Monument to her Memory in the Year
 ' MCXXXVI.'

Sancta

Sancta Maria, Naples.

Offibus et Memorizæ *Petri Navarri Cantabri*, solerti in expugnandis Urbibus Arte Clarissim. *Gonsalvus Ferdinandus Ludovici* Filius, Magni *Gonsalvi* Nepos, *Suessæ* Principis, Ducem, Gallorum Partes secutum pio Sepulcri munere honestavit. Quum hoc in se habeat præclara Virtus, ut vel in hoste sit admirabilis.

In English thus :

‘ Sacred to the Bones and Memory of the great General *Peter* of *Navarre*. *Gonsalvo Fernando*, Son of *Lewis*, and Nephew of the great *Gonsalvo*, hearing this Leader’s Ashes, by the Fortune of War, lay exposed, buried them with Honour. Virtue has so many Charms, as even to be admired in an Enemy.’

Odetto Fuxio Lautrecco Gonsalvus Ferdinandus Ludovici F. C. Magni *Gonsalvi* Nepos : quum ejus ossa, quamvis Hostis, in avito Sacello, ut Belli Fortuna tulerat, sine Honore jacere comperisset, humanarum miseriarum memor, Gallo Duci Hispanus Princeps posuit.

This Epitaph on *Odet de Foix*, Viscount of *Lautrec*, carries the same Meaning as the other.

Navarro had raised himself from being a common Soldier to the highest of military Dignities ; he left the *Spaniards* upon a Disgust, and went over to

Lautrec, who was of the Royal House of *Navarre*, a very able General under *Lewis XII.* and *Francis I.* and died of the Pestilence raging in the French Camp which lay before *Naples*.

Moulins.

Moulins.

Henric. II. Montmorenciaci Ducum Ultimo et Maximo, Franciæ Pari, Thalassiarcho, Polemarcho, Terrori Hostium, Amori Suorum; Maria Felix Ursina ex Romanâ Stirpe Conjux Unica, cui, ex Immentis Mariti Divitiis Unæ superfuerunt Viventis Amor et Functi Cineres, Marito Incomparabili, de quo dolere nihil unquam potuit, nisi Mortem, bene Merenti P.A. Sal. CIOICCLII. Sui Luctus xx.

This Inscription is on the Monument of the unfortunate Duke of *Montmorenci*, in the Chapel of the Nuns of *The Visitation*. It is what the French call *un Morceau magnifique*; an Italian or Englishman possibly would think otherwise. The Tomb and Chapel are both the Work of his Duchess, who ended her Days in this Convent.—The Duke fell a Victim to the Rage of Cardinal *Richelieu*, and was privately beheaded at *Toulouse*. There is nothing in the Epitaph but that he was a Nobleman of great Fortune, and that he never gave his Lady (who erected this Monument) any Grief but when he died.

St. Nazaro's, Milan.

*Jo. Jacobus Magnus Trivultius Antonii Filius
Qui nunquam quievit quiescit. Tace!*

Trivulcio was a *Milanese*, and having been banished from *Milan*, he served the French King, and was afterwards by him made Governor of that City.

The Epitaph in English is:

‘ Here lies quiet *John James Trivulcio*, the Son of
‘ *Antonio*, who never lay quiet before. Hush!’

Westminster

Westminster Abbey.

Honorabilis Juvenis
Philippus Carteret Domini
Georgii Carteret Baronis de Hawnes
 Filius natu Minimus, hujus Collegii
 Alumnus, jam maturus obiit. Mart. 19.
 M.D.CCX.

Quid breves Te Delicias Tuorum
 Næniis Phæbi Chorus omnis urget,
 Et meæ Falcis subito recisum
 Vulnere plangit ?

En, Puer, vitæ pretium caducæ !
 Hic Tuam custos vigil ad Favillam.
 Semper adstabo, et memori tuebor
 Marmore Famam.

Audies clarus Pietate, Morum
 Integer, multæ studiosus Artis ;
 Hæc frequens olim leget, hæc sequetur
 Æmula Pubes.

These *Sapphics* are on a *Scroll* held by a Figure representing *Time*.

In English thus :

- ‘ The Honourable Youth, *Philip Carteret*,
- ‘ Second Son of Lord *George Carteret*,
- ‘ Baron of *Hawnes*,
- ‘ Scholar of this College, and ripe for the University,
- ‘ died *March 19, 1710*. Aged 19.

I.

- ‘ Why do the tuneful Chorus join
- ‘ In mournful Songs to wail thy Fate,
- ‘ The fleeting Joys of thee and thine,
- ‘ And Pleasures of too short a Date.

‘ Why

- ' Why my too hasty Scythe upbraid,
- ' And weep the cruel Wound it made?

II.

- ' See what a worthless Thing is Bloom,
- ' Behold, my Boy, the poor Reward;
- ' But I obsequious at thy Tomb,
- ' Will ever stand a watchful Guard ;
- ' In letter'd Marble shew thy Name,
- ' And tell the World thy matchless Fame.

III.

- ' Thy spotless Piety in Youth,
- ' For Learning thy unfoil'd Desire,
- ' Thy Manners strict, and antient Truth,
- ' Shall make the Age to come admire.
- ' The wond'ring Youth while I thy Deeds
- ' relate,
- ' Fir'd at thy Worth, shall strive to emulate.'

On the R. H. *Thomas Winnington*, Esq;

Near his paternal Seat here bury'd lies,
 The Grave, the Gay, the Witty and the Wise,
 Form'd for all Parts, in all alike he shin'd,
 Variously great, a Genius unconfin'd !
 In Converse bright, judicious in Debate,
 In private amiable, in public great :
 With all the Statesman's Knowledge, Prudence,
 Art,
 With Friendship's open, undesigning Heart,
 The Friend and Heir here join their Duty : One
 Erects the Busto, one inscribes the Stone.
 Not that they hope from these his Fame should
 live,
 That claims a longer Date than they can give.
 False to their Trusts, the mould'ring Busts decay,
 And, soon effac'd, Inscriptions wear away :

But

Sir Charles Harbury Williams
has collect. for Hist. of Norwiche.
Vol. II. 269.

But *English Annals* shall their Place supply,
And, while they live, his Name can never die.
Said to be by Sir C. H. W.

York Cathedral.

Hic jacet Magister.

This on the Grave of *William Cawoode*, who was
made Prebendary of this Church on the 2d of *May*,
in the Year 1419. on the Death of *Robert de Man-*
field.

Lambeth, Surry.

Hic jacet inclytus ille et Eruditissimus
Elias Ashmole Litchfeildensis Armiger,
Inter alia in Republicâ Munera,
Tributi in Cervisiâs Contra-Rotulator,
Fæcialis *Windsoriensis* titulo
Per annos plurimos dignatus,
Qui post duo connubia in uxorem duxit tertiam
Elizabetham Gulielmi Dugdale,
Militis, *Garteri Principalis Regis Armorum* Filiam.
Mortem obiit 18 *Maii*, 1692. Anno Ætatis 76.
Sed durante *Musæo Ashmoleano*, Oxon.
Nunquam moriturus.

Mr. *Ashmole* was the only Son and Child of *Simon*
Ashmole, Sadler, of the City of *Litchfield*. He was,
beyond Question, one of the greatest Men, and one
of the greatest Patrons of Learning in the last Century.
He was a Lover of Chemistry, and by his Care and
Diligence preserved many valuable MSS. relating to
that Science, besides those that he caused to be printed
and published. He had a great Genius for History;
as

as sufficient appears by his learned and laborious Works, both printed and Manuscripts. He was likewise always an Encourager and Protector of such ingenious and learned Men, as were less fortunate in the World than himself, as appears by his Kindness to Sir *George Wharton*; his Respect to the Memory of his Friend Mr. *Booker*, and the Care he took in the Education of Dr. *George Smalridge*.—In a Word, *Antony Wood* (who seldom daubed any-body with Panegyric) gives him the best of Characters. — Besides Medals, and other Rarities in the *Musæum*, which bears his Name at *Oxford*, he bequeathed to that University at his Death One thousand Seven hundred Fifty and Eight Books, whereof there are in Manuscript 620; and of them 311 Folios. — The Epitaph only contains his Titles; and says, that he departed on the 18th of *May*, 1692. but that he can never die while the *Musæum* at *Oxford* remains.

Benedictine Conv. at Ferrara.

Ludovico Ariosto; Ter illi Max. atque ore omnium celeberr. vati; a *Carolo V. Cæsare* coronato; Nobilitate generis atque animi claro; In Rebus pub. administrandis, in regendis Populis, in gravissimis ad summos Pontif. Legationibus, Prudentia, Consilio, Eloquentia, Consilio præstantissimo, *Lud. Ariostus* Pronepos, ne quid domesticæ Pietatis ad tanti viri gloriam cummulandam defuisse videri possit, magno Patruo, cujus ossa hic vere condita sunt, P. C. Anno Salutis 1612. Vixit Annis 59. Obiit Anno Salutis 1533. VIII. Idus Junii.

Notus et *Hesperii* jacet hic *Ariostus*, et *Indis*,
 Cui *Musa* æternum nomen *Hetrusca* dedit.
 Seu Satyram in vitia exacuit, seu comica ludit,
 Seu cecinit grandi Bella Ducesque *Tubâ*.

Ter summus Vates, cui docti in vertice Pindi
Ter geminâ licuit cingere fronde comas.

Ariosto's Tomb is of black, white, and red Marble, adorned with Columns and Statues. His Bust, which is of white Marble, and crowned with Laurel, is supported by a Cherub. Before *Ariosto's* Great Grand-Nephew erected that fine Tomb, there was only a Head of this great Man against a Pillar, with the following plain Inscription :

D. O. M.

Ludovico Ariosto, Poetæ, Patricio *Ferrariensi*, *Augustinus Mustus*, tanto Viro, ac de se bene merenti, Tumulum et Effigiem marmoream, ære proprio, P. C. Anno Salutis M.D.LXXXIII. *Alphonso Secundo Duce*. Vixit Annos 59. Obiit Anno Sal. 1533. VIII. Idus Junii.

Ariosto was undoubtedly one of the best Poets of Italy. The Emperor *Charles* the 5th crowned him Poet Laureat. But neither his Crown nor his Birth saved him from being poor, since we find that one of his Friends was obliged to erect this paultry Tomb to him, ære proprio, at his own Expence, without any of his Family taking any Concern about him till fourscore Years after his Death.

The Epitaph is in English thus :

‘ In the Name of God.

‘ This Monument is erected to the Memory of the most renowned and universally celebrated *Lud. Ariosto*; who was crowned by the Emperor *Charles V.* Eminent by his Birth, and by his Genius; by his Conduct in public Business, in Government, in the Discharge of the most important Embassies to the Popes, by his Prudence, his Wisdom, and his Eloquence. *Ludovico Ariosto*, his Grand-Nephew.
‘ that

‘ that no Family-Duty might be unperformed to com-
 ‘ pleat the Glory of so great a Man, took care to
 ‘ erect this Monument to his Great-Uncle ; whole
 ‘ Bones are here buried: In the Year 1612. He
 ‘ lived 59 Years, and died in 1533.’

By the six Verses are only given to understand,
 that *Ariosto* had a threefold Gift of Poetry ; *Epic*, *Sa-
 tyric*, and *Dramatic*.

Westminster Abbey.

Dux Normannorum, verus conquestor eorum
 Hæres Francorum decessit, et Hæstor eorum.

These stupid Lines were inscribed on the Tomb of
Harry the 5th. He was surnamed of *Monmouth*, the
 Place of his Birth ; which happened in *Anno* 1388.
 In his early Years he was guilty of many Follies and
 Extravagancies, ill becoming his Dignity ; but upon
 coming to the Crown, wore it with the utmost Ap-
 plause. He was crowned at *Westminster*, the 9th of
April, 1414 ; and reigned nine Years, five Months,
 and fourteen Days, after having boldly proved his
 Right to the Throne of *France*, by the glorious Vic-
 tory of *Agincourt*. But whilst he was in Pursuit of
 further Conquest, and endeavouring to lay *France*
 under quiet Subjection, he fell ill at *Suley* of a Fever
 and Flux, as he was marching to relieve *Cossney* then
 besieged by the Dauphin ; from whence being re-
 moved to *Bois de Vicennes*, he departed this Life on
 the last Day of *August*, 1422, aged 34 Years. Im-
 mediately upon his Death, his Bowels were buried in
 the Church of *St. More de Fosses* ; and after having
 his Exequies performed at *Notre Dame*, in *Paris*, all
 the Nobility, *French* and *English*, attending, his Body
 was brought with great Pomp to *England*, and buried
 in the Abbey at *Westminster*.

Westminster

Westminster Abbey.

Ici : gift *Henri*, Jadis : Rey : de : *Engleterre* : Seyg-
neur De : *Hirlaunde* : Duc : de : *Aquitayne* : Le :
Filz : Li : Rey *Johann* : Jadis : Rey : De : *Engle-*
tere : A : Kidon . Face Mercy : Amen.

He was born the 1st of *October*, 1206, and took the Crown at nine Years of Age ; he had a long but troublesome Reign, by reason of the Animosities raised against his Father *John* ; which upon the least Hint took Fire, and occasioned the Insurrection of the *Barons* : The Consequence of which was the great *Charter*, and that of the *Forest*, which were so strictly observed by our Forefathers, as the undoubted Security of our Country, and indispensible upon any Exigence whatsoever. He was a Prince rather devout than wise, in *actibus sæcularibus minus putabatur prudens* ; as appears by his hearing Mass thrice a Day, at the same Time that he refused to hear any Complaints made against his Court Parasites ; as the *Valences*, &c. whom he enriched to the impoverishing of himself, while he promoted their foreign Creatures to Places where they might insult his People. He was of a middle Stature, well set, and had a Cast with one of his Eyes, so much as to hide Part of the Ball and Pupil. He was a Man of great Vigour and Strength, and supposed by *Paris* to be foretold by *Merlin*, under the Allegory of the *Leopard*. He fell ill at *St. Edmund's Bury*, in *Suffolk*, as he was returning from *Norwich*, and died at *Westminster*, Anno 1272 (according to *Wykes* 71), on the 16th *Kal. Dec.* aged 65 Years, having reigned 56. His Heart was, according to his Order, delivered to the Lady Abbess, to be buried at *Font Everaud*, in *Normandy*.

Old Gray Friars, Edinburgh.

Stay, Passenger, and shed a Tear,
 For good *James Murray* lieth here :
 He was of *Philip Haugh* descended,
 And for his Merchandize commended.
 He was a Man of a good Life,
 Marry'd *Bethia Mauld* to his Wife :
 He may thank God that e'er he gat her,
 She bore him three Sons and a Daughter.
 The first he was a Man of Might,
 For which the King made him a *Knight*.
 The second was both wise and wily,
 For which the Town made him a *Bailly* :
 The third a *Factor* of Renown,
 Both in *Camphire* and in this Town.
 His Daughter was both grave and wise,
 And married was to *James Elies*.
 He died 30th *April*, 1649 ; of his Age the 79th
 Year.

Under this Marble, or under this Sill,
 Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will ;
 Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his Stead,
 Or any good Creature shall lay o'er my Head,
 Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a Pin,
 What they said, or may say, of the Mortal within :
 But, who living and dying, serene still and free,
 Trusts in God that as well as he was he shall be.

A POPE.

St. Dunstan's, Stepney.

Here lyeth interred the Body of Captain *John
 Dunch*, who departed this Life *November 25*, 1696.
 in the 67th Year of his Age.

Tho'

Tho' *Boreas*' blasts and *Neptune*'s Waves
 Have tofs'd me to and fro;
 In spite of both by God's Decree,
 I harbour here below;
 Where I do now at Anchor ride
 With many of our Fleet;
 Yet once again I must set Sail,
 Our Admiral *Christ* to meet.

Vitæ Volumine peracto
 Hic *Finis* JACOBI TONSON
 Perpoliti Sociorum Principis.
 Qui, velut obstetrix Musarum,
 In Lucem edidit
 Felices ingenii partus.
 Lugete Scriptorum chorus, et frangite Calamos.
 Ille vestris qui chartis vitam dedit,
 E vitæ *Margine erasus*, deletur.
 Sed hæc *postrema Inscriptio*
 Huic *primæ* mortis *Paginæ*
Imprimatur,
 Ne *prælo* Sepulcri commissus
 Ipse *Editor* careat *Titulo*;
 Hic jacet *Bibliopola*,
Folio vitæ delapso,
 Expectans *novam Editionem*
Auctiorem et Emendatiorem.

York Cathedral.

Musicus et Logicus *Wynal* hic jacet ecce *Johannes*;
 Organa namque loqui fecerat ille quasi.

Which may be thus translated :

Mufician and Logician eke,
Wynal Lo! *John* lies here;
 Who made the Organs for to speak
 Juft e'en as if it were.

On Robert Huntingdon, of Stanton Harcourt, *Efq;*
 and Robert, his Son.

This peaceful Tomb doth now contain
 Father and Son together laid;
 Whose living Virtues fhall remain
 When they, and this are quite decay'd.
 What Man could be to Ripenefs grown,
 And finish'd Worth could do, or fhun,
 At full was in the Father shown,
 What Youth could promife in the Son.
 But Death obdurate both deftroy'd,
 The perfect Fruit and op'ning Bud;
 Firft seiz'd thofe Sweets we had enjoy'd,
 Then robb'd us of the coming Good.

WM. CONGREVE.

St. Dunftan's, Stepney.

Here lies the Body of *Daniel Saul*,
Spittlefields Weaver, and that's all.

Here faft afleep lies *Saunders Scott*,
 Lang may he snort and snore;
 His bairns are now in *Gorman's* pot
 That us'd to strut the Streets before.
 He liv'd a lude and taffrel Life,
 For gude he nae regarded,

His perjur'd clack rais'd mickle Strife,
 For whilk belike he'll be rewarded.
 Ill temper'd Loon that us'd to snort
 When ilk his Neighbour fell in trouble,
 His gybes do now lie in the dirt,
 To satisfy his brethen double:
 The bread of Life was offer'd him
 For to abate his evil;
 But he refus'd and sae he's dead;
 Wha kens but now he's wi' the devil.
 But syne he's gane, I'll say nae mair,
 In *Abram's* Bosom may he waken,
 But gin he meet with sic gude fare,
 There's mair than ane will be mistaken.

St. Mary's, Rotterbith.

As the Earth the Earth does cover,
 So under this *Stone* lies *another* *.

Here lies inferred the Body of Captain *Thomas Stone*, Junr. of this Parish: He departed this Life the 9th of *August* 1666.

* These two Lines are also the Beginning of an Epitaph in *St. Mary Magdalen's Church, Milk-street*, on *Sir William Stone*.

Underneath this sable Hearse
 Lies the Subject of all Verse,
Sidney's Sister, *Pembroke's* Mother.
 Death, ere thou hast slain another
 Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
 Time shall throw his Dart at thee.

BEN. JONSON.

St. Peter's, Norwich.

In Memory of *William West*, Comedian, late Member of the *Norwich Company*; he died the 17th of *June*, 1733. Aged 32.

To me 'twas given to die; to thee 'tis giv'n
To live; alas one Moment sets us even,
Mark how impartial is the Will of Heav'n.

These three Lines are by Mr. *Prior*.

On Mr. Demar, who died July the 6th, 1720.

Beneath this verdant Hillock lies
Demar the wealthy and the wise.
His Heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his Carcass in a Chest.
The very Chest, in which, they say,
His *other Self*, his Money, lay.
And if those Heirs continue kind
To that dear *Self* he left behind,
I dare to swear that Four in Five
Will think his better *Self* alive.

Dean SWIFT.

On an old Hawker found dead in the Highway.

John Sherry lies here, whose fixed Abode
Before was no-where, for he liv'd on the Road;
And when with Age grown scarce able to creep,
He there laid him down, and he died in a Sleep.
But some Friends who lov'd him soon heard his
Mishap,
And hither remov'd him to take out his Nap.

J. KIRK.

Stay,

of EPITAPHS;

Stay, *Bachelor*, if you have Wit,
A Wonder to behold!
Husband and Wife in one dark Pit,
Lie close and never scold!
Tread softly though, for fear she wakes—
Hark! she begins already!
“ You’ve hurt my Head—my Shoulder akes;”
“ These Sots can ne’er move steady.”
Ah! Friend, with happy Freedom blest!
See! how my Hopes miscarried!
Not Death itself can give you Rest,
Unless you die unmarried.

AARON HILL.

In the Parish-Church of *Leeds, Yorkshire.*

Thō as Hardwicke, Esquire
& *An* hys wyfe and fier
are here inclosed:
ix yeres in maryage
they spent in good usage
as it ys supposed:
Two sons they had than
Francis Hardwicke and *Bryan*
fayre of forme and face
good tokens they yeyld
as may be for a chylde
to run e the fathers race.
The said *An* his wyfe and fier
was marryed to an esquire
before that season:
V children begat hee
two sons daughters three
as here is relation.

Here lyeth *Hardwick* lately layde
 Whose comely Corpes are gone,
 Here lyeth the Man that always hade
 The Love of every one.
 A Man most meete for riche and poore,
 A fryend to each degree.

Read and lament the death therefore
 Of such a man as hee.

The gentlest wyght this world within
 Exceptions few I take,

As well to poore as to the ryche
 No dyfference he did make.

The freest Hart this world wythin
 Hys Corpes dyd sure possess

Who bare the name of worshipful,
 And welcome more or lesse.

Although that death hath done us wrong
 In shortning of hys dayes,

Yet shall his name rest us among
 Unto his chyldrens prayse.

The Hart that master *Hardwicke* had
 To keep good Hospitalitye,
 Of force may make hys chyldren glad
 To shone the way to penery.

For as they see before theyre eyes,
 How men exalt hys name,

So will they do by them likewyse
 If they deserve the same.

A noble Hart as I suppose
 In *Hardwicke* dyd remayne

All cyvill ways he studied out
 His Friends to entertayn.

Thus hym to God I do commend,

Qui Nutu regit omnia,
 Trusting that he will us defend
Per singula Pericula.

1577.

On William Lawes, a Musician, killed at the Siege of Westchester.

Concord is conquer'd ; in this Urn there lies
The Master of great Musick's Myſteries ;
And in it is a Riddle, like the Cauſe,
Will Lawes was ſlain by thoſe whoſe *Wills* were
Lawes.

Westminster-Abbey.

H.S.S.

Reliquiæ

Edwardi V^{ti} Regis Angliæ, et Richardi Ducis Eboracensis,

Hos Fratres Germanos Turre Londin^{si}. conclusos

Injectisque Culcitris suffocatos

Abdite, et inhoneste tumulari jussit

Patruus *Richardus* Perfidus Regni Prædo.

Oſſa Deſideratorum, diù et multum quæſita,

Post Annos cxc & i.

Scalarum in Ruderibus (Scalæ iſtæ ad Sacellum

Turris albæ nuper ducebant)

Altè deſoſſa, Indiciis certiffimis ſunt reperta

xvii. Die Julii. A. D. MDCLXXIII.

Carolus II. Rex Clementiffimus acerbam Sortem miſe-
ratus,

Inter avita Monumenta, Principibus infeliciffimis

Juſta perſolvit.

Anno Dom. 1678. Annoque Regni ſui 30.

After *Richard* the 3^d got the Crown, he could not think himſelf ſafe while theſe young Princes remained alive ; ſo commanded Sir *Robert Brackenbury*, Lieutenant of the Tower, to diſpatch them : But he, not coming into it, was ordered to reſign his Office for

that Occasion to Sir *James Tyrrell*; who immediately procured two Villains, *Miles Forrest* and *John Dighton*, to smother them in Bed; their Lodging being then in that Building near the *Water-gate*, which is thereupon, to this Day, called the *Bloody Tower*. Their Bodies were buried at the Stair-foot there, somewhat deep in the Ground, under a great Heap of Stones; but King *Richard*, being told in what obscure Place they lay, gave Command for their better Interment; whereupon a Priest, belonging to Sir *Robert Brackenbury*, removing them, and dying shortly after, it could never be known whither they were carried. Till upon *Friday*, the - - - Day of *July*, A. 1674. were found in the Tower the Bones of two Striplings in a wooden Chest; which upon Survey (says Mr. *Knight*, Surgeon to King *Charles*), appeared proportionable to the Age of those two Brothers; viz. about thirteen and eleven Years. They were found about ten Feet in the Ground.—The following Epitaph was written by *Thomas Stanley*, Bishop of *Man*, who lived under *Henry VIII. Edw. VI. Q. Mary*, and *Q. Elizabeth*.

In *London's Toure* in one Place or anoder
Interry'd lay Kyng *Edward* and his Broder,
Who by their wicked Eme were guyltes sleyned,
And basely beryed yet tooke up agayne,
And cast into the blacke deepes at *Tems Mouth*.
Now whether wreckt, or tost from North to South,
Their Reliques are, it recks not; their Soules rest
In Hev'n amangst Gods Children ever blest.

They weren murdered in *July*, 1483. *Edward* being thirteen Yeres old, and *Richard* about some two Yeres younger.—The *Englisch* of the Inscription is as follows :

Here

• Here lie the Reliques of *Edward*, King of Eng-
 • land, and *Richard*, Duke of *York*. These Brothers
 • being confined in the Tower, and there stifled with
 • Pillows, were privately and meanly buried, by the
 • Order of their perfidious Uncle *Richard the Usurper*;
 • whose Bones, long enquired after and wished for,
 • after 191 Years, in the Rubbish of the Stairs (i. e.
 • those lately leading to the Chapel of the *White*
 • Tower) were, on the 17th Day of *July*, 1674,
 • by undoubted Proofs discovered, being buried deep
 • in that Place. *Charles II.* a most compassionate
 • Prince, pitying their severe Fate, ordered these un-
 • happy Princes to be laid amongst the Monuments of
 • their Predecessors, *A. D.* 1678, in the 30th Year
 • of his Reign.

On a Husband and Wife.

They were so one, that none could say
 Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey. —
 He rul'd, because she would obey; and she,
 In so obeying, rul'd as well as he.

PAUL JERMIN FOLEY.

Hitchin, in Hertfordshire.

Robert Papworth dyed on the 9th of *November*, 1693,
 aged 72,

William, his eldest Son, dy'd on the 3d of *November*
 1707, aged 61.

Serve God and prosper, *Jos. i. 8. Mat. vi. 33.*

Here lies one that of himself had neither Worth nor
 Vigour,

And was but a Cypher till *Christ* became the Figure,
Ezek. 16. 1, &c. Rev. 3. 17, 18. 1 Cor. 1. 26, &c.

Jer. 9. 23, 24. Col. 3. 2.

E 4

Christ

Christ all alone Salvation brings, *Jer.* 3. 23.

All other are deceitful Things. *Acts*, 14. 12.

To him give all the Prophets Witness, that through
his Name,

Whosoever believeth in him shall receive Remission of
Sins. *Acts* 10. 43, 44.

Brevis prædicatio, longa ruminatio, actio perpetua,
James, 1. 22.

Denique quid verbis opus est, spectemur agendo, *Mat.*
5. 16.

If all Things else must needs be lost,

Yet save thy Soul whate'er it cost.

Soli sapienti πνευματι sola gloria. *Jude* 24.

Since God's free-grace doth all our good provide,

Let his great glory all our goings guide. *Eph.* 2. 8. &c.

Respice, quid prodest præscripti temporis ævum?
Ecc. 1. 2.

Omne quod est, nihi left, præter amare Deum. *Ecc.*
12, 13.

When you are dead and laid in grave

As you have done so shall you have. *2 Cor.* 5. 10.

Quod sibi quisque serit presentis tempore vitæ;

Hoc sibi messis erit cum dicitur, ite, venite. *Gal.*

6. 7, 8.

Heb. 9. 27. 28. *Rev.* 14. 6. 7. *John* 4. 24. *Rom.* 8.

9. *Cant.* 2. 16. 17.

Let us sing Μεγαλα και θαυματα, &c.

Hallelujah.

Redeem Time.

Remember Eternity.

Worcester Cathedral.

Viator ad tumulum de reverendissimo Viro Domino

Ricardo Eedes, olim hujus Ecclesiæ Decano.

Eede, quis hic? *Eedes*. Cur hic? quia præfuit ædi.

Hoc Domino qualis visa beata domus!

Eede

Eede Gradum. Doctor. Qualis? Sacer Oxoniensis.

Tamne pius vitâ quam fuit ore? Fuit.

Cur Lapis et Loqueris? Sub me jacet Orphæa vinctens;

Iste facit plusquam saxa movere, loqui.

Cur Lapis et lacrymas? Faciuram defleo tantam.

Eia, viatorem me quoque flere facis.

*Richard Eedes, says Wood in his Athenæ, was elected Student of Christ Church, in 1571; where, going thro' the usual Classes of Logic and Philosophy, he proceeded in Arts in 1578, being then Junior in Comitiiis, or of the Act, that Year. — Having taken Orders, he became a most noted and celebrated Preacher, was admitted to the Reading of the Sentences in 1584: (being that Year installed Prebend of Yatminster Prima, in the Church of Sarum) made Chaplain to Q. Elizabeth, Canon of Christ Church, in 1586, and in 89 Doctor of Divinity. In 1596 he was made Dean of Worcester, in the Place of Doctor Francis Willis deceased, being then, and ever after to his Death (for he was also Chaplain to King James the 1st.) held in great Admiration at Court; not only for his Preaching, but most excellent and polite Discourse. His younger Years he spent in poetical Fancies, and composing Plays (mostly Tragedies); but, at riper, he became a pious and grave Divine, an Ornament to his Profession, and a Grace to the Pulpit. No two Men were ever more intimate than he and Tob. Mathews, Dean of Ch. Ch. for they intimately loved each other for Virtue and Ingenuity's Sake. His Works are — *Iter Boreale; Various Poems, Lat. & English; Six Sermons, published in 1604, Octavo; and Three Sermons, in 1627, Quarto.**

Here lies a Head that often ach'd,
Here lie two Hands that always shak'd;

Here lies a Brain of odd Conceit,
 Here lies a Heart that often beat ;
 Here lie two Eyes that daily wept,
 And in the Night but seldom slept ;
 Here lies a Tongue that whining talk'd,
 Here lie two Feet that feebly walkt ;
 Here lie the Midriff and the Breast,
 With Loads of Indigestion preſt ;
 Here lies the Liver full of Bile,
 That ne'er ſecreted proper Chyle ;
 Here lie the Bowels, human Tripes,
 Tortur'd with Wind, and twiſting Gripes ;
 Here lies that livid Dab, the Spleen,
 The Source of Life's ſad, tragic Scene,
 That left Side Weight that clogs the Blood,
 And ſtagnates Nature's circ'ling Flood ;
 Here lie the Nerves ſo often twitch'd
 With painful Cramps, and poignant Stitch ;
 Here lies the Back oft rack'd with Pains,
 Corroding Kidneys, Loins and Reins ;
 Here lies the Skin *per* Scurvy fed,
 With Pimples and Eruptions red.

Here lies the Man from Top to Toe,
 That Fabrick ſam'd for Pain and Woe :
 He caught a Cold ; but colder Death
 Compreſs'd his Lungs, and ſtopt his Breath ;
 The Organs could no longer go,
 Becauſe the Bellows ceas'd to blow.

Thus I diſſect this honeſt Friend,
 Who ne'er till Death was at Wit's End ;
 For want of Spirits here he fell,
 With higher Spirits let him dwell,
 In future State of Peace and Love,
 Where juſt Men's perfect Spirits move.

WILLIAM GOODWIN.

The armed and facetious Author of this was Fellow of *Eaton College*, and Vicar of *St. Nicholas*, in *Briſtol*. He dyed in *June, 1747*.

Canterbury

Canterbury Cathedral.

Thomæ Nevillo,
Sacrae Theologiae Doctori
Præstantissimo.

Ortu illustri; Pietate insigni; Ingenio optimo; eruditione haud vulgari; moribus suavissimis et spectatissimo Theologo dignissimis; in flore primæ indolis (Cantabrigiæ in aulâ *Pembrochianâ* ad Annos fere quindecim), omnibus iis ornamentis, quibus adolescentior ætas illustrari solet, egregiè perpolito; *Magdalenensis* Collegii, in eâdem Academiâ (quod et ornavit, et Studio atque industriâ suâ quoad potuit locupletavit) præfecto gratiosissimo; Reginae *Elizabethæ* (cui à sacris fuit) excellentissimi judicii Principi, ob singulares et vere laudabiles animi dotes acceptissimo; *Petriburgensis* Ecclesiæ (cui ad annos octo haud mediocri cum laude præfuit) Decano eminentissimo; Sacrae et individuae *Trinitatis* Collegii, jam non ejus Academiæ tantum sed totius Europæ celeberrimi (labantis non ita pridem, et prope cadentis, necnon ob veterem structuram male cohærentis, ipsius consilio, auspiciis, atque ære etiam suo liberalissimè collato, disiectis male positis ædificiis, atque in elegantiore formam reductis; Viis, arcisque veteribus, directis et ampliatis, novis pulcherrimè constitutis; Auctis, ornatis, ad hanc quâ nunc conspicitur eximiam pulchritudinem evecti) Moderatori, Amplificatori, Instauratori felicissimo. Hujus denique Ecclesiæ, quam summâ æquitate, rarâ modestiâ, fide singulari, ad Annos gubernavit Decano Moderatissimo, Integerimo, Amplissimo: Hoc Monumentum memoriæ ergo, Virtus et Honos, invita morte, suis quasi manibus construxere. Obiit Anno Domini 1617. Etatis suæ 77* mensis 2* die 11* atque in hac Capellâ, quam (dum vixit) sibi ac suis adornavit,

vit, non sine ingenti suorum mærore, huic tumulto
illatus advenientis Domini nostri, Jesu Christi, gra-
tiam et Gloriam sempiternam expectat.

Veni, Domine Jesu, veni cito.

In English thus :

‘ To the most Excellent

‘ *Thomas Nevil, D. D.*

‘ Illustrious by Birth, remarkable for Piety, of ex-
‘ traordinary Genius, and uncommon Learning; of
‘ most engaging Temper and Behaviour, and a wor-
‘ thy and approved Divine. In his early Youth (be-
‘ ing at *Cambridge*, in *Pembroke Hall*, where he con-
‘ tinued fifteen Years) he was embellished with all
‘ the Improvements which adorn the first Part of Life;
‘ Head of *Magdalen College* in the same University;
‘ to which he was an Honour, and which he enriched
‘ to his utmost Power by his Studies and Industry:
‘ He was high in Esteem with the most gracious
‘ Queen *Elizabeth*, a Lady of most excellent Judg-
‘ ment; to whom he was Chaplain, for his singular
‘ and most worthy Endowments of Mind; Dean of
‘ the Cathedral Church of *Peterborough*, over which
‘ he presided commendably eight Years; Moderator,
‘ Enlarger, and most happy Restorer of the College
‘ of *The holy and undivided Trinity* (now not only fa-
‘ mous in that University, but in all *Europe*); which
‘ was decayed and near falling, and through Age in-
‘ coherent and irregular; by his Advice, Favour,
‘ and liberal Gift of Money, the ill-disposed Buildings
‘ were taken down, and rebuilt in a more elegant
‘ Form; the Ways and Areas also were made uni-
‘ form, and enlarged by new and excellent Establish-
‘ ments and Ornaments, and the whole brought to
‘ the remarkable Beauty it now bears. Lastly, Dean
‘ of this Church, most moderate, faithful, and bene-
‘ ficent; which he governed Years with strict
‘ Justice,

Justice, extraordinary Modesty, and singular Integrity. This Monument therefore to his Memory, Virtue and Honour, as it were with their own Hands, have erected in spite of Death. He died Anno 1615 Aged the second Day of May: And in this Chapel; which, while he was yet living, he embellished for himself and his Family, he, not without being much lamented by all that knew him, was buried, and expects at the Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, Mercy and eternal Glory.
'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'

The Dates are not mentioned in the Inscription, tho' I cannot assign the Reason; but *Antony Wood* says he died in 1615.

Hampton Ridware, Staffordshire.

Underneath lieth the Body of **Tho. Allestree*, M.A. who was a Minister of the Church of *England* 54 Years. He composed 500 Sermons, and preached above 5000 times. He died the 30th Day of *June*, 1715, in the Seventy-eighth Year of his Age.

Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord.

* He was Rector of *Hampton Ridware*, and Prebendary of *Litchfield*.

Here old *John Randal* lies, who telling of his Tale,
Liv'd threescore Years and ten, such Virtue was in
Ale.

Ale was his Meat, *Ale* was his Drink, *Ale* did his
Heart revive;
And if he could have drank his *Ale*, he still had been
alive.

Here

Here he lies, beside a Witch,
 Hated both by Poor and Rich.
 Where he is, or how he fares,
 No-body knows, no-body cares.

Garret some call'd him, but that was too high;
 His Name is *Garrard* that now here doth lie.
 He in his Youth was toss'd with many a Wave,
 But now at Port arriv'd rests in his Grave.
 The Church he did frequent while he had Breath,
 And wisht to lie therein after his Death.
 Weep not for him, since he is gone before
 To Heav'n, where *Grocers* there are many more.

This is upon a Stone under the *Grocers Arms*, in
St. Saviour's Church, London.

Lincoln Cathedral.

Otwello Hill, Legum Doctori *Lincoln*. Dioceſeos
 Cancellario *Rollandus* frater dictavit; moritur 19 Die
Maii, 1616, Ætat. suæ 56. Hoc Monumentum
 fieri fecit *Jana Hill*, Uxor ejus, in piam Memoriam
 dicti *Otwelli Hill*, Mariti sui defuncti.

Mons sacer *Otwelli* sacratus nomine Christi

Hoc in monte Deum nocte dieque colens:

Hoc in monte Dei populo jus dicit, et inde

Moribus infames ad meliora vocat.

Excipiunt Montes Domini Montem morientem,

Mons *Lincoln* corpus, *monsque* *Sion* animam.

Which I think may be thus Engliſhed:

‘ On Doctor *Otwell Hill*.

• Tis

- 'Tis *Otwell Hill*, a holy *Hill*,
- And truly sooth to say,
- Upon this *Hill*, he praised still
- The Lord both night and day.
- Upon this *Hill* this *Hill* did cry
- Aloud the Scripture Letter,
- And strove your wicked Villains by
- Good Counsel to make better.
- And now this *Hill*, tho' under Stones,
- Has the Lord's *Hills* to lie on ;
- For *Lincoln Hill* has got his Bones,
- His Soul the *Hill* of *Sion*.'

Westminster Abbey.

Memoriæ Æternæ

Elizabethæ, Angliæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ,
Reginæ,

R. *Henrici* VIII. Filiæ, R. *Henrici* VII. nepti.
R. *Edw.* IV. pronepti, Patriæ Parenti, Religionis et
bonarum Artium Altrici, plurimarum Linguarum pe-
ritiâ, præclaris tum Animi tum Corporis dotibus, Re-
giisque Virtutibus supra Sexum, Principi incomparabili,
Jacobus, Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ et Hiberniæ
Rex, Virtutum et Regnorum Hæres, benemerenti pio
posuit.

Memoriæ Sacrum.

Religione ad primævam sinceritatem restaurata,
Pace fundatâ, Monetâ ad justum valorem redactâ, Re-
bellione domesticâ vindicatâ, *Galliâ* malis intestinis præ-
cipiti sublevatâ, *Belgio* sustentato, *Hispanicâ* classe pro-
fligatâ, *Hiberniâ* pulsis *Hispanis*, et Rebellibus ad de-
ditionem coactis pacatâ, Redditibus utriusque *Acade-*
miciæ Lege Annonaria plurimum adauctis, totâ denique
Angliâ ditatâ prudentissimèque *Annos* XLV. admini-
stratâ, *Elizabetha* Regina, Victrix, Triumphatrix, Pie-
tatis

tatis studiosissima, fœlicissima, placidâ morte Septuagenaria soluta, mortales Reliquias, dum *Christo* jubente resurgant immortales, in hac Ecclesiâ celeberrimâ, ab ipsâ conservatâ, et denuo fundatâ deposuit.

Obiit XXIV. Martii }
 Anno Salutis, } { Regni XLV.
 M.DC.II. } { Ætatis LXX.

In English thus :

‘ To the eternal Memory of *Elizabeth* Queen of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Daughter of King *Henry* 8. Grand-daughter of King *Henry* 7. Great Grand-daughter to King *Edward* 4. Mother of her Country, a nursing Mother to Religion and all liberal Sciences, skilled in many Languages, adorned with excellent Endowments both of Body and Mind, and excellent for princely Virtues beyond her Sex. *James* King of *Great-Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, hath devoutly and justly erected this Monument to her whose Virtues and Kingdom he inherits.

‘ Sacred to Memory :

‘ After having restored Religion to its primitive Purity, settled Peace, and brought Money to its just Value, quelled domestic Rebellions, relieved *France* when involved with intestine Divisions, supported the *Netherlands*, vanquished the *Spanish Armada*, eased *Ireland* by beating the *Spaniards*, and crushing the Rebels, enlarged the Revenues of both Universities, by the Act of Provisions, and lastly, having enriched all *England*, the august *Elizabeth*, most religious, victorious, triumphant and happy, when she had now ruled these Kingdoms 45 Years, by a calm and resigned Death at 70 Years of Age, left her mortal Remains, till by *Christ*’s Word they shall rise to Immortality, to be deposited in this most famous Church, by her established, and lastly founded.— She died the 24th of *March*, Anno 1602, of her Reign the 45th Year, of her Age the 70th.

Westminster

Westminster Abbey.

Isaacus Barrow,

S. T. P. Regi *Carolo 2. a Sacris.*

Vir prope Divinus, et vere magnus, siquid magni
habent.

Pietas, Probitas, Fides, summa Eruditio, par Modestia,
Mores sanctissimi, undequaque suavissimi.

Geometriæ Professor *Londini Greshamensis,*
Græcæ Linguae et Matheseos apud Cantabrigiæ suos.
Cathedras omnes, Ecclesiam, Gentem ornavit.

Collegium S. S. *Trinitatis* Præses illustravit,
Jactis Bibliothecæ vere Regiæ fundamentis auxit.

Opes, Honores, et universum vitæ ambitum,
Ad majora natus, non contempsit, sed reliquit Seculo.

Deum quem a teneris coluit, cum primis imitatus est,
Paucissimis egendo, benefaciendo quamplurimis,

Etiam posteris, quibus vel mortuus concionari non
definit.

Cætera et pene majora ex scriptis peti possunt.

Abi, Lector, et æmulare.

Obiit 4 Die *Maii. Ann. Dom. MDCLXXVII.*

Ætat. suæ. XLVII.

Monumentum hoc Amici posuere.

DR. MAPLETOFT.

This worthy Man, whose Learning was exceeded
by nothing but his unaffected Piety, suffered greatly by
the Troubles of the *Royal Martyr*: And upon the
Restoration his Friends expected he would have been
immediately preferred; but nothing came on't; which
made him say,

Te magis optavit rediturum, *Carole,* nemo;

Et nemo sensit te rediisse minus.

When he was at length made Master of *Trinity*
College, his Majesty was pleased to say, that he had
given that Place to the best Scholar in *England.* Dr.

Pemberton

Pemberton says, he shewed a Compass of Invention, surpassed by none of the Moderns but Sir *Isaac Newton*.

The Inscription Englished runs thus :

* *Isaac Barrow*, D. D. Chaplain to K. *Charles II.*
 * A Man well-nigh divine, and truly great ; if Piety,
 * Honesty, Sincerity, great Learning, and as great
 * Modesty, Strictness of Life in all respects, and
 * Sweetness of Temper have aught of Greatness. He
 * was Geometry-Professor of *Gresham College* in *London*,
 * and of *Greek* and *Mathematics* at *Cambridge*,
 * and an Honour to all his Places, his Church and his
 * Country. He adorned *Trinity College* while at the
 * Head of it, and much enlarged the Royal Library
 * there. Wealth, Honours, and the general Pursuits
 * of Life, he, born for greater Ends, despised not, but
 * resigned to the World. God, whom from his Child-
 * hood he had served, he in the strictest Manner imi-
 * tated, in wanting little, and doing Good to many :
 * and even to Posterity, to whom, even dead, he now
 * preaches. What further and more excellent you
 * would know concerning him may be found in his
 * Writings. Reader, go thy way, and imitate him.
 * He died the 4th of *May*, *Ann.* 1677, aged 47 Years.
 * His Friends erected this Monument.

Westminster Abbey.

M. S.

Samuelis Butleri,

Qui Strenshamiae in Agro Vigorn. Nat. 1612. Obiit
Lond. 1680.

Vir doctus, acer, integer :

Operibus ingenii, non item præmiis felix,
 Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregius ;
 Quo, stimulatæ Religioni Larvam detraxit ;

Et

Et Perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit :
Scriptorum in suo genere, *Primus et Postremus*.

Ne, cui vivo deerant fere omnia,

Deesset etiam mortuo Tumulus,

Hoc tandem, posito Marmore, curavit

Johannes Barber, Civis Londinensis, 1721.

See Inscription upon brother monument

This excellent Writer, when alive, was distressed by Want to the last degree: He was buried in the Church-yard of *St. Paul's, Covent-garden*; at the Expence of one of his Friends. The putting up of this Stone to his Memory was the Occasion of a very good Epigram by *Mr. Samuel Wesley*. *See another Epitaph*

in the Notice of St Paul's Covent garden Gent. Mag. v. 41. p. 115

Whilst *Butler* (needy Wretch) was yet alive,
No gen'rous Patron would a Dinner give;
See him, when starv'd to Death, and turn'd to Dust,
Presented with a monumental Bust!
The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem shown,
He ask'd for Bread and he received a Stone.

'Tis worth remarking that this Gentleman was starving, while *his Prince* (*Charles the 2d.*) always carried a *Hudibras* in his Pocket. *Mr. Butler* was the Son of *Sam. Butler*, of *Strensbam* in *Worcestershire*, a Person of a competent Estate, near 300 *l. per Annum*. He was educated at *Worcester*; and from thence was sent, as his Brother used to affirm, to the University of *Cambridge*, tho' he could not tell to what College or Hall; but *Antony Wood* is of Opinion that it is the same *Sam. Butler* who was elected from *Westminster* to *Christ-Church, Oxford*, in the Year 1623.

The Epitaph is in English thus :

' Sacred to the Memory
' of
' *Samuel Butler*,
' Who

- ‘ Who was born at *Strensham in Worcestershire*, 1612,
 - ‘ And died at *London* 1680;
 - ‘ A Man of extraordinary Learning, Wit and Integrity;
 - ‘ Peculiarly happy in his Writings, not so in the Encouragement of them;
 - ‘ The curious Inventor of a kind of Satire amongst us,
 - ‘ By which he pluckt the Mask from pious Hypocrisy,
 - ‘ And plentifully exposed the Villainy of Rebels:
 - ‘ The first and last of Writers in his Way.
 - ‘ Left he, who, when alive, was destitute of all Things,
 - ‘ Should, when dead, want likewise a Monument,
 - ‘ *John Barber*, Citizen of *London*, hath taken care
 - ‘ To place this Stone to his Memory.’
-

Beneath this Stone lies * *Trotplaid John*,

His Length of Chin and Nose;

His crazy Brain, unhum’rous Vein

In Verse and eke in Prose.

Some Plays he wrote, sans Wit or Plot,

Adventures of Inferiors!

Which with his lives of *rogues* and *thieves*,

Supply the Town’s Posteriors!

But, ah, alack! he broke his back

When Politics he try’d:

For like a Fart he play’d his Part

Crackt loudly, stunk, and died.

* A Name assumed by a Author of the Paper called the *Jacobite Journal*.

Westminster Abbey.

Henry Wharton, A. M. obiit 5. Mart. Anno 1694.

This

This wonderful and surprising Gentleman, to whose Example and Labours the Worlds of Piety and Learning are so much indebted, was the Son of Mr. *Edmund Wharton*, Rector of *Saxlingham*, in *Norfolk*, and of *Gonville* and *Caius* College in *Cambridge*. After he left the University, and was recommended to *Doctor Cave*, with whom he resided, and had a great Hand in that laborious and useful Work, *Historia Litteraria*, in 1687, he went into holy Orders, and soon after being recommended to the Lord *Arundell* of *Trerice*, to be his Chaplain and Tutor to his Son, (his Excellency making him very conspicuous) the good Dr. *Sancroft*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, prevailed with my Lord to part with him, and took him to be his own Chaplain, tho' not twenty-three Years of Age. About this Time the Disputes between the Church of *Rome*, and that of *England* growing very high, he vigorously opposed the former, by his Confutation of the *Speculum Ecclesiasticum*, printing the *Rule of Faith*, with a learned and elaborate Preface; of the *Celibacy of the Clergy*; *Enthusiasm of the Church of Rome*; and *Translation of Monsieur Dellon's History of the Inquisition of Goa*. After some Continuance with the Archbishop, he gave him the Manuscript of Archbishop *Usher's Dogmatical History of the Holy Scripture*; which he digested and published with a large Supplement. The same Year the Archbishop gave him the Vicarage of *Minster* in the *Isle of Thanet*; and not long after the Rectory of *Chartham*; and conferred on him Priest's Orders. And now being so provided for, he set about *The Anglia Sacra*. His other Works were an Edition of *Bede's Commentaries on Genesis*, and *Song of Habakkuk*; *Adhelm's Book of the Praise of Virginity* corrected and revised; the *Life of Cardinal Poole*; *Disceptation between the Ambassadors of England and France in the Council of Constance*; *Mr. Strype's History of Archbishop Cranmer*; and the *Papers of Archbishop Laud relating to his Trial and Troubles*.

His

His Constitution, tho' a very strong one, was entirely ruined by a Vomit misapplied, which breaking a Vessel, he languished four Years under a Consumption, and died in the 31st Year of his Age. How his Death was lamented, even by Foreigners, appears in the *Act. Erudit.* printed at *Leipsick* 1696.

The Inscription above is on his Grave-stone: But there is also another on a small white Marble near it, as follows :

H. S. E.

Henricus Wharton, A. M.

Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Presbyter ;

Rector Ecclesiæ de Chartham ;

Necnon Vicarius Ecclesiæ de Minster,

In insulâ Thaneto, in Diocesi Cantuariensi ;

Reverendissimo et Sanctissimo Præfuli

Wilhelmo Archiepiscopo Cantuariensi,

A sacris Domesticis :

Qui multa ad augendam et illustrandam

Rem Literariam,

Multa pro Ecclesia Christi

Conscripsit :

Plura moliebatur.

Obiit 3^o Non Mart. A. D. 1694.

Ætatis suæ 31.

St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Ann. Dom. 1597.

In Parliament, a Burgess Cole was placed,

In Westminster the like for many Years,

But now with Saints above his Soul is graced,

And lives a Burgess with Heav'n's Royal Peers.

Here *Delia's* buried at Fourſcore ;
 When young, a lewd, rapacious Whore,
 Vain, and expensive ; but when old,
 A pious, fordid, drunken Scold.

H. JACOB.

Allballows the Leſs, London.

Jeſu, that ſuffery'd bitter Paſſion and Peyn,
 Have Mercy on my Soul, *John Chamberleyn*,
 And my wyfs too,
Agnes and *Joan* alſo.

The ſeyd *John* deceiſed, the ſooth for to ſey,
 In the monyth of Decembyr, the fowrth dey ;
 The yere of our Lord God reckoned ful evin,
 a Thowſand fowr hundryd fowrſcore and ſevin.

On K. *Charles* the 1ſt.

Great ! Good ! and Juſt ! could I but rate
 My Griefs, and thy too rigid Fate,
 I'd weep the World to ſuch a Strain,
 As it ſhould deluge once again :—
 But ſince thy loud-tongu'd Blood demands Supplies
 More from *Briareus'* Hands than *Argus'* Eyes,
 I'll ſing thy Obſequies with Trumpet's Sounds,
 And write thy Epitaph with Blood and Wounds.

MONTROSE.

(Written with the Point of his Sword.)

St. Peter's, Norwich.

Under the Organ-Loft.

Sacred to the Memory of Mr. *George Vertue*, sometime Sheriff and Alderman of this City, who out of public Zeal for the more solemn Worship of God in the Beauty of Holiness, both proposed and managed the Contributions, which by his singular Care erected this noble Structure over him.

Envy not, Reader, his fair vocall Tombe,
None but the Blind and Deaf could here be dumb.
He died in 1710. Aged 44.

On the Earl of *Strafford*.

Here lies wise and valiant Dust,
Huddled up 'twixt Fit and Just;
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt Treason and Convenience;
He spent his Time here in a Mist,
A Papist, yet a Calvinist.
His Prince's nearest Joy and Grief,
He had, yet wanted all Relief:
The Prop and Ruin of the State,
The People's violent Love and Hate,
One in Extremes lov'd and abhorr'd.
Riddles lie here, and in a Word,
Here lies Blood! and let it lie
Speechless still, and never cry.

JOHN CLEVELAND.

Hagne.

Honori et Gloriæ

Herois Illustris. et ex vetustissimâ Nobilitatis *Bata-*
vica stirpe per continuam et legitimam Successionem
VOL. I. F prognati,

prognati, D. *Jacobi Dynastæ de Wassenæer*, Domini in *Opdam*, *Fæderati Belgii* Architalassi, &c. Rebus præclaré terrâ marique gestis, non tantum in *Atlantico Oceano*, unde *Ipsâ* fugatâque *Lusitanorum* classe, magnâque onustus prædâ domum rediit : Sed et in *Freto Baltico*, ubi pulsus Adversariis et insigni partâ Victoriâ, laboranti *Daniæ* succurrit, et simul Majestatem *Reipubl.* aperuit et stabilivit. Ac tandem contrâ Universam Regiam *Anglorum* classem, cum paucis fortissimè dimicans, et undique cinctus, ne sic quidem cessit hostibus, sed magna prius editâ strage, incensâque demum *Prætoriâ* suâ nave, *Herculis* Exemplo viam sibi ad superos paratam invenit.

Anno Ætatis LV.

Illustris. et potentis. *Fæderati Belgii* procures viro fortis. optimèque de Rep. merito Monumentum hoc posuere, Anno reparatæ Salutis 1667.

Opdam was raised to his high Command by *John de Wit*, who notwithstanding, finding him inclined to the Prince of *Orange*, became his Enemy ; and as soon as he was at Sea wrote him a Letter, directing him to fight at all Events, and this with a peculiar Quickness of Stile, which proved the Letter his, though it was written in the Name of the States. *Opdam* resolved to obey, tho' contrary to the Advice of his Officers and his own Opinion, as appeared by sending ashore his Plate before the Engagement. ' I am, (said he, ' on hearing the Judgment of the Council of War) ' entirely in your Sentiments; but here are my Orders. ' To-morrow my Head shall be crowned with Laurel ' or Cypress : ' And in this Disposition he failed to find out the *English* Navy. That did not require much Time ; for the Duke of *York*, who commanded the *English* Fleet, was eager to fight : On the 3d of *June*, 1665, the *English* and *Dutch* Fleets met about 3 in the Morning, off *Leeuward* ; when, by an Oversight of the *Dutch*

Dutch (as their Writers say) the *English* had the Weather-gage; an Advantage they knew well enough how to keep. The Duke of *York*, in the *Royal Charles*, a Ship of 80 Guns, and Admiral *Opdam*, in the *Eendracht*, of 84, were closely engaged. The Fight continued several Hours with great Obstinacy; and his *Royal Highness* was in the utmost Danger. Several Persons of Distinction were killed on board his Ship, particularly the Earl of *Falmouth*, Lord *Muskerry*, and Mr. *Boyle*, Son to the Earl of *Cork*, with one Ball; and so near the Duke that he was covered with their Blood and Brains; nay, a Splinter from Mr. *Boyle's* Skull rased his Hand. About one in the Afternoon the *Dutch* Admiral blew up, with a prodigious Noise; but how the Accident happened is uncertain. Some say a Shot fell in the Powder-room; others, that *Opdam's* Black blew up the Ship, to be revenged of his Master for beating him. The most probable Account is that it was occasioned by some Carelessness in distributing the Powder. In this Vessel, together with the Admiral, perished 500 Men, only five of the Crew escaping; many of them Volunteers, of the best Families in *Holland*, and not a few *Frenchmen*, who took this Opportunity of being present at a Sea-fight.

Westminster Abbey.

Herefordiæ conduntur ossa,
 Hoc in Delubro statuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama
Johannis Philips
 Qui viris bonis doctisque juxta charus,
 Immortale suum ingenium
 Eruditione multiplici excultum,
 Miro animi candore
 Eximia morum simplicitate,
 Honestavit.

Literarum amœniorum sitim,
 Quam *Wintoniæ* puer sentire cæperat,
 Inter *Ædis Christi* alumnos jugiter explevit.
 In illo Musarum domicilio
 Præclaris Æmulorum studiis excitatus,
 Optimis Scribendi Magistris semper intentus,
 Carmina Sermonè Patrio composuit,
 A Græcis Latinisque Fontibus feliciter deducta,
 Atticis Romanisque auribus omnino digna.
 Versuum quippe Harmoniam
 Rythmo didicerat
 Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi,
 Ad res ipsas apto prorsus, et attemperato,
 Non Numeris in eundem fere orbem redeuntibus,
 Non Clausularum similiter cadentium sono
 Metiri :
 Uni in hoc laudis genere, *Miltono* secundus,
 Primoque pene par.
 Res seu tenues, seu Grandes, seu Mediocres,
 Ornandas sumpserat,
 Nusquam quod non decuit,
 Et videt, et assecutus est,
 Egregius, quocunque Stylum verteret,
 Fandi Author, et Modorum Artifex.
 Fas sit huic,
 Auso licet a tuâ Metrorum lege discedere,
 O Poesis Anglicanæ Pater atque Conditor, *Chaucere*,
 Alterum tibi latus claudere.
 Vatum certe Cineres tuos undique stipantium
 Non dedecebit Chorum.

Simon Harcourt, Miles,
 Viri bene de se, deque Literis meriti
 Quoad viveret Fautor,
 Post obitum pie memor
 Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. Philips

J. Philips, Stephani, S. T. P. Archidiaconi Salop.
Filius.

Natus est *Bamptoniæ* in Agro *Oxon.* Dec. 30.

1676.

Obiit *Herefordiæ* Febr. 15. 1708.

This Inscription is on a Cenotaph of white Marble, on which is Mr. *Philips's* Busto in Relieve, having on one Side a Laurel, and on the other an Apple-tree, with this Motto: *Honos erit huic quoque Pomo.* This was prefixed to his Poem on *Cyder*. He wrote but few Pieces; and prodigious it is to think those few could be so correct and finished in the too few Years of his Life. In his *Blenheim* he has shewn us what a riper Age could have performed in the Epic Way. His *Cyder*, tho' it is not properly a *Georgick*, is something as good, and the very best of its kind, since *Virgil* wrote in that manner. That he was a perfect Master of *Horace*, and had the very Soul of him in the *Lyrick* Way, appears by his *Ode* to my Lord *Bolingbroke*, on *Tobacco*. The *Splendid Shilling* is entirely his own, one of the best Pieces, excepting only *Paradise Lost*, that ever was wrote in *English Blank Verse*.

In English thus:

- ' In the Church of *Hereford* lies the Body,
- ' In this is erected the Effigies,
- ' And through all *Britain* is spread the Fame
- ' Of *John Philips*,
- ' Who, esteemed by all good and learned Men,
- ' His immortal Wit, cultivated with various kinds of
- ' Learning,
- ' Adorned and embellished
- ' With extraordinary Candour of Mind,
- ' And Plainness and Sincerity of Manners.
- ' That early Thirst of Knowledge,
- ' Which when a Boy, seized him at *Winchester*,

- ‘ He continually gratified while a Student at *Christ Church* :
- ‘ In which Seat of the Muses,
- ‘ Fir’d by the curious Performances of his Fellow-Collegians,
- ‘ And intently familiar with the best of Authors,
- ‘ He attempted Poetry in the *English* Language,
- ‘ Happily drawn from the *Greek* and *Latin* Springs,
- ‘ And well worthy an *Attick* or a *Roman* Ear.
- ‘ The Jingle of Verse in Rhime he gave up,
- ‘ For that antient, free, and various Manner,
- ‘ Suited and attempered to Things themselves,
- ‘ Not always returning in the same Round of Measure,
- ‘ Nor meeting in the same Close of Sound.
- ‘ In this single Instance of Fame he was second to *Milton*,
- ‘ But in the first, equal to him.
- ‘ Whenever he undertook to embellish any Subject,
- ‘ Whether they were low, lofty, or middling,
- ‘ He both discover’d and imitated,
- ‘ Whatever was beautiful in others,
- ‘ To whatever Subject he adapted his Stile,
- ‘ He was just in his Expression, and curiously inventive of Words.
- ‘ O *Chaucer*, Father and Founder of *English* Poetry,
- ‘ Grant him, tho’ a bold Deviator from thy antient Law of Rhyme,
- ‘ A Place adjoining to thee.
- ‘ For surely he will not disgrace the Chorus of Bards
- ‘ On all Sides encircling thy Ashes.
- ‘ *Simon Harcourt*, Knt.
- ‘ Who (in regard he was valuable both for his Character and Writings,)
- ‘ Was, whilst living his Encourager,
- ‘ After his Death, in respectful Remembrance of him,
- ‘ Hath erected this Monument.
- ‘ *J. Philips*,

' *J. Philips*, Son of *Stephen Philips*, D. D. Arch-
deacon of *Salop*, was born at *Bampton*, in *Oxford-*
shire, Dec. the 30th, 1676, died at *Hereford*, Febru-
ary the 15th, 1708.'

Aldersgate, London.

Not far remote lies a lamented Fair,
Whom Heav'n had fashion'd with peculiar Care :
For Sense distinguish'd, and esteem'd for Truth,
And ev'ry winning Ornament of Youth.
Yet liv'd she free from Envy, and admir'd,
But ah! too soon she from the World retir'd:
Filial Affection rose in her so high,
No Sage can censure the parental Sigh.
The gen'rous Plant had shone in Beauty's Pride ;
Gaily it bloom'd, but in the Blooming dy'd :
Learn from this Marble what thou valu'st most,
And set'st thy Heart upon may soon be lost.

Lincoln Cathedral.

Icy gift Dame * *Katherine Du chesse de Lancastre*,
jadis femme de la tresnoble & tresgracious Prince *John*
Duc de Lancastre, Filz a tres noble Roy *Edwarde le*
tierce ; la quelle *Katherine* morust 10 jour du *May*, l'an
du Grace Mill cccc tiers de quelle Almes Dieu cyit
mercy & pitee. Amen.

* *Katherine Swynford* Wife to *John Gaunt*, Duke
of *Lancaster*.

St. Mary-Overis, London.

Gulielmus Wickham, translatus a sede *Lincoln*, et
 Mense *Martii* 1595, existens Episcopus *Winton*. obiit
 12 *Junii*, proxime sequent. Reliquit uxorem laudatis.
 quæ sepelitur in *Awkenbury Com. Huntingdon*.

Doctrinâ Antistes præstans, et moribus æquis;
 Eloquio et Pietate gravis; Mensæque manuque
 Non parvus; justî neglectus honore sepulcri
 Hoc jacet. O Seclum insipiens! Verum æquior
 illi,

Dum moritur, Deus aligeros dat cernere missos,
 Qui migrantem animam cæli ad sublimia ferrent,

T. M. posuit *Junii* 10, A. D. 1600.

William Wickham, says *A. W.* was Son of *John Wickham* of *Enfield* in *Middlesex*, Son of *Thomas Wickham*, of *Swaclive* in *Oxfordshire*, by *Joice Sandbury* his Wife. *William* was born at *Enfield* before-mentioned, educated at *Eaton*, was afterwards of *King's College Cambridge*: Fellow of *Eaton-College*, Prebendary of *Westminster* in 1570, Canon of *Wind-
 sor* in 1571, Dean of *Lincoln* 1577. Bishop thereof, and preached at the Burial of the Queen of *Scots* at *Peterborough*, in 1587; translated from *Lincoln* to *Winchester*, 1595, and died in *Winchester-House* in *St. Mary Overis* Parish, as mentioned on his Tomb. The Reader may see more of him in a Piece called *Antimartinus*, 1589.

Lambeth.

Here lieth the Body of *Thomas Tenison*, late Arch-
 bishop of *Canterbury*, who departed this Life in Peace on
 the 14th of *December*, 1715.

St. Botolph's,

St. Botolph's, Lincoln.

Hic jacet * *Philippus Tylney*, Canonicus et Residentiarius Eccl. Cath. B. M. *Lincoln*. nuper Armiger, Filius *Frederici Tylney*, Arm. Filii. *Philippi Tylney*, Militis, &c. Maritatus *Isabellæ*, uni Filiarum *Edmundi Thorp*, de *Appswell Thorp*, in Com. *Norfolk*. Militis, et *Johannæ* Dominæ de *Scales*, nuper Consortis ejusdem *Edmundi*. Qui obiit penultimo die Mensis *Octobris*, Anno Domini 1453, cujus animæ propitiatur Deus, Amen ; for Charity.

Passed the Pilgrimage of this present Lyf
Resteth Sir *Philip Tylney*, closed in your Sight ;
In his Youth Esquier, and so wedded to his wyf,
The Daughter and Heier of *Edmund Thorp* Knight,
And Awnt to *Thomas* Lord *Scales* discended of *Lyne*
right,

Disposed him after to God's Ordinaunce.
Full noble and liberal he was to every wight,
Couth none find in him matter of displeaunce.
Here he lyeth buryed *Canon* and *Residentiarie* ;
Sumtyme of Patrimony sufficient in Deed,
But Death that from her Nature cannot varie,
Hath ceased him by Force, and we must all suc-
ceed.

Consider heer a Carrion worms to feed,
And pray for his Soule of Peyn to have a lyffe ;
And doo for him, as thou woldest he did at thy need.
Now, *Jesu*, for thy Passiõ bring him to thy Blyffe.

* He was one of the Laity tir'd with the World,
who after the Burial of his Wife took on him a religi-
ous Habit, and turned a Canon Secular.

Shawborne, Berks.

Ætatis suæ 74, 1630.

Mons fueram, vegeto dum mens in corpore mansit;

Mens abit ad Dominum, *Mons* abit in *Cineras*.

In *Montem* cineres, Domino redeunte, redibunt:

Expecto hoc oriens; hoc meditor moriens.

* *Rolandus Hill*, senior morboque languidus, sed Fide speque fortis de meipso scripsi ac sepulcro inscribendum mandavi.

Vide Epitaph on Dr. *Otwell Hill*.

On Dr. *Francis Atterbury*, Bishop of *Rocheſter*. Who died in Exile at *Paris*, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his Arms, immediately after she arrived in *France* to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

She.

Yes, we have liv'd——one Pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are Dust like me.

He.

Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this Dust with thine—O spotless Ghost!
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country lost!
Is there on Earth one Care, one Wifh beside?
Yes—*ſave my Country, Heav'n!*

He ſaid, and dy'd.

A. POPE.

Free from this Dream of Life, this Maze of Care,
 Here rests the Lover and the Friend sincere,
 Alive respected, lov'd by all but one,
 To him the same as tho' belov'd by none.
 'This dearer one by cruel Slander strove
 To wrong his Fame, as she had wrong'd his Love,
 From her unkind Reproaches wounded more
 Than all the giddy Turns of Chance before.
 Those Arrows piercing in a well-known Part,
 Fresh Wounds inflicted on a breaking Heart.
Death saw what *Love*, his faithful Slave had done,
 And kindly finish'd what the Boy begun.

J. D. COTTON.

Mortlake, Surry.

Under this Stone are the Remains of
John Barber, Esq;
 Alderman of London.

A constant Benefactor to the Poor;
 True to his Principles in Church and State.
 He preserved his Integrity, and discharged the Duty
 Of an upright Magistrate
 In the most corrupt Times.
 Zealous for the Rights of his Fellow-Citizens,
 He oppos'd all Attempts against them;
 And, being Lord-Mayor of London,
 In the Year 1733,
 Was greatly instrumental in defeating
 A Scheme of a General Excise:
 Which, (had it succeeded)
 Would have put an End to the Liberties of his Country.
 He departed this Life Jan. 2d, 1740, Aged 65.

Stanton Harcourt.

Near this Place lie the Bodies of
John Hewet and *Mary Drew*,
 An industrious young Man
 And virtuous Maiden of this Parish ;
 Who being at Harvest-work
 (With several others)
 Were in one Instant *kill'd by Lightning*
 The last Day of *July 1718.*

Think not by rig'rous Judgment seiz'd,
 A Pair so faithful could expire ;
 Victims so pure, Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
 And snatch'd them in celestial Fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden Fate ;
 When God calls Virtue to the Grave,
 Alike 'tis Justice soon or late,
 Mercy alike, to kill or save.

Virtue unmov'd can hear the Call,
 And face the Flash that melts the Ball.

This Epitaph was written by Mr. Pope, at the Request of Lord Harcourt, who placed the Stone over them.

On Mr. Aikman, and his Son, who were both interred in the same Grave.

Dear to the wise and good, disprais'd by none,
 Here sleep in Peace the Father and the Son.
 By Virtue as by Nature close ally'd,
 The Painter's Genius but without the Pride ;

Worth

Of EPITAPHS. 109

Worth unambitious, Wit afraid to shine,
Honour's clear Light, and Friendship's Warmth
divine.

The Son fair rising knew too short a Date;
But, oh! how more severe the Parent's Fate!
He saw him torn untimely from his Side,
Felt all a Father's Anguish, wept, and dy'd.

DAVID MALLET.

Westminster Abbey.

J. Dryden.

Aug. 9.
Natus 1631.

Mortuus Maji 1. 1700.

Johannes Sheffield
Dux Buckinghamienfis
Posuit, 1720.

This plain Inscription is on a Tomb erected to his
Memory by the Duke of *Buckingham*, on a Hint of
Mr. *Pope's* in his Epitaph on *Rowe* :

Thy Reliques, *Rowe*, to this sad Shine we trust,
And sacred, place by *Dryden's* awful Dust :
Beneath a rude and nameless Stone he lies,
To which thy Tomb shall guide inquiring Eyes.
Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endless Rest !
Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest !
One grateful Woman to thy Fame supplies
What a whole thankless Land to his denies.

At first the two following Lines were intended :

This *Sheffield* rais'd ! the sacred Dust below
Was *Dryden's* once : The rest who does not know ?

I cannot

I cannot help inserting here a very smart Epigram written on the putting up of this Monument:

At *Dryden's* Tomb, inscrib'd with *Sheffield's* Name,
That Mite slow offer'd to establish Fame,
Fill'd with raw Wonder, *Tyro* stopt to gaze,
And blest his bounteous Grace in kind Amaze.

The Guardian Genius, from the sacred Dust
Rekindling upwards, wak'd the quick'ning Bust.
Glowing, from ev'ry awful Feature broke
Disdainful Life, and thus the Marble spoke:

Teach thy blind Love of Honesty to see,
'Tis not my Monument tho' built on me.
Great Peers, 'tis known, can in Oblivion lie:
But no great Poet has the Pow'r to die.

At cheap Expence behold engrafted Fame;
The tackt Associate of a buoyant Name.
This pompous Craft one lucky Lord shall save;
Sheffield shall borrow Life from *Dryden's* Grave.

'Twas said, and ere the short Sensation dy'd,
The stiff'ning Marble wreath'd its Form aside;
Back from the titled Waste of mouldring State,
He turn'd, neglectful of the Court too late!
And sadly-conscious of mispointed Praise,
Frowns thro' the Stone, and shrinks beneath the Bays.

Mr. *Dryden* had personal Qualities to challenge both Love and Esteem from all who were truly acquainted with him. He was of a Nature exceedingly humane and compassionate, easily forgiving Injuries, and capable of a prompt and sincere Reconciliation with them who had offended him. His Friendship, where he profess'd it, went much beyond his Profession; and he gave many strong and generous Instances of it, tho' his hereditary Income was little more than a bare Competency. As his Reading had been very extensive, so he was very happy in a Memory tenacious of every thing, that he had read. He was not
more

more possessed of Knowledge, than he was communicative of it; but then his Communication of it was by no means pedantic, or imposed upon the Conversation, but just such, and went so far, as, by the natural Turns of the Discourse in which he was engaged, it was necessarily promoted or required. He was extremely ready and gentle in his Correction of the Errors of any Writer, who thought fit to consult him; and full as ready and patient to admit of the Reprehension of others, in respect of his own Oversights or Mistakes. He was of very easy, and indeed pleasing Access; but something slow, and, as it were, diffident in his Advances to others. He had something in his Nature that abhorred Intrusion into any Society whatsoever, and easily discountenanced in his Approaches either to his Superiors or his Equals. His Parts did not decline with his Years: But he was an improving Writer to the last, even to near 70 Years; improving in Fire and Imagination as well as Judgment. He was equally excellent in Verse and in Prose; and his Excellence in the latter he used to ascribe to his having often read Archbishop Tillotson's Works. His Versification and his Numbers he could learn of no-body; for he first possessed those Talents in Perfection in our Tongue. And it may be said in general of his Writings, that what he did in any one Species or distinct Kind, would have been sufficient to have acquired him a great Name.

CONGREVE.

To the
 Memory of *Lucy Lyttelton*,
 Daughter of *Hugh Fortescue*, Esq;
 Of *Filley*, in the County of *Devon*;
 Father to the present Earl of *Clinton*,
 By *Lucy* his Wife,

The

The Daughter of *Matthew Lord Aylmer*,
 Who departed this Life the 19th of *January*, 1746-7,
 Aged 29,

Having employ'd the short time allow'd to her here,
 In the uniform Practice of Religion and Virtue.

Made to engage all Hearts, and charm all Eyes ;
 Tho' meek, magnanimous ; tho' witty, wise ;
 Polite, as all her Life in Courts had been ;
 Yet good as she the World had never seen.
 The noble Fire of an exalted Mind,
 With gentlest female Tenderneſs combin'd :
 Her Speech was the melodious Voice of Love,
 Her Song, the Warbling of the vernal Grove ;
 Her Eloquence was sweeter than her Song,
 Soft as her Heart, and as her Reason ſtrong ;
 Her Form each Beauty of her Mind expreſt ;
 Her Mind was Virtue by the Graces dreſt.

Sir G. LYTTELTON.

Here lies a *Youth* who fell a Sacrifice,
 In his firſt Bloom, to fair *Aurelia's* Eyes.
 Whom ſhall we blame ? *Her Duty* was her Guard,
 And *his Injuſtice* was its own Reward :
 If he's *unjuſt*, whoſe Reason can not prove
 Of Force enough againſt *imperious Love*.
 Th' aspiring Boy who ſcorn'd to ſtoop ſo low,
 To take what Pity only could beſtow ;
 Still wiſh'd for more, till in the fatal Strife
 He fell beneath the Virtue of a Wife:
 Reſign'd his Blood to quench his guilty Flame :
 But *Crimes of Love* deſerve a gentler Name ;
 And I muſt neither praife him, nor condemn,
 For I would die to be bewail'd like *him* :
 Since ſhe, whoſe Piety deny'd to ſave,
 Now pours her fruitleſs Tears upon his Grave.

Westminster

Westminster Abbey.

In the Year of our Lord Christ
One thousand Seven hundred and Thirty-seven
This Bust

Of the Author of PARADISE LOST
Was placed here by WILLIAM BENSON, Esquire;
One of the two Auditors of the Imprests
To his Majesty King George the Second,
Formerly
Surveyor-General of the Works
To his Majesty King George the First.
RYSBRACK
Was the Statuary who cut it.

In this Inscription (which is under the Bust) Mr. *Benson* and Mr. *Rysbrack* make a much greater Show than *Milton*.

Upon the Removal of the Fence before this Monument, the whole Town was disappointed, to find the Six beautiful Verses, which were written by Mr. *Dryden* omitted; and, more especially, seeing they are so just an Elogium upon the Poet, so concise and comprehensive, and so universally known and approved, that the Cause of their Omission could not be attributed to the Ignorance of the Founder:

Three Poets in three distant Ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:
The First in Loftiness of Thought surpass;
The next in Majesty; in both, the Last.
The Force of Nature could no farther go;
To make a Third, she join'd the former Two.

However, this Inscription introduced the Auditor into the *Dunciad*;

On Poets' Tombs see *Benson's Titles* writ! &c.

Dunciad, B. iii. L. 326.

Milton.

Milton died of the Gout, A. D. 1674. in the 67th Year of his Age; and his Body was deposited in the Chancel of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, Church.

On Sir Edward Giles and his Lady, at Dean Prior, Devon.

No Trust to Metals nor to Marbles, when
These have their Fate, and wear away as Men;
Times, Titles, Trophies, may be lost and spent;
But Virtue rears th' eternal Monument.
What more than these can Tombs and Tomb-
stones pay?

But *here's* the Sunset of a tedious Day;
These two asleep are, I'll but be undrest,
And so to Bed; pray wish us all good Rest.

1642.

— HERRICK.

St. John and Paul's, at Rome.

Hocce puellæ jacet tumulo corpus *Elisabeth*,
Quod manet in sanctâ aulâ nunc *Battistæ Johannis*,
Ildibrandus ejus genitor *Theodoraque* mamma.
Orta puella ideo fuit ardua stemmate Romæ.
Bis annos habuit senis et mensibus decem,
Ducta *Johannes* vestra *Pauleque* jure sub alma:
Pro qua vos Dominum deposcite Martyres almi,
Et sibi det requiem sanctam post funere semper.
Hoc si quis tumulum violaverit at reque parvum,
Subjaceat nexum dum vivit in orbem anathema.

Dep. V Kal. Sept. ind. 5.

Stoke,

Stoke, near Guildford.

The World's a City full of crooked Streets,
And Death's the Market-place where all Men meets :
If Life was Merchandise that Men could buy,
The Rich would always live, the Poor would die.

*Mr. John Flin, a Painter, of Galway, in Ireland,
tho' a Roman Catholic, wrote the following Epitaph
for himself.*

Here lies *John Flin*,
To Worms akin ;
Eftsoons by vagrant Boys bely'd,
That while he liv'd, he often dy'd.
Saints oft he painted,
Himself not fainted ;
Yet leaves perhaps a Fame as fair,
As many Souls of them that are.
He laught at Fate ;
Despis'd the Great ;
Was happy in his fav'rite Dram ;
And pity'd those who others damn.
Liv'd to the Age of Sixty-seven,
Spurn'd at this Earth and flew to Heav'n.

Westminster Abbey.

Isaacus Newton, Eques Auratus,

Qui animi vi prope divinâ,

Planetarum motus, Figuras,

Cometarum Semitas, Oceanique Ætus,

Suâ Mathesi Facem præferente,

Primus demonstravit :

Radiorum Lucis Dissimilitudines,

Colorumque inde nascentium,

Proprietates,

Quas

Quas Nemo antea vel suspicatus erat,
Pervestigavit.

Naturæ, Antiquitatis, S. Scripturæ,
Sedulus, sagax, fidus Interpres,
Dei O. M. Majestatem Philosophiâ asseruit,
Evangelii Simpliciter moribus expressit.

Sibi gratulentur Mortales,
Tale tantumque extitisse
Humani generis decus.

Natus 25 Dec. A. D. 1642. Obiit 20 Mar. 1726.

In English thus :

‘ Here is deposited Sir *Isaac Newton*, Knight ; who
‘ by the Light of mathematical Learning, and a
‘ Force of Mind almost divine, first explained the
‘ Motions and Figures of the Planets, and planetary
‘ Orbits ; the Paths of the Comets, and Tides of the
‘ Ocean : And discovered, what no-one before had
‘ ever suspected, the Difference of the Rays of Light,
‘ and the Distinction of Colours thence arising. He
‘ was a diligent, faithful, and penetrating Interpreter
‘ of Nature, of Antiquity, and the Holy Scripture.
‘ By his Philosophy he asserted the Majesty of God,
‘ the greatest and most glorious of all Beings ; and by
‘ his Morals expressed the Simplicity of the Gospel.
‘ Let Mortals congratulate themselves, that there has
‘ been so great, so good a Man ; the Glory of the
‘ human Race. Born *Dec. 25, 1642.* Died *March*
‘ *20, 1726.*’

On a Pedestal is placed a *Sarcophagus*, upon the
Front of which are Boys in *Basso Relievo*, with Instru-
ments in their Hands, denoting his several Discoveries ;
viz. one with a *Prism*, on which principally his ad-
mirable Book of *Lights and Colours* is founded ; an-
other with a *reflecting Telescope*, whose great Advan-
tages are now so well known ; another Boy is weigh-
ing the *Sun and Planets* with a *Stilliard*, the Sun be-
ing

ing near the Center on one Side, and the Planets on the other, alluding to a celebrated Proposition in his *Principia*; another is busy about a *Furnace*, and two others near him are loaded with Money as newly coined, intimating his Office in the *Mint*. On the *Sarcophagus* his own Figure is placed in a cumbent Posture, his Elbow resting on the several incomparable Books written by him; two Boys stand before him with a Scroll, on which is drawn a remarkable *Diagram*, relating to the *Solar System*; and over that a *converging Series*, an Invention which shews the utmost of human Understanding. — Behind the *Sarcophagus* is a *Pyramid*; from the Middle of it a Globe arises in *Mezzo Relievo*, on which several of the Constellations are drawn, in order to shew the Path of the Comet in 1681, whose Period he has with the greatest Sagacity determined: And also the Position of the *Solstitial Colure* mentioned by *Hipparchus*, by which (in his Chronology) he has fixed the Time of the *Argonautic Expedition*. On the Globe sits the Figure of *Astronomy* weeping, with a Scepter in her Hand as Queen of the Sciences, and a Star over her Head on the *Pyramid*.—

The following was intended for his Monument by Mr. *Pope*.

Isaacus Newtonus :

Quem immortalem

Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cælum :

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night :

God said, *Let Newton be*, and all was Light.

The following Lines were also offered :

Approach, ye wise of Soul, with Awe divine !

'Tis *Newton's* Name that consecrates this Shrine:

'That

That Sun of Knowledge, whose Meridian Ray,
 Kindled the Gloom of Nature into Day.
 That Soul of Science, that unbounded Mind !
 That Genius which exalted human Kind !
 Confest Supreme of Men ! his Country's Pride,
 And half esteem'd an Angel—till he dy'd :
 Who in the Eye of Heav'n, like *Enoch* stood,
 And thro' the Paths of Knowledge walkt with God :
 Who made his Fame a Sea without a Shore,
 And but forsook this World to know the Laws of
 more.

As were likewise these :

More than his Name were less : 'Twould seem to
 fear,

He, who increas'd Heav'n's Fame, should want it
 here.

Yet, when the Suns he lighted up shall fade,
 And all the Worlds he found are first decay'd ;

Then, void and waste, Eternity shall lie,

And Time and *Newton's* Name, together die.

AARON HILL.

Sir Isaac Newton enjoyed a settled and equal State of Health to the Age of Eighty, but about that Time began to be afflicted with an Incontinence of Urine ; though for the five Years which preceded his Death, he had great Intervals of Health and Ease. It was then evident that his Distemper was the Stone ; tho' when the Paroxysms were so violent, that large Drops of Sweat ran down his Face, he never uttered the least Complaint, nor expressed the least Impatience ; and as soon as he had a Moment's Ease, he would smile, and talk with his usual Cheerfulness. Till then he always read and wrote several Hours in a Day. But at last his Distemper put an End to his Life, on the 20th of *March*, 1726-7, in the Eighty fifth
 Year

Year of his Age.—He was of a middling Stature, and somewhat inclined to be fat in the latter Part of his Life. His Countenance was pleasing and venerable at the same time. He was of a mild Disposition, and a great Lover of Peace. He would rather have chosen to remain in Obscurity, than to have the Calm of Life ruffled by the Contests, which Genius and Learning always draw upon such as are too eminent for these Qualities. His Modesty was very great, and always continued so, without the least Alteration, though the World conspired against it. He was candid and affable, and always put himself upon a Level with his Company. He never thought either his Merit, or his Reputation, sufficient to excuse him from any of the common Offices of Life. No Singularities, either natural or affected, distinguished him from other Men. Though he was firmly attached to the Church of *England*, he was averse to the Persecution of the Non-conformists. He judged of Men by their Manners, and the true Schismatics, in his Opinion, were the vicious. Not that he confined his Principles to mere natural Religion; for he was thoroughly persuaded of the Truth of Revelation; and amidst the great Variety of Books, which he had constantly before him, that, which he studied with the greatest Application, was the *Bible*. He did not neglect the Opportunities of doing good; which the plentiful Income of his Patrimony, and a profitable Employment, improved by a good Œconomy, put into his Power. He thought a Legacy was no Gift, and therefore left no Will; for he was unbounded in his Generosity towards his Relations, or others, who stood in need of his Assistance. When Decency, upon any Occasion, required Expence and Show, he was magnificent without grudging it, and with a very good Grace. At all other Times, that Pomp, which seems great to little Minds only, was wholly re-trenched; and the Expence reserved for better Uses.

T. BIRCH.

Sacred to the Memory
Of Mr. *David Fordyce*,

Late Professor of Philosophy in the *Marishal* College, *Aberdeen*. Justly esteemed for his Learning and fine Taste; but much more valued for his unaffected Piety, and benevolent Disposition. The social Duties he warmly recommended to others, and in his own Conduct exemplified them; the dutiful Son, the sincere Friend, and the kind Master, were blended in his Character. A laudable Thirst for useful Knowledge prompted him to visit foreign Countries, especially *Italy*, so long the Seat of Liberty, ever dear to him! So justly famous for the great Men it had produced, and still distinguished for the finer Arts. In his Return home, after about a Year's Absence from his native Country, the Supreme Disposer of all Events permitted this valuable Person to lose his Life in a Storm, on the Coast of *Holland*, on the - - -
Sept. 1751.

Blame not, O Reader! but adore that awful Providence, which is ever directed by unerring Wisdom, and infinite Goodness. Was he thy Friend? Yet grieve not; the friendly Wave, which wrapt him up from Pain and Sorrow, wafted his Soul from Earth to Heaven; where his Desire of Knowledge will be fully satisfied, and his Virtues abundantly rewarded.

Allerton, Nottinghamshire.

Beneath the Droppings of this Spout *,
There lies the Body once so stout,
Of *Francis Thomson*.

* The Stone joins to the South Wall of the Church under one of the Spouts.

A Soul

A Soul this Carcase long possess'd,
Which for its Virtue was caress'd,
By all who knew the Owner best.
The † *Rufford* Records can declare
His Actions, who for Sev'nty Year
Both drew and drank its potent Beer.
Fame mentions not, in all that Time,
In this great Butler the least Crime,
To stain his Reputation.
To Envy's self we now appeal,
If ought of Fault she can reveal,
To make her Declaration.
Then rest, good Shade, nor Hell, nor Vermin
fear;
Thy *Virtues* guard thy *Soul*, thy *Body* good *Strong*
Beer.

† *Rufford Abbey*, now the Seat of Sir *George Savil*,
Baronet, in whose Family this Person had lived as
Butler.

On Mrs. G.

Whoever knows or hears whose sacred Bones
Rest here within these monumental Stones,
How dear a Mother, and how sweet a Wife,
If he has Bowels, cannot for his Life,
But on these Ashes here some Tears distill,
For if Men will not weep, this Marble will.
A. BROOME.

On Henry Jernegan, Esquire.

All an accomplisht Body lends Mankind,
From Earth receiving, he to Earth resign'd:

All that e'er grac'd a Soul, from Heav'n he drew,
And took back with him as an Angel's due.

A. HILL.

Let me die the Death of the Righteous, and let my
last End be like *his*. The Grave is my House: I have
made my Bed in the Darkness: I have said to Cor-
ruption, Thou art my Father; to the Worm, Thou
art my Mother and my Sister.

Here rests
(With Five of his Children)
All that was mortal
Of

JOHN HACKETT,
Late of this Parish of *Covent Garden*.
In the humble Sphere of Life in which he was ordain'd
to move,

He was still blameless:
By his unaffected Piety towards God,
And his Sincerity in his Dealings with Men,
He made many a Friend,
But, unless of the ignorant and worthless,
He never made a Foe.
Tho' his Abilities were but small, yet as far as in him
lay,

He delivered the Poor that was ready to perish,
And caused the Widows Heart to sing for Joy.

In a Word,
He was, if ever there was one,
A Man without a Fault,
Unless extreme Meekness,
And Good-nature be considered as such.
After a severe Illness of Six Months,
Which he bore with all Christian Patience and Resig-
nation.

This good Man
Yielded up his Soul into the Hands of his Maker,
June the 22d. in the Year of our Lord, 1755.
Aged 52.
Reader,
You have *heard* what he *was*, yet you *see* what he *is*;
Be wise in Time.

St. Lawrence Poultney, London.

Ev'rie Christian Hearte seeketh to extolle
The glorie of the Lord owr only redeemer;
Wherfor Dame Fame must needes inrolle
Paull Withypoll his Childe by Love and Nature,
Elizabeth the Wyfe of *Emanuel Lucar*.
In whom was declared the Goodness of the Lord,
With many high Vertues whyche trulye I will recorde.

She wrought all Needleworkes that Women exercyse,
With Pen, Frame, or Stoole, all Pictures artificiall,
Curious Knottes or Trailes, what Fancie could de-
vise,

Beastes, Birdes, or Flowers, even as Thynges naturall.
Three manner Handes could she write, them sayre all.
To speak of Algorisme or Accountes in everie Fashon,
Of Women, few like (I thinke) in all thys Nation.

Dame Cunyng her gave a Gyfte righte excellent
The goodlie Practise of her Science musicall,
In divers Tongues to syng and plaie with Instrument,
Both Violl and Lute, and also Virginall;
Nor only upon one, but excellent in all.
For all other Virtues belonging to Nature,
God her appointed a very perfect Creature.

Latyne and Spanyshe and also Italian,
 She spake, writ, and read with perfect Utterance;
 And for the *English*, she the Garland wan:
 In Dame *Prudence*' Schoole by *Grace*'s Purveyance;
 Whych clothed her with Vertues from naked Ignorance.

Readyng the Scriptures to judge Lyghte from dark,
 Directing her Fayth to *Christ* the onlie Marke.

The said *Elizabeth* deceas'd the 29th of *October*,
An. Dom. 1537. of Yeeres not fully 27. This Stone
 and all hereon contained, made at the Cost of the said
Emanuel, Merchant Taylor.

Peterborough Cathedral.

Here lyes a Babe, that only cry'd
 In Baptism to be washt from Sin, and dy'd.
January 17, 1666.

Totteridge, in Hertfordshire.

Under this Pew lies interr'd the Body of Mrs. *Susanna Turner*, Daughter of *Richard Turner*, Esquire,
 and *Dorothy* his Wife, of this Parish, who deceas'd
 the 14th Day of *July*, 1672.

ætat. 15. and 10 months.

Now take thy Rest, dear Soul, in thy cold Bed,
 (For tho' to Heav'n thy precious Soul be fled)
 Thou shalt not here as one neglected lie;
 But be preserv'd by God's most watchful Eye.
 Wait but a while that thou mayst be refin'd
 And thou shalt rise and leave thy Dross behind.
 Grace made thee lovely and admir'd by all,
 And sure since Grace adorn'd thee, Glory shall.

On Claudius Phillips.

Phillips, whose Touch harmonious could remove
The Pangs of guilty Pow'r or helpless Love,
Rest here ! distress'd by Poverty no more ;
Here find that Calm ; thou gav'st so oft before.
Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful Shrine,
Till Angels wake thee with a Note like thine.

S. JOHNSON.

St. Mary, Low-Layton.

If you will the Truythe have
Here lyeth in this Grave
Directly under this Stone
Good Lady *Mary Kyngestone*
Who departed thys Lyff, the Truythe to say
In the Moneth of *August*, the twenty fift Day ;
And as I do well remember,
Was buried honourably the fourth Day of *September*
The Yere of our Lord rekynd truely
M V ^c fourty and eight varily
Whose yerly obyte and anniverfary
Is determin'd to be kept sure
At the Cost of hir Son Sir *Henry Jerningham* truely,
Who was at this Makyng
Of the Queen's Guard cheff Capteyn.

St. Antony's, London.

Here lyth gravyn undyr this Ston
* *Thomas Knowles* both Flesh and bon.
Grocer, and alderman yeres fortye
Sheriff, and twis Maior truly :
And for he shold not lie alone,
Here lyth with him his good wyff *Jone* :

G 3

They

They weren togeder sixty Yere ;
 And nineteen chyldren they had in feer.
 Now ben they gone wee them misse :
 Christ have their Sowlys to heven blisse. Amen.

* This Man was Mayor in the first Year of *Harry* the 4th, and again in the 12th of the same King. He rebuilt the Church where he now lies, gave the Company of Grocers his House near the Church, for Relief of the Poor for ever, and caused Water to be conveyed to *Newgate* and *Ludgate* for the Benefit of the Prisoners.

On a Letter-Founder at Oxford.

Under this Stone lies honest Syl,
 Who dy'd—tho' sore against his Will ;
 Yet in his Fame he shall survive,
 Learning shall keep his Name alive ;
 For he the Parent was of Letters,
 He founded to confound his Betters.
 But what those Letters should contain
 Did never once disturb his Brain.
 Since therefore, Reader, he is gone,
 Pray let him not be trod upon.

Parish Church of Leedes, Yorkshire.

Under this Stone do lie fix Children small
 Of *John Wellington* of the *North Hall*.
 Mors omnibus communis.

Here lies *John Duke* of *Marlborough*,
 Who run the *French* thorough and thorough ;
 He

He marry'd *Sarah Jennings*, Spinster,
Dy'd at *St. James's*, bury'd at *Westminster*.

This was written by *Dr. Evans* of *Oxford*, where the Dutchess offered a considerable Reward to him that should write the best Epitaph on the Duke.

On this Marble drop a Tear,
Here lies fair *Rosalind*;
All Mankind was pleas'd with her,
And she with all Mankind.

Mrs. MONK.

Padua.

Offa

Titii Livii Patavini.

Unius omnium Mortalium judicio digni,
Cujus prope invicto calamo
Invicti P. R. res gestæ conscriberentur.

The *Paduans* say, that the Bones of this great Historian *Livy* are preserved in a Tomb under the Door of a little Chamber, as you go out of the *Palazzo della Raggione*. *Alphonso*, King of *Arragon* and *Naples*, having, in the Year 1451, demanded a Bone of *Titus Livius* by his Ambassador, *Antony Bevatello*, a celebrated Poet of that Age, and known by the Name of *Panormita*, the *Paduans* thought proper to gratify him in his Request; and in Remembrance of this Present, they engraved upon the same Door the following Inscription.

Inclyto *Alphonso*, *Arragonum* Regi, Studiorum
Fautori, Reipublicæ *Venetæ* foederato, *Antonio Pa-*
normita Poeta, Legato suo orante, *L. Mattheo Vic-*

turio hujus Urbis Prætoræ præstantissimo intercedente, ex Historiarum Parentis T. Livii Offibus quæ hoc Tumulo conduntur, Brachium Patavini Cives in Munus concessere. Anno Christi M.CCCC.LI. XIV. Kal. Sept. —

There is at the Palace of *Capo di Lista*, in the same City, a Stone seemingly of the *Roman Times*, with these Words on it.

T. Livius C. F.

Sibi et suis

T. Livio et T. F. Prisco F.

T. Livio T. F. Longo et
Cæssiaæ Sex. Primæ Uxori.

Whether this be the Historian or not, Antiquaries are left to determine.

On Sir James Sooty.

This unambitious Stone preserves a Name,
To Friendship sanctify'd, untouch'd by Fame;
A Son this rais'd, by holy Duty fir'd,
This sung a Friend, by friendly Zeal inspir'd:
No venal Falshood stain'd the filial Tear,
Unbought, unask'd, the friendly Praise sincere:
Both for a good Man weep, without Offence,
Who led his Days in Ease and Innocence.
His Tear rose honest, honest rose his Smile;
His Heart no Falshood knew, his Tongue no Guile:
A simple Mind, with plain just Notions fraught,
Not warp'd by Wit, nor by proud Science taught;
Nature's plain Light just rightly understood,
That never hesitates the Fair and Good.
Who view'd, self-ballanc'd, from his calm Retreat,
The Storms that vex the Busy and the Great:

Unmingling

Unmingling in the Scene whate'er befell,
 Pity'd his suff'ring Kind, and wish'd them well;
 Careless if Monarchs frown'd, or Statesmen smil'd,
 His purer Joy his Friend, his Wife, or Child.
 Constant to act the hospitable Part,
 Love in his Look and Welcome in his Heart:
 Such unpriz'd Blessings did his Life employ,
 The social Moment, the domestic Joy;
 A Joy beneficent, warm, cordial, kind,
 That leaves no Doubt, no Grudge, no Sting behind;
 The Heart-born Rapture, that from Virtue springs,
 The poor Man's Portion, *God* with-held from Kings.
 His Life, at decent Time, was bid to cease,
 Finish'd among his weeping Friends in Peace.
 Go, Trav'ler! wish his Shade eternal Rest;
 Go, be the same; for this is to be blest'd.

Feb. 1752.

H.

Hampton, Worcestershire.

Ἀποθανὼν ἔτι λαλεῖται.

* *Henricus Hammondus*, cujus ad Nomen assurgit quicquid est Gentis literatæ (dignum nomen quod Auro, non Atramento, nec in marmore perituro, sed adamante potius exaretur) *Musagetes* celeberrimus, Vir plane summus, Theologus longe consummatissimus, eruditæ Pietatis decus simul et exemplar, sacri Codicis Interpres facile omnium oculatissimus, Errorum Maleus post homines natos felicissimus, Veritatis *Hyperaspistes* supra quam dici potest nervosus; in cujus Scriptis elucescunt Ingenii Gravitas et acumen, Indicij sublimitas et Ἀκριβεία, sententiarum ὄγκος et Δεινότης. *Hammondus*, inquam, ὁ πάνυ in ipsa mortis viciniâ positus Immortalitati quasi contiguus Exuvias Carnis venerandas

nerandas (præter quas nil mortale habuit) sub obscuro hic Lapide latere voluit, 7. Cal. Maii 1660, Anno Ætatis suæ 55.

HUMPH. HENCHMAN.

* He was Archdeacon of *Chichester*, and Rector of *Penshurst* in *Kent*, about *March 15, 1644*. He was also Canon of *Christ-Church, Oxon.* but had been ejected out of that Dignity twelve Years before his Death.

Great, says an eminent Writer, were his natural Abilities, greater his acquired, and in the whole Circle of Arts, he was most accurate. He was also eloquent in the Tongues, exact in ancient and modern Writers, was well versed in Philosophy, and better in Philology, most learned in School Divinity, and a great Master in Church Antiquity; made up of Fathers, Councils, Ecclesiastical Historians and Liturgies, as may be at large seen in his most elaborate Works.

There is to be found in the first Volume of Dr. *Hammond's Works*, published by *W. Fulman*, of C. C. C. another Epitaph for him by Mr. *Tho. Pierce*, afterwards President of *Magdalen Coll. Oxon.*

Peterborough Cathedral.

* *Maria Scotorum Regina, Regis Filia, Regis Galliarum vidua, Reginæ Angliæ Agnata, et Hæres proxima; Virtutibus Regiis et animo Regio ornata, Jure Regio frustra sæpius implorato barbarâ et tyrannicâ Crudelitâ Ornamentum nostri Seculi et Lumen vere Regium, extinguitur: Eodemque nefario Judicio et Maria Scotorum Regina morte naturali, et omnes superstites Reges, Plebei facti, morte civili mulcantur. Novum et inauditum Tumuli genus, in quo cum*

cum vivis Mortui includuntur, hic extat; cum sacris enim Divæ Mariæ cineribus omnium Regum atque Principum violatam atque prostratam Majestatem hic jacere scito; et quia tacitum Regale satis superque Reges sui Officii monet, plura non addo, Viator.

* She was beheaded in *Fotheringbay* Castle the 8th of *February*, 1587, where her Body lay till it was carried to *Peterborough*, and interred there *August* 1, in the same Year. Twenty-five Years afterwards it was removed to *Westminster-Abbey*. Vide Page 6.

Weldon, Northamptonshire.

Thomas Gravius, S. T. D. Ecclesiæ *Petroburgensis* Prebendarius; Vir summæ Pietatis et Eruditionis; in Philosophicis paucis Secundus; in Philologicis peritissimis par, in Linguis *Orientalibus* plerisque major; quarum *Persicam* Notis in Appendice ad Bibliothecam Polyglott doctissime illustravit; *Arabicam* publicè in *Academia Oxoniensi* professus est; dignissimus etiam qui in eodem Loco Theologiam profiteretur; Poeta insuper et Orator insignis, atque in Mathematicis profundè doctus: Reipublicæ Literariæ, ac Ecclesiæ flebilis obiit *Maii* 22, *Anno* 1676, *Ætatis* suæ 65.

This learned Man's Works are :

1. De linguæ *Arabicæ* utilitate et præstantia; oratio *Oxonii* habita 19 *Jul.* 1637.
2. Observationes quædam in *Persicam* Pentateuchi Versionem.
3. Annotationes quædam in *Persicam* interpretationem Evangeliorum.

He was born at *Colmere* in *Hampshire*, mostly educated in the *Charterhouse*, admitted Scholar of *C. C. C. Ox.* 15 March, 1627, where making great Progress in *Logic*, *Philosophy* and other Learning, he took the Degrees in Arts, became *Humanity Reader* of his College, Fellow thereof in 1636, Deputy Professor of *Arabic* in 1637, *Batchelor of Divinity* in 1641; became Rector of *Dunsby* in *Lincolnshire*, and *Doctor of Divinity* in 1661, and Prebend of *Peterborough* in 1666, being then Rector of *Benyfield* in *Northamptonshire*, which he left because his Parishioners, through his Slowness of Speech and bad Utterance, held him insufficient.

Peterborough Cathedral.

M. S. *Jacobus Duport*, S. T. P. hujus Ecclesiæ Decanus, *Lincolniensis* Canonicus; Vir in omni Vitæ tenore clarissimus, Felicibus auspiciis (Patre Præfule, avo Episcopo) oriundus, summus ipse Theologus, omne Literarum genus penitus digessit, multas Linguas etiam doctioribus peregrinas fecit suas, præ cæteris *Græcam*, cujus erat apud *Cantabrigienses* suos Professor; *Græcâ* Poesi si non super *Homerum*, saltem pari incedens gradu; quem ut alterum plane *Homerum* quatuor vendicant Collegia; *Sancti Jesu* in quo natus; S. *Sancti Trinitatis*, in quo educatus; *Sanctæ Mariæ Magdalenæ* cui præfuit; et hoc nostrum quod Corpus obtinet: Collegia ista ut ornavit, sic vivens moriensque amplis Beneficiis auxit præcipue Coll. *Triniatæ*. cujus Bibliothecam augustam, non modo libera manu sublimiorem reddidit, sed suis insuper illustravit Libris, ut Academiae Decus, sic Ecclesiæ non minus. Liturgiam *Anglicanam Græcam* faciendo in omnem Gentem transfudit: sic meritis, Regi *Carolo* 2do a sacris fuit: Amplis Honoribus, Dignitatibus, opibus affluxit, quæ omnia honestè adeptus, piè et prudenter

prudenter distribuit. His Dotibus accessit morum savitas, Probitas, omnis Virtus. Saxo non hoc eget ut testetur quod vixit, sed quod mori potuit. Obiit *Julii* 17. Anno *Ætatis* suæ 73, — Domini 1679.

This Inscription modestly tells us Dr. *Duport* was Dean of *Peterborough*, Canon of *Litchfield*, Greek Professor at *Cambridge*, and, if not a better Greek Poet than *Homer*, yet at least as good a One.

Equal, as Age advanc'd, her Virtues grew,
And Heav'n, her Aim, still nearer shone in View;
So great th' Increase at length, Faith chang'd to Sight,
And the full Prospect beam'd intensely bright:
Mortality oppress'd no more could bear,
But sunk to Rest, and sleeps in Silence here.

St. Leonard's, Foster-Lane.

Robert Trappis, Goldsmith, 1526.

When the bells be merely rounge,
And the Masse devoutly sounge,
And the meate merely eaten,
Then fall *Robert Trappis* his Wyffs, and Chyldren be
forgetten.

Werfor, Jesu, that of Mary sprounge,
Let their Soulys thy Saynts among,
Though it be undeservy'd on ther Syde
Yet, good Lord, let them evermore thy Mercy abyde
And of your cheritie

For ther Soulys say a Paternoster and an Ave.

Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus, miserere nobis,

Et Ancillis tuis sperantibus in Te.

O mater Dei, memento mei.

Jesu mercy, Lady help:

St. Margaret

St. Margaret's, London.

Body.] I, *Mary Pawson*, ly below slepyng.

Soule.] I, *Mary Pawson*, sit above waking.

Both. { We hope to meete again with Glory cloathed,
Then *Mary Pawson* for ever blessed.

Abbey Church, Edinburgh.

To the Memory of Anna Fowler,

Two virtuous hands, one Truth expressing Tongue;
A furnisht Heart with Piety Faith and Love;
A fruitful Womb whence hopeful Males are sprung;
Two Lust free Eyes, thoughts tending far above
The Reach of Nature, motionless become.
Rest peaceably to this earthly Tomb.

She died 9th May, 1645. of her Age 48.

On *J. B——d*, Esq; late Alderman of *D——*.

Here, fast asleep, upon his Back,
By Death extended, lies plump Jack,
A Sleeper ne'er to be forgot
Renown'd as *Ch—y*, or as *Trott*.
Oft has he slept (we've heard him snore)
Within these sacred Walls before;
Yet, charm'd a while by *Morpheus'* Rod,
He soon shook off the feeble God,
And soon victorious 'gan to rise,
And yawn, and stare, and rub his Eyes.
Now vanquish'd quite, behold him fall,
Attack'd by Sleep, and Death and all.

Be serious, Muse. — The Day will come
When he, fresh-rising from this Tomb,

Shall

Shall Life and other Realms explore,
And wake, to dye, to sleep, no more.

Here lies Charles Cándish * : Let the Marble Stone
That hides his Ashes, make his Virtues known.
Beauty and Valour did his short Life grace,
The Grief and Glory of his noble Race :
Early abroad he did the World survey,
As if he knew he had not long to stay ;
Saw what great *Alexander* in the East,
And mighty *Julius* conquer'd in the West ;
Then with a Mind, as great as theirs, he came
To find at home Occasion for his Fame ;
Where dark Confusion did the Nations hide,
And where the juster was the weaker Side.
Two loyal Brothers took their Sov'reign's Part.
Employ'd their Wealth; their Courage and their Art.
The Elder did whole Regiments afford,
The Younger brought—his Conduct and his Sword.
Born to command, a Leader he begun,
And on the Rebels lasting Honour won :
The Horse instructed by their Gen'als Worth,
Still made the King victorious in the North :
Where *Cándish* fought the *Royalists* prevail'd,
Neither his Courage nor his Judgment fail'd
The Current of his Vict'ries found no Stop,
Till *Cromwell* came, his Party's chiefest Prop ;
Equal Success had set these Champions high,
And both resolv'd to conquer, or to die :
Virtue with Rage, with Fury Valour strove ;
But that must fall,—which is decreed above !
Cromwell, with Odds of Numbers and of Fate,
Remov'd this Bulwark of the Church and State ;
Which the sad Issue of the War declar'd,
And made his Task to ruin both less hard,
So when the Bank neglected is o'erthrown,
The boundless Torrent dōs the Country drown.

Thus

Thus fell the Young, the Lovely, and the Brave;
Strew Bays and Flowers on his honour'd Grave.

EDM. WALLER.

* Col. *Cha. Cavendish*, youngest Son of *William*, Earl of *Devonshire*, slain at *Gainsborough*, 1643, in the 23d Year of his Age.

Cromwell's Letter to the Committee of the associated Counties at *Cambridge*, dated from *Huntingdon*, July 31, 1643, to which Place he had been driven by *Newcastle*, gives a full Account of this Gentleman's Death.—After having related the manner in which he collected a Body of Troops for the Relief of *Gainsborough*, his Arrival there, and beating the Van-guard of the Body of Horse, he proceeds in these Words: ‘ I perceiving this Body, which was the Reserve, standing still unbroken, kept back my Major *Whaley* from the Chace, and with my own Troop, and the other of my Regiment, in all being three Troops, we got into a Body : In this Reserve stood General *Cavendish*, who one while faced me; another while faced four of the *Lincoln* Troops, which was all ours that stood upon the Place, the rest being engaged in the Chace. At last General *Cavendish* charged the *Lincolneers*, and routed them : Immediately I fell on his Rear with my three Troops, which did so astonish him, that he gave over the Chace, and fain would have delivered himself from me, but I pressing on them forced them down a Hill, having good Execution of them, and below the Hill drove the General, with some of his Soldiers, into a Quagmire, where my Captain-Lieutenant slew him with a Thrust under his short Ribs; the rest of the Body was wholly routed, not one Man staying upon the Place.’

On

On Mr. *Rogers*, jun. of *Gloucestershire*.

Of gentle Blood, his Parents only Treasure,
 Their lasting Sorrow, and their vanish'd Pleasure.
 Adorn'd with Features, Virtue, Wit, and Grace;
 A large Provision for so short a Race!
 More mod'rate Gifts might have prolong'd his Date,
 Too early fitted for a better State:
 But knowing Heav'n his Home, to shun Delay,
 He leap'd o'er Age, and took a shorter Way.

J. DRYDEN.

Eastwick, Herefordshire.

Robert Lee, Esquire, his Body is buried here,
 Who served with King *Edward*, first a Sewer many
 Year;
 And after to King *Philip* and *Mary* Queen of late;
 And lastly with Queen *Elizabeth*, our noble Prince of
 State:
 And of the ancient *Bagley* House in *Cheshire* born was
 He,
 And in this Tomb with *Jane* his Wife here buried
 both they be.
 And whose grand Virtues on the Earth, and their de-
 served Fame,
 This good Remembrance after Death, shall still renew
 the same.

Which *Robert* died the 23 day of Jan. 1564.

And the said *Jane* died the 10 of March 1595.

St. John's, Westminster.

Here lyeth *Humphrey Gosling*, of *London*, Vintner,
 Of the *Whyt Hart*, of this Parish, a Neighbour;

Of

Of vertuous behaviour ; a very good archer ;
 And of honest mirth ; a good company keeper.
 So well inclyned to poor and rich ;
 God send more *Goslings* to be fich.

Westminster-Abbey.

Qui fide antiqua et opera assidua
Britannicam Antiquitatem
 Indagavit,

Simplicatem innatam honestis
 Studiis excoluit,

Animi solertiam candore illustravit,
Gulielmus Campdenus ab *Eliza-*
-betha R. ad Regis Armorum
 (*Clarentis titulo*) dignitatem
 Evocatus,

Hic spe certa resurgendi in
Christo, S. E.

Obiit An^o. Dⁿⁱ. 1623. 9. *Novembris*
 Ætatis suæ 74.

In English thus :

William Campden; *Clar. K. at Arms*,
 Who illustrated the *British* Antiquities,
 With antient Truth and indefatigable Industry,
 Adorned his innate Simplicity with
 Useful Literature,

And improved his Pleasantness of Humour
 With Candour and Sincerity,
 lies here,

In hopes of a certain Resurrection in *Christ*.

He died the 9th of *November*, 1623.

Aged 74 Years.

This great Man was the Son of *Sampson Campden*,
 a Native of *Litchfield*, Citizen, and one of the Society
 of

of Painter-Stainers of *London*. He was born in the *Old-Baily*, in the said City, *May 5. 1551*:—In 1566 sent to *Christ-Church Hospital*, afterwards as a Servitor to *Magdalen College Oxford*: Thence went to *Pembroke College* in that University: Stood for a Fellowship in *All-souls*, but lost it, being opposed by the Popish Party of that House: In 1575 he was made second Master of *Westminster School*; where studying Antiquity, and greatly succeeding in that Study, he was promoted to several Dignities, as King at Arms, &c. &c. &c.

Westminster-Abbey.

Isaac. Casaubon.

(O Doctorem quicquid est, assurgite
Huic. tam colendo nomini)

Quem *Gallia* Reip. Literarum Bono peperit; *Henricus IV. Francorum Rex* invictissimus *Lutetiam* Literis suis evocatum Bibliothecae suae praefecit, charumque deinceps dum vixit, habuit; Eoque terris erepto *Jacobus Mag. Brit.* Monarcha Regum Doctissimus Doctis Indulgentiss. in *Angliam* accivit; munifice fovit; posteritasque aeternum ob doctrinam mirabitur, H. S. E. Invidia major. Obiit aetern. in *Christo* vitam anhelans *Kal. Jul. MDCXIV. Aet. LV.* Viro opt. Immortalitate digniss. *Th. Myrtonus Ep. Dunelm.* Jucundissime quod frui licuit Consuetudinis Memor *P. R. S. P. C. V. MDCXXXIV.*

Qui nosse vult *Casaubonum*

Non saxa sed chartas legat

Superfuturas Marmoribus

Et profuturas posteris.

In English thus:

Isaac Casaubon,

(Ye Men of Learning rise to this so venerable Name
with Respect.)

(Whom

(Whom *Gallia* produced for the Good of the learned World: And *Henry* the 4th, the powerful King of *France*, called from his Studies, and made Keeper of the Royal Library of *Paris*, and while he lived ever esteemed: whom—after *his* Murder, King *James*, Monarch of *Great Britain*, the most learned of Kings, and most indulgent to learned Men, invited into *England*, and munificently encouraged, and whom Posterity will ever admire for Learning)

Lies here beyond the Reach of Envy:
Breathing out his Soul in *Christ* he entered into Eternity, on the Kal. of *July* 1614, aged 55 Years. To this most excellent Man, worthy of Immortality, *Thomas Moreton*, Bishop of *Durham*, pleased with the Memory of his Conversation, erected this Monument. He that would know *Casaubon*, let him not read this, but *his* Books, more useful to Posterity, and which remain when vain Marbles moulder away.

Westminster-Abbey.

Grace, Eldest Daughter to
Sir *Thomas Mauleverer*,
Of *Allerton Mauleverer*,
in *Yorkshire*, Baronet,
born in the Year 1622.

Married unto Colonel *Thomas Scot*,
A Member of the House of Commons 1644.
and died the 24th of *February* 1645.

He that will give my *Grace* but what is hers,
Must say her Death has not
Made only her dear *Scot*
But Virtue, Worth and Sweetness Widowers.

Westminster-

Westminster-Abbey.

Here lies the loyal Duke of *Newcastle*, and his Dutcheſs, his ſecond Wife, by whom he had no Iſſue; her Name was *Margaret Lucas*, youngſt Siſter to Lord *Lucas* of *Colcheſter*, a noble Familie; for all the Brothers were valiant, and all the Siſters virtuous. This Dutcheſs was a wiſe, wittie, and learned Lady, which her many Books do well teſtifie; ſhe was a moſt virtuous and a loving and careful Wife; and was with her Lord all the Time of his Banishment and Miſeries; and when he came home, never parted from him in his ſolitary Retirements.

Hic fitus eſt Heros ille inclytus *Willielmus Cavendiſh* de *Balneo Miles*, Baro *Ogle* jure materno; Vicec. *Mansfield*; Baro *Cavendiſh* de *Boleſover*; Comes de *Ogle*; Comes, Marchio, et Dux de *Novo Caſtro*, ſuper *Tinam: Notting: et Northumb: comitat: Locum tenens: præcipuus Regii Cubiculi generoſus; Caroli principi Curator potiſſimus; a ſecreſioribus Dni. Regis conſiliis ac nobiliſſimi Ord. Perſcelidis eques. Vir qui fidelitatem ac fortitudinem Majeſtati Regiæ ubertim indicans, conjuratione nequiſſimâ primitus exortâ Legionum omnium in Borealibus Regni Partitus conſcriptarum Capitaneus Generalis merito conſtitutus; in præliis diverſis ubi proruſ victor extitit, ac in *Eboraci* civit. adverſus *Scotos* munimine, ſe fidum ſtrenuumque militem uſquequaque comprobaverit; quapropter invaleſcente Rebellionẽ, e primis morti deſtinatus, totius rei familiaris jacturam, longumque Exilium (maximo autem animo) inde ſuſtinuit. Uxorem (primo) *Elizabetham* filiam unicam et hæredem *Will. Baſſet* de *Blore* in Agro *Staff.* Armigeri duxit. e quâ filios *Carolum* ſine prole deſunctum, et *Henricum* honorum hæredem; Filiaſque *Janam Caroli Cheney*, de *Chesbam* *Botts*, *Elizabetham Johanni* Com. de *Bridgewater*, ac *Frauceſcam**

cescam Olivero Comitis Bolingbrochiæ enuptas, suscitavit. Diem Obiit xxv°. Dec. A°. Salutis humanæ MDCLXXVI°. Ætatis suæ LXXXIII°.

In English thus :

‘ Here lies that renowned Hero *William Cavendish*,
 ‘ Knt. of the *Bath*, and Baron *Ogle*, in right of his
 ‘ Mother, Viscount *Mansfield*, and Baron *Cavendish* of
 ‘ *Bolsever*, Earl of *Ogle*, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of
 ‘ *Newcastle upon Tyne*, Lord Lieutenant of the Counties of
 ‘ *Nottingham* and *Northumberland*, first Lord of
 ‘ the Bed-chamber to the King, Guardian to Prince
 ‘ *Charles*, Privy Counsellor to the King, and Knt. of
 ‘ the most noble Order of the Garter. A Nobleman
 ‘ who shewing abundant Fidelity and Courage to the
 ‘ King’s Majesty, at the Beginning of the grand Rebellion,
 ‘ was deservedly made Captain General of
 ‘ the Forces raised in the North of the Kingdom. In
 ‘ several Battles, where he generally came off Victor,
 ‘ and in defending the City of *York* against the *Scots*,
 ‘ he gave Proofs, in all respects, of his Integrity and
 ‘ unshaken Courage ; for which Reason, when the
 ‘ Rebellion grew strong, (being one of the first designed
 ‘ for a Sacrifice,) he left his Estate, and with great
 ‘ Resolution endured a long Exile. He first
 ‘ married *Elizabeth*, only Daughter and Heir of *William Bassett*,
 ‘ of *Blore*, in the County of *Stafford*, Esq;
 ‘ who bare him Sons, *Charles*, who died without Issue,
 ‘ and *Henry*, Heir of his Honours ; Daughters, *Jane*,
 ‘ married to *Charles Cheney*, of *Gresham*, Bucks ;
 ‘ *Elizabeth* to *John* Earl of *Bridgewater*, and *Frances*
 ‘ to *Oliver* Earl of *Bolingbroke*. He died the 27th of
 ‘ *December*, in the Year of Redemption 1676. and of
 ‘ his Age the 84th.’

Westminster-

Westminster-Abbey.

M. S. *Godfredi Kneller*, Equitis Rom. Imp. et Angliæ Baronetti, Pictoris Regibus *Carolo 2. Jacobo 2. Gulielmo 3. Annæ* Reginæ, *Georgio 1.* qui obiit 26. Oct. an. 1723. ætat. 77.

Kneller, by Heav'n, and not a Master taught,
Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures
Thought,

When now, two Ages, he had snatch'd from Fate,
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Rests crown'd with Princes, Honours, Poet's Lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of Praise ;

* Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her Works ; and dying, fears herself may die.

A. POPE.

* Imitated from the Epitaph on *Raphael Urbin* :

— timuit quo sospite vinci

Rerum Magna parens, et Moriente Mori.—

Vide Page 2.

Litchfield Cathedral.

Here lieth *Geo Bollen*, lat Deane of this Church who made his own Epitaph, viz.

Lo here in Earth my body lies
Whose sinful Life deserved the rod
Yet I believe the same shall rise
And praise the Mercies of my God.
As for my Soul let none take thought
It is with him that hath it bought
For God on me doth Mercy take
For nothing else but Jhesus sake.

George

George Bollen was Prebendary of *Canterbury* and *Chichester*, and installed Dean of *Litchfield*, Nov. 22. 1576. on the Death of *Laurence Nowell*. He died Jan. 1692.—This Epitaph (says the learned *Campden*) from a Papist and a Churchman, is worthy our Observation, for here's neither Merit nor Supererogation, but Salvation by Faith.

St. Bennet Fink's, London.

O God, the father of heavyn, which art the everlastyng
lyght,
Have mercy on the fowl of me, poor *Walter Knyght*.
Who departyd this lyf the monyth of *January*,
In the yere of my redemer on Mxxxxxx and fifty,
Born I was in *Canterbery* in the County of *Kent*,
Sonne to *John Knyght* and Alyse his wyfe, this is ve-
rament.
And to be short, all worldly things to confound,
Of the Earth I was made, and to the Earth I am re-
toured.

* * *

Ye Sons of Industry learn hence to know,
How far, in Fortune, patient Hope may go.
By safe Degrees, on Honour's firm Ascent,
Slow-climbing Care, at last, will reach Content.
Yet, ah! when up, forget not Want below,
But stretch your helping Hand to distant Woe.
So rose the Man whose Dust makes rich this Place;
He gain'd with Honour, and he gave with Grace.
Alive unenvy'd; dead, unlost he lies:
For know, a good Man's Influence never dies.

* * * * *

Westminster-

Westminster-Abbey.

Sacred to the immortal Memory of Sir *Palmer Fairborne*, Knt. Governor of *Tangier*; in Execution of which Command, he was mortally wounded by a Shot from the *Moors* then besieging the Town, in the forty-sixth Year of his Age, *October 24, 1680.*

Ye sacred Relics, which your Marble keep,
 Here undisturb'd by Wars in quiet sleep:
 Discharge the Trust which, when it was below,
Fairborne's undaunted Soul did undergo, }
 And be the Town's *Palladium* from the Foe. }
 Alive and dead these Walls he will defend,
 Great Actions great Examples must attend.
 The *Candian Siege* his early Valour knew,
 Where *Turkish* Blood did his young Hands imbrue.
 From thence returning with deserv'd Applause, }
 Against the *Moors* his well-flesh'd Sword he }
 draws; }
 The same the Courage and the same the Cause. }
 His Youth and Age, his Life and Death combine, }
 As in some great and regular Design, }
 All of a Piece throughout, and all divine. }
 Still nearer Heav'n his Virtues shone more bright, }
 Like rising Flames expanding in their Height, }
 The *Martyr's* Glory crown'd the *Soldier's* Fight. }
 More bravely *British* Gen'ral never fell,
 No Gen'ral's Death was e'er reveng'd so well.
 Which his pleas'd Eyes beheld before their Close,
 Follow'd by Thousand Victims of his Foes.
 To his lamented Loss for Time to come,
 His pious Widow consecrates this Tomb.

J. DRYDEN.

On Sir Albertus Moreton and his Lady.

*He first deceas'd ; she for a little try'd
To live without him, lik'd it not, and dy'd.*

Snotbland,

In the Dioceſe of Rocheſter.

Here lyeth * * * * *Palmer of Otford, Eſquire* * * * *

*Palmers all our Faders were
I a Palmer livyd here
And trauyld ſtill, till worn wyth Age,
I ended this worlds pylgramage,
On the blyſt Aſſention day
In the cherful Month of May;
A thouſand wyth fowr hundryd feuen,
And took my journey henſe to Heuen.*

*On a Graveſtone in the Ruins of an old Church
near Broughton-Green, by Northampton.*

*Time was, I ſtood where thou doſt now,
And view'd the Dead as thou doſt me;
Ere long thoult lie as low as I,
And others ſtand and look on Thee.*

Weſtmiſter-Abbey.

*Abrahamus Cowleius,
Anglorum Pindarus, Flaccus, Maro,
Deliciæ, Decus, Deſiderium ævi ſui
Hic juxta ſitus eſt.*

Aurea

Aurea dum volitant late tua scripta per orbem
 Tu famâ æternum vives, Divine Poeta ;
 Hic placidâ jaceas requie. Custodiat Urnam
 Cana Fides, vigilantque perenni lampade Musæ.
 Sit Sacer iste Locus, nec quis temerarius aufit,
 Sacrilegâ turbare manu venerabile Bustum.
 Intacti maneant, maneant per secula dulcis
 Cowleii Cineres, servantque immobile Saxum.

Sic vovet

Votumque suum apud Posteror sacratum esse voluit,
 qui viro incomparabili posuit Sepulcræ Marmor,
 Georgius Dux Buckinghamiæ. Excessit è vitâ anno
 Ætatis suæ 49. et honorificâ Pompâ elatus ex Ædibus
 Buckinghamianis, viris illustribus omnium ordinum
 exequias celebrantibus, sepultus est die tertio mensis
 Aug. Annoque Domini 1667.

Dr. THO. SPRAT.

This Gentleman's Character as a Poet needs no
 Encomium. I shall only observe that when King
 Charles had the News of his Death, he declared, that
 Mr. Cowley had not left behind him a better Man in
 England. 'Tis worth remarking that in a Manuscript
 (which I have by me) of the young Gentlemen's
 Names who are elected yearly from the College at
 Westminster, to Oxford and Cambridge, I find Mr. Cow-
 ley, who was a King's Scholar, rejected by the Electors.

The Epitaph is in English thus :

' Near this Place lies Abraham Cowley, the Pindar,
 ' Horace, and Virgil of England, and the Delight, Or-
 ' nament, and Favourite of his Age.

' While, sacred Bard, far Worlds thy Works pro-
 ' claim,

' And you survive in an immortal Fame,

' Here may you blest in pleasing Quiet lie,

' To guard thy Urn may hoary Faith stand by ;

H 2

' And

- ‘ And all thy favourite tuneful Nine repair,
- ‘ To watch thy Dust with a perpetual Care,
- ‘ Sacred no ever may this Place be made,
- ‘ And may no desperate Hand presume t’ invade
- ‘ With Touch unhallow’d this religious Room,
- ‘ Or dare affront thy venerable Tomb :
- ‘ Unmov’d and undisturb’d till Time shall end,
- ‘ May *Cowley’s* Dust this Marble Shrine defend.

- ‘ So wishes, and desires that Wish may be sacred to
- ‘ Posterity, *George Duke of Buckingham*, who erected
- ‘ this Marble Monument for that incomparable Man.
- ‘ He died in the 49th Year of his Age, and was carried
- ‘ from *Buckingham-house*, with honourable Pomp;
- ‘ his Exequies being attended by Persons of illustrious
- ‘ Character of all Degrees, and buried the 3d of *August*, A. D. 1667.’

On *Shakspear*.

- Renowned *Spenser*, lie a Thought more nigh
- To learned *Chaucer*, and rare *Beaumont* lie
- A little nearer *Spenser*, to make Room
- For *Shakspear* in your threefold, fourfold Tomb.
- To lie all four in one Bed make a Shift,
- For untill Doomsday hardly will a fifth,
- Betwixt this Day and that, by Fates be slain,
- For whom your Curtains need be drawn again.
- But if Precedency in Death doth bar
- A fourth Place in your sacred Sepulchre,
- Under this curled Marble of thine own,
- Sleep, rare Tragedian, *Shakspear*, sleep alone :
- Thy unmolested Peace, in an unshared Cave,
- Possess, as Lord, not Tenant, of thy Grave.
- That unto us, and others, it may be
- Honour, hereafter, to be laid by thee.

Dr. DONNE.

Ben

Ben Jonson alludes to this Epitaph, in some Verses of his to the Memory of *Shakspear* ;

My *Shakspear*, rise ; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little farther to make thee a Room.

Westminster Abbey.

Jacobus Craggs

Regi Magnæ Britanniae à Secretis
Et Consiliis Sanctioribus,
Principis pariter ac Populi Amor et Delicia:
Vixit Titulis et Invidia Major
Annos, Heu ! Paucos, XXXV.
Ob. Feb. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth ! of Soul sincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear !
Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend ;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

A. POPE.

This Epitaph is taken from Mr. *Pope's* Epistle to Mr. *Addison*, occasioned by his Dialogues on Medals ; with a small Alteration in the last Line.

Aaron Hill, Esq; one Day wrote these Lines under it.

How lost this Pomp of Verse ! how vain the Hope
That Thought can dwell on *Craggs* in view of *Pope* !
When upon *Rubicon's* fam'd Banks is shown
Cæsar's press'd Foot on the remember'd Stone ;

No Traveller once asks the Quarry's Name,
 Whence the coarse Grit, by Chance distinguish'd
 came;
 But thinks with Reverence, Here great *Julius* trod,
 And hails the *Foot-steps* of a *Roman* God.

*On * S. P. a Child of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel.*

Weep with me all you that read
 This little Story;
 And know for whom a Tear you shed,—
 Death's self is sorry.
 —'Twas a Child that did so thrive
 In Age and Feature,
 As Heav'n and Nature seem'd to strive
 Which own'd the Creature.
 Yeeres he number'd scarce thirteen,
 When Fates turn'd cruel.
 Yet three full Zodiacks had he been
 The Stage's Jewel.
 And did act, what now we moane,
 Old Men so duely,
 As sooth the *Parcæ* thought him one,
 He plaid so truely.
 So by Error, to his Fate,
 They all consented;
 But viewing him since, alas, too late,
 They have repented.
 And have sought, to give new Birth,
 In Bathes to steep him;
 But being so much too good for Earth,
 Heav'n vows to keep him.

BEN JONSON.

* Most likely *Sal. Pavy*, who had a Part in *Cynthia's Revels*, and the *Poetaster*.

On

On Doctor Keil, the Astronomer.

Beneath this Stone, the World's just Wonder lies,
Who, while on Earth, had rang'd the spacious
Skies ;
Around the Stars his active Soul had flown,
And seen their Courses finish'd ere his own.
Now he enjoys those Realms he could explore,
And finds that Heav'n he knew so well before.
He thro' more Worlds his Victory pursu'd,
Than the brave *Greek* could wish to have subdu'd ;
In Triumph ran one vast Creation o'er,
Then stopp'd,—for Nature could afford no more.
With *Cæsar's* Speed, young *Ammon's* noble Pride,
He came, saw, vanquish'd, wept, return'd and
dy'd.

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

Westminster Abbey.

Mrs. *Aphra Behn*, died April 16. 1689.

Here lies a Proof that Wit can never be
Defence enough against Mortality.

Aphra Behn, a celebrated Poetess of the last Age, was a Gentlewoman by Birth, being descended from a good Family in the City of *Canterbury* ; and was born some Time in the Reign of King *Charles I.* but in what Year is not yet known. Her Father's Name was *Johnson*, whose Relation to the Lord *Willoughby* drew him, for the advantageous Post of Lieutenant General of *Surinam*, and six-and-thirty Islands, to undertake a Voyage, with his whole Family, to the *West-Indies* ; at which Time our Poetess was very young. Mr. *Johnson* died at Sea in his Passage thither,

ther, but his Family arrived at *Surinam*, where our Poetess became acquainted with the Story and Person of the *American Prince Oroonoko*, whose Adventures she has so feelingly described in the celebrated Novel of that Name. After her Return to *England*, she was married to Mr. *Behn*, a Merchant of *London*, but of *Dutch* Extraction. King *Charles II.* to whom she had given an entertaining and just Account of the Colony of *Surinam*, thought her a proper Person to be entrusted with the Management of some important Affairs, during the *Dutch War*; which occasioned her going into *Flanders*, and residing at *Antwerp*. Here, by her Intrigues, she discovered the Design formed by the *Dutch*, of sailing up the River *Thames*, and burning the *English* Ships in their Harbours; which she communicated to the Court of *England*; but her Intelligence, though well-grounded, as appeared by the Event, being only laughed at and slighted, she laid aside all farther Thoughts of State-Affairs. After some time, she embarked at *Dunkirk* for *England*, and in the Passage was near being lost, for the Ship being driven on the Coast, foundered within Sight of Land: But, by Assistance of Boats from the Shore, they were all saved, and Mrs. *Behn* arrived in *London*. The rest of her Life was entirely dedicated to Pleasure and Poetry. Besides publishing three Volumes of Miscellany Poems, she wrote seventeen Plays, and some Histories and Novels. She translated M. *Fontenelle's History of Oracles, and Plurality of Worlds*; to which last she annexed an *Essay on Translation, and translated Prose*. The Paraphrase of *Ænone's Epistle to Puris*, in the *English Translation of Ovid's Epistles*, is Mrs. *Behn's*; as are the celebrated *Love-letters between a Nobleman and his Sister, London. 1684.* Her Wit gained her the Acquaintance and Esteem of the Poets of that Time, as Mr. *Dryden*, Mr. *Southern*, Mr. *Charles Cotton*, and others; and at the same time, the Love and Addresses of

of several Gentlemen; one in particular, with whom she corresponded under the Name of *Lycidas*.

BIO. BRIT.

*Designed by the Author, * * * *, for himself.*

On me, perhaps, in gay Pursuits employ'd,
You wanton look, nor care that I have dy'd:
Oh! that such Worth kind Heav'n to you may
give,
That all Mankind may wish that you may live!

Worcester Cathedral.

Here lyeth buried Prince *Arthure* the first begotten
Son of the righte renowned Kinge Henry the Se-
venthe, whiche noble Prynce departed out of this
transitori Lyfe in the Castle of Ludlowe in the seven-
teenth Yere of his Fathers raygne, and in the Yere
of oure Lorde God on thousand five hundred and
two.

St. Alban's, Wood-Street.

Here lyeth marmorate undyr thys hepe of Stoa
Sir Harry Wever Aldyrman, and his Lady Dame
Joan.

Thus wordly worschypp and honor, wyth Favour
and fortun passeth day by day:
Who may wythstand deathys schortie when rych and
por sche cloyth in clay.
Wherfor to God hertelie we pray
To pardon us of our Misdeed,
And help us now in our most need.

Chelsea Hospital.

Here lies *William Hiseland*,
 A Veteran, if ever Soldier was ;
 Who merited well a Pension,
 If long Service be a Merit :
 Having served upwards of the Days of Man ;
 Antient but not superannuated.
 Engaged in a Series of Wars,
 Civil as well as foreign,
 Yet maimed or worn out by neither.
 His Complexion was fresh and florid,
 His Health hail and hearty,
 His Memory exact and ready.
 In Stature
 He exceeded the military Size ;
 In Strength
 He surpassed the Prime of Youth !
 And,
 What rendered his Age still more Patriarchal,
 When above a hundred Years old,
 He took unto him a Wife.
 Read, Fellow-Soldiers and reflect,
 That there is a Spiritual Warfare,
 As well as a Warfare Temporal.

 Born the first of August, 1620.
 Died the 17th of February, 1732.
 Aged one hundred and twelve.

Sacred to the Memory of Sir *James Campbell*,
 Knight of the *Bath*, Groom of the Bed-chamber to
 his Majesty, Lieutenant-General of the Forces, Go-
 vernor of *Edinburgh* Castle, and Colonel of the Royal
 Grey Dragoons :

In whom Nobility of Blood, and Eminence of Station,

Were Ornaments far less conspicuous
Than the social Virtues which endeared him
as a Man ;

Polished Manners which adorned him
as a Gentleman ;

Honour and Valour that exalted him
as a Soldier.

The Confidence of the Troops which his graceful
and pleasing Appearance spoke in his Favour,
He secured

By Affability and Humanity in private,
Spirit and Dignity in publick ;

Supporting Discipline without Rigour,
Dispensing Indulgence without Remissness.

Hence he inspired that Alacrity, with which on repeated Occasions

They followed him
to

Glory and Victory ;

Particularly at the Battle of *Ramillies*, where at the
Head of the *Grey Dragoons* alone, he pierced thro'
both Lines of the Enemies Cavalry ;

And tho' these Lines again closed to
bar his Retreat, yet,

Not knowing how to yield while he could fight,
He bravely cut his Way back

To the Astonishment and Admiration of both applauding Armies.

After, at the Battle of *Dettingen*, where he commanded as

Lieutenant General of the Cavalry,

He received the Order of the BATH,

As a Mark of Royal Acknowledgement of distinguished Merit.

He continued abroad in that Station, till the Morning
before the Battle of *Fontenoy*,

When
 A Cannon-ball carried off his Leg, and removed him
 from the Field :
 To the Army, a fatal Presage of its ensuing Misfor-
 tune,
 In the Loss of one so capable to avert it ;
 But to himself an Event *in this* fortunate,
 As it prevented him from ever having seen
 A *British* Army routed :
 An Object, which tho' removed from his Sight,
 Yet preyed upon his Mind,
 And hastened that Death which overtook him three
 Days after :
 For amidst the Torture of Pain,
 He felt for the Public more than for himself.
 As a fair Example to Posterity, this Attempt is made
 to perpetuate
 The Remembrance of Virtues,
 Which dignified the
 Human Species.

Westminster Abbey.

Henry Withers,
 Lieutenant General,
 Descended from a military Stock and bred in Arms,
 In
Britain, Dunkirk, and Tangier.
 Thro' the whole Course of the two last Wars
 Of *England* with *France*,
 He served in the *Low Countries* and in *Germany* :
 Was present
 At every Battle, and in every Siege ;
 And distinguish'd in all
 By an Activity, a Valour, and a Zeal,
 Which Nature gave, and Honour improv'd.
 A Love of Glory and his Country

Animated

Of EPITAPHS.

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Animated and rais'd him above that Spirit,
Which the Trade of War inspires,
A Desire of acquiring Riches and Honour
By

The Miseries of Mankind.
His Temper was humane,
His Benevolence universal ;
And among all those ancient Virtues,
Which he preserv'd in Practice and in Credit,
None was more remarkable,
Than

His Hospitality.
He died at the Age of 78 Years,
On the 11th of Nov. 1729.
To whom this Monument is erected,
By his Companion in the Wars,
And
His Friend thro' Life,
Henry Desney.

Here, *Withers*, rest ! thou bravest, gentlest Mind !
Thy Country's Friend, but more of human Kind.
Oh, born to Arms ! O Worth in Youth approv'd !
O soft Humanity in Age belov'd !
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a Tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the Sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu ! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial Spirit, or thy social Love !
Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Sill leave some ancient Virtues to our Age ;
Nor let us say (those *English* Glories gone)
The last true *Briton* lies beneath this Stone.

A. POPE.

Only the Verses in this Epitaph are the Composition
of Mr. *Pope*.

Canterbury

Canterbury Cathedral,

M. S.

*Georgii Rooke, Militis,
Gulielmi Rooke, Militis Filii,
Angliæ Vice-Admiralii.*

O Quantum est Historiæ in isto Nominè !
At quantillum Hic Titulus potis est enarrare !
Profugientibus ex acie *Gallis*, Anno M.D.C.XCII.

Ipse apertâ Cymbulâ,
Immistus Tormentorum Globis,
Imbribusque Glandium,
(Tot *Gallis* testibus, credite Posterì !)
Ultrices primus Flammas aptans,
Naves Bellicas XIII juxta *la Hogue* combussit.
Compositis dehinc inter *Suevum* et *Danum*
Summo ejus Consilio, et Justitiâ Discordiis ;
A Pacato Septentrione, ad Meridiem se convertit.

Iterumque exustâ aut captâ ad *Vigonem*
Totâ Præfidiatrice Hostium Classe,
Atque Onerariis immensæ molis, argento sætis,
In Patriam feliciter adductis ;
Optimam Prædam, Fide integerrimâ,
In Ærarium Publicum deportavit.
Gibraltariam Copiis Navalibus

Paucioribus Horis cepit,
Quam postea Mensibus, irritò Conatu, Justus obside-
bat Exercitus.

Et eâdem fere Impressione,
Instructissimam *Gallorum* Classẽ,
Inferior multo viribus, Consilio et Fortitudine, longe
superior,

Non denuo in aciem prodituram, profligavit.

Sic { *Carola III* ad Solium
 Hispanis ad Libertatem } viam aperuit.
 Europæ ad Pacem

His

His atque aliis exantlatis Laboribus,
 Heroi Christiano,
 Ob egregiam in Ecclesiam Pietatem, ob fidem *Gulielmo*
Magno,
 Et *Annæ Optimæ*, sanctissimè semper præstitam ;
 Ob Nomen *Britannicum* per Terrarum Orbem, am-
 plicatum et decoratum :
 Non titulos superbos, Non opes Invidiosas ;
 Nec inanes Vulgi Plausus ;
 Sed optimæ mentis Conscientiam,
 Bonorum amorem omnium,
 Otium in paternis Sedibus,
 Et Mortem in *Christo* concessit *Deus*.
 Obiit xxiv Die *Januarii*, Anno *Ætatis* suæ LVIII.
 Christi MDCCVIII.

Translated :

‘ Sacred to the Memory of Sir *George Rooke*,
 ‘ Knight, Son to Sir *William Rooke*, Knight, Vice-
 ‘ Admiral of *England*. O how much History is in
 ‘ that Name ! and how little is this Inscription able
 ‘ to reveal it ! The *French* flying from the Fight,
 ‘ Anno 1692, he, in an open Boat, amidst the Show-
 ‘ ers of great and small Shot, in Presence of so many
 ‘ *French* (a Thing almost incredible) first of all pre-
 ‘ pared the revenging Flames, which burnt thirteen
 ‘ of their Ships of War near *La Hogue*. Afterwards
 ‘ the Difference between the *Swedes* and *Danes* be-
 ‘ ing happily and justly made up by his Counsel, he
 ‘ left the North in Peace, and returned southward ;
 ‘ where the whole Fleet of the Enemies Guard-Ships,
 ‘ being either taken or burnt at *Vigo*, and the Gal-
 ‘ leons, Vessels of immense Burthen, laden with
 ‘ Silver, faithfully conducted into *England*, with an
 ‘ upright Heart, he conveyed the glorious Spoils into
 ‘ the Public Treasury. He took *Gibraltar* with his
 ‘ naval Forces, in a few Hours ; which afterwards a
 lar

' regular Army besieged in vain for Months. And in
 ' the same Career of Success, his Navy being as
 ' much inferior in Strength, as superior in Council
 ' and Courage, he put to Flight the whole *French*
 ' Fleet; which, tho' well provided, durst not hazard
 ' a Battle. By these glorious Actions he opened the
 ' Way for *Charles* the 3d to ascend the Throne, for
 ' the *Spaniards* to recover their Liberty, and for *Eu-*
 ' *rope* to enjoy Peace. For these and other Toils un-
 ' dergone by this Christian Hero, for his singular
 ' Piety to the Church, his Fidelity to *William* the
 ' Great, and *Anne* the best of Queens, ever most
 ' religiously observed, for his causing *Britannia's*
 ' Name to be born and renowned thro' the whole
 ' World, God did not grant him swelling Titles nor
 ' envied Riches, nor the empty Applause of the
 ' Vulgar; but the Pleasures of a sedate Mind, the
 ' Love of all good Men, Retirement in his paternal
 ' Inheritance, and Death at last in *Christ*. He de-
 ' parted this Life the 24th Day of *January*, in the
 ' 58th Year of his Age, and in the Year of our Lord
 ' 1708. He married three Wives, *Mary Howe*, of
Cold Berwick, in the County of *Wilts*; *Mary Lut-*
terel, of *Dunster Castle*, in the County of *Somerset*;
 and *Katharine Knatchbull*, of *Mersham Hatch*, in the
 County of *Kent*. By the second of which he left
George, his only Son.

Canterbury Cathedral.

. Depositum ALEXANDRI NEVIL, Armigeri.

Quæris qui fuerim? audi.

Alexander Nevillus, Ricardi Nevilli, Armigeri, ex
nobili et perantiquâ Nevillorum Familia oriundi, et
Anna-Mantelii, Gualteri Mantelii, Equitis aurati
filiz,

filix, Filius natu maximus. Vixi, dum vixi, Deo :
 Mihi, Meis : Musarum cultor assiduus ; Contemptor
 Mundi ; Candidatus Cæli ; Servus Jesu Christi indignissimus. En qui fuerim ! Quæris qui sim ? Dicam
 et id quod. Dimidium mei (mortale scilicet et inter-
 itui obnoxium) labefecit Ætas, dejecit Morbus, ab-
 ripuit Mors, et in hunc quem vides carcerem, prædæ
 veluti suæ metuens, abstrusit. Pars autem illa mei
 melior, atque superstes, Christo lætabunda inhæret,
 furentique jam morti, et mortalitatis meæ exuvias, ut
 cernis, clanculum devoranti, Christo vindice, mortem
 intentat : Utraque summæ Majestatis secundum ad-
 ventum expectat : Utraque (quum Justitiæ Sol ille
 magnus, mortuos ac vivos judicaturus toti Terrarum
 orbi denuo illuxerit) resurrectionis et immortalitatis
 gloria, quam mihi miserrimo peccatori, redemptor
 humani generis Deus pretiosissimo suo sanguine ac-
 quisivit, æternum præservetur : In hac Spe vixi ; in
 hac Spe et Fide, invitâ Carne, Mundo, Morte, Dia-
 bolo, obii Anno Ætatis meæ , Incarnati Christi
 1614. Mensis Octobris 4. Sat est, Habeas, O borte,
 quæ me dicere, te scire par est. Vale.

O Deus ! In te Salutis Spem posui meæ ; fac, me
 perennis ne pudor obruat.

Ubi tua, O Mors, Victoria !

Ubi tuus, O Sepulcrum, Stimulus !

In English thus :

‘ Here lies the Body of *Alexander Nevil, Esq;*

‘ If you would learn what I was ! know.

‘ *Alexander Nevil, Eldest Son of Richard Nevil,*
 ‘ *Esquire, descended from the noble and ancient Fa-*
 ‘ *family of the Nevils, and Anne Mantel, Daughter of*
 ‘ *Sir Walter Mantel, Knight. While living, I lived*
 ‘ *to God, myself and my Friends. An unwearied*
 ‘ *and constant Follower of Learning, a Despiser of*
 ‘ the

' the World, a Candidate of Heaven, an unworthy
 ' Servant of *Jesus Christ*. Behold what I was! If
 ' you would learn what I am, that I will inform you
 ' likewise. The one Part of me (that which was
 ' mortal, and subject to perish) Age decayed, Disease
 ' oppressed, and Death at length seized; and (being
 ' fearful of losing his Prey) thrust it into this Prison,
 ' which you see; but my other and better Part, being
 ' immortal, is joined in Happiness to *Christ*, and de-
 ' fies Death (thro' *Christ's* Power) tho' he rages, and
 ' (as you may perceive) wastes, and tears in Pieces
 ' the Remains of my Mortality. Both expect the
 ' same Coming of his heavenly Majesty; and both,
 ' when that great Sun of Righteousness shall enlighten
 ' the Earth, and come at length to judge both the
 ' Quick and the Dead, shall be Partakers of a glori-
 ' ous Resurrection and Immortality; which God, the
 ' Redeemer of Mankind, purchased with his most
 ' precious Blood for me a most miserable Sinner. In
 ' this Hope I lived, and in it, maugre the Flesh, the
 ' World, Death, and the Devil, I die in the
 ' Year of my Age, and in the Year of *Christ's* Incar-
 ' nation 1614, the 4th of *October*. Reader, I have
 ' told thee all that is needful for me to say, or thee to
 ' hear. Know thyself, Farewel.—O God, in thee
 ' have I put my Trust, suffer me not to be confounded.
 ' —O Death, where is thy Victory? O Grave,
 ' where is thy Sting?

Canterbury Cathedral.

Sta et venerare, Viator.

Hic Mortales Immortalis Spiritus Exuvias
deposuit

MERICUS CASAUBONUS.

Magni

Magni Nominis }
Eruditique Generis } par hæres :

Quippe qui { Patrem *Isaacum Casaubonum* }
Avum *Henricum Stephanum* } habuit :
Proavum *Robertum Stephanum* }

Hui quos Viros ! quæ literarum lumina ! Quæ ævi sui decora ! Ipse Eruditionem per tot erudita capita traduce accepit, excoluit, et ad Pietatis (quæ in ejus Pectore Regina sedebat) Ornamentum et incrementum sæliciter consecravit : Rempublicamque Literariam multiplici rerum et linguarum supellectile locupletavit. Vir, incertum, doctior, an melior, in pauperes liberalitate, in amicos Utilitate, in omnes Humanitate, in acutissimis longissimi Morbi tormentis Christianâ Patientiâ insignissimus. Gaudeat primaria hæc Ecclesia Primariis Canonicis *Casaubonis* Ambobus ; qui eundem in Eruditorum, quo ipsa in Ecclesiarum Serie, Ordinem obtinent. Obiit noster pridie Idus *Julii* Anno 1671. Ætatis suæ 75. Canonicatus sui 46.

In English thus :

‘ Stay, Traveller, and reverence. Here *Meric Casaubon* divested himself of the mortal Remains of his immortal Spirit. The Heir of a great Name and a learned Race. Having for his Father *Isaac Casaubon* ; for his Uncle, *Henry Stephens* ; and for his Great-uncle, *Robert Stephens*. Alas ! what Men ! what Prodigies of Learning ! what Ornaments of their Age ! He, having received his Learning, as by Inheritance, descending from so many learned Ancestors, improved it ; and consecrated it to the Ornament and Increase of Piety, which ever sat as Queen in his Breast. He also enriched the Republic of Letters with a manifold Treasure of Things and Languages. He was a Man, uncertain, whether more famous for Learning or Piety ; and most remarkable

‘ remarkable for his Liberality to the Poor ; his communicative Temper to his Friends ; his Humanity and Tenderness to all ; and for his enduring the most exquisite Tortures of a lingering Distemper, with all Christian Patience. This Metropolitan Church boasts in bestowing the Dignity of first Canonships on both the *Casaubons* ; who hold the same Rank among the Learned, as she holds among the Churches. Our *Casaubon* died the Day preceding the Ides of July, Anno 1671, in the 75th Year of his Age, and the 46th of his Canonship.’

Merie Casaubon was Son of the most learned *Isaac*, Son of *Arnold Casaubon*, by *Joanne Rouisseau*, his Wife. He was born within the City of *Geneva*, in the Month of *September*, 1599. At nine Years of Age, being brought into *England* by his Father, he was instructed by a private Master till 1614, at which time he was sent to *Ch. Ch.* in *Oxford* ; where, being put under a most careful Tutor, *Dr. Edward à Meekirk*, the King’s *Hebrew Professor*, he was soon after elected a Student of that House ; and, making a very considerable Progress in Logic and Philosophy, he took the Degrees in Arts, that of Master being compleated in 1621, at which time he was much noted for his Sufficiencies in the Arts and Sciences. In the same Year, tho’ he was then young, he published a Book in Defence of his Father against the Calumnies of a certain Roman Catholic ; which making him known to King *James*, he ever afterwards had a good Opinion of him. That Book brought him also into Credit abroad, especially in *France* ; whence he had Offers and Invitations for some Promotion there, his Godfather, *Merie de Vic* (sometime Governor of *Calais*) being then, or soon after, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of that Kingdom. The next Book that he published was written by Command of King *James*, in Defence of his Father and the Church of *England*,
against

against the Puritans of those Days; of which Book he gave a farther Account in his *Necessity of Reformation*. About that time, he being beneficed in *Somersetshire* (at *Bledon*) by the Favour of Dr. *Andrews*, Bishop of *Winton*, did chiefly design to go on where his Father had left off, against *Baronius his Annals*; but was diverted by some accidental Occasions or Provocations. At length, when he came to Maturity of Years for such a Work, and had acquainted Archbishop *Laud*, his great Friend and Patron, with his Design, the Troubles and Divisions began in *England*; so that, having no certain Place, he was forced to sell a good Part of his Books, and in Conclusion, after 20 Years Sufferings, more or less, he was grown so old and crazy in Body, that he could not expect to live many Years, and thereupon was forced to give over that Project. Some Years after his Publication of the said two Books, he was made Prebendary of *Canterbury*; and, in 1636, he was created Dr. of D. by Command from his Majesty, when he and the Queen were entertained by the Muses at *Oxford*. In the Beginning of the civil War that followed, he lost all his spiritual Promotions, and lived retiredly with that little he had left. In 1649, one Mr. *Greaves*, of *Gray's Inn*, an intimate Acquaintance with Mr. *Casaubon*, brought him a Message from *Oliver Cromwell*, then Lieutenant General of the Parliament's Forces, to bring to *Whitehall*, to confer with him about Matters of Moment; but his Wife being then lately dead, and not, as he said, buried; he desired to be excused. Afterwards *Greaves* came again, and *Casaubon* (being in some Disorder thereat, fearing that Evil might follow), desired him to tell him the Meaning of the Matter; but *Greaves* refusing, went away the second Time. At length he returned again, and told him that the L. G. intended his Good and Advancement, and that his particular Errand was, that he would make Use of his Pen to write the History of the late War;

War; desiring withal, that nothing but Matters of Fact should be set down. But this, after many other Sollicitations, he decently refused. He also waved several most noble Offers from *Christina*, Queen of Sweden. He was, says *Wood*, a general Scholar, but not extraordinary in any one Sort, unless in Criticisms, wherein his Father's Notes might probably have set him up. He was also a religious Man, loyal to his Prince, exemplary in his Life and Conversation, and very charitable to the Poor.

BEAUTY * *itself* lies here, in whom alone
 Each Part enjoy'd the same Perfection.
 In some the Eyes we praise, in some the Hair,
 In her the Lips, in her the Cheeks are fair;
 That Nymph's fine Feet, her Hands we beauteous
 call;
 But in this Form we praise no Part, but all.
 The Ages past have many Beauties shown,
 And I more Plenty in our Time have known:
 But in the Age to come I look for none;
 Nature despairs, because the Pattern's gone.

T. RANDOLPH.

* Lady *Venusia Digby*.

Haddington, in Scotland.

If Chastity commends a Wife,
 And Providence a Mother;
 Grave Modesty a Widdow's Life,
 You'll na find sick another
 In *Haddington*, as *Marion Gray*!
 Who here does lye 'till Domis-day.

Baginoton,

Baginton, Warwickshire.

Here lyeth the Body of
Ellen Campion, Wife of *Edward Campion*,
 Of *Witham*, in the County of *Essex*, Gent.
 Eldest Daughter of *William Bromley*,
 Late of this Parish, Esq;
 And of *Catherine Millard* his Wife.
 She had Issue only a Daughter, named *Ellen Campion*,
 And when shee had lived 20 Yeares, 4 Moneths,
 And 15 Days,
 Most piously left this Life, the 23d Day of *Jan.* 1632.

Rare Vertues, Feature, ev'ry Grace
 Which beautifie the Mind or Face,
 Beneath this weeping Marble lye;
 Distracted Sorrow, thou but dream'st,
 Or in thy desperate Rage blasphem'st,
 As if such Excellence could dye!

All Hearts, which sacred Virtue love,
 All Eyes that chaste Affections move,
 With her imparted Lustre shine,
 Which they as borrowed Treasure keepe,
 And when she wakes out of her Sleepe,
 Shall with divine Increase resigne.

On William the Third.

I.

Beneath these Horrors of a Tomb,
 Greatness in humble Ruin lies;
 How Earth confines in narrow Room
 What Heroes leave beneath the Skies !)

II. Preserve,

II.

Preserve, O venerable Pile!
 Inviolat thy sacred Trust;
 To thy cold Arms the *British* Isle,
 Weeping, commits her richest Dust.

III.

Ye gentlest Ministers of Fate!
 Attend the Monarch as he lies,
 And bid the softest Slumbers wait,
 With filken Cords to bind his Eyes.

IV.

Rest his dear Sword beneath his Head;
 Round him his faithful Arms shall stand;
 Fix his bright Ensigns on his Bed,
 The Guards and Honours of our Land.

V.

Ye Sister Arts of Paint and Verse,
 Place *Albion* fainting by his Side!
 Her Groans arising o'er the Hearse,
 And *Belgia* sinking when he dy'd.

VI.

High o'er the Grave *Religion* set
 In solemn Gold; pronounce the Ground
 Sacred, to bar unhallow'd Feet,
 And plant her Guardian Virtues round.

VII.

Fair *Liberty* in Sables drest,
 Write his lov'd Name upon his Urn,
 "William, the Scourge of Tyrants past,
 "And Awe of Princes yet unborn."

VIII.

Sweet Peace his sacred Reliques keep,
With Olives blooming round her Head;
And stretch her Wings across the Deep,
To bless the Nations with the Shade.

IX.

Stand on the Pile, immortal Fame!
Broad Stars adorn thy brightest Robe!
Thy Thousand Voices sound his Name,
In Silver Accents, round the Globe.

X.

Flatt'ry shall faint beneath the Sound,
While hoary Truth inspires the Song;
Envy grow pale and bite the Ground,
And Malice gnaw her forked Tongue.

XI.

Night and the Grave remove your Gloom,
Darkness becomes the vulgar Dead;
But Glory bids the royal Tomb
Disdain the Horrors of a Shade.

XII.

Glory, with all her Lamps, shall burn!
And watch the Warrior's sleeping Clay,
Till the last Trumpet rouse his Urn
To aid the Triumphs of the Day.

ISAAC WATTS.

Sherborne, Dorsetshire.

Here lies

*John Lord Digby, Baron Digby of Sherborne,
And Earl of Bristol.*

Titles to which

The Merit of his Grand-father first gave Lustre;
And which he himself
Laid down unfullyed.

He was naturally inclin'd to avoid

The Hurry of a publick Life;

Yet careful to keep up the Port of his Quality;
Was willing to be at Ease, but scorn'd Obscurity;
And therefore never made his Retirement a Pretence
To draw himself within a narrower Compass,

Or to shun such Expence

As Charity, Hospitality, and his Honour
Call'd for.

His Religion was that

Which by LAW is established;

And the Conduct of his Life

Shew'd the Power of it in his Heart;

His Distinction from others

Never made him forget himself or them.

He was kind and obliging to his Neighbours,

Generous and condescending to his Inferiors,

And just to all Mankind:

Nor had the Temptations

Of Honour and Pleasure in this World,

Strength enough to withdraw his Eyes

From that great Object of his Hope,

Which we reasonably assure ourselves

He now enjoys.

Westminster

*Westminster Abbey.*Mrs. *Mary Kendall*,

Daughter of *Thomas Kendall*, Esquire, and of Mrs. *Mary Hallet* his Wife, of *Killigarth* in *Cornwall*, was born at *Westminster*, Nov. 8. 1677, and dy'd at *Epsome*, March 4. 17⁵⁸: Having reached the full Term of her blessed Saviour's Life; and study'd to imitate his spotless Example. She had great Virtues, and as great a Desire of concealing them: Was of a severe Life, but of an easy Conversation; was courteous to all, yet strictly sincere; humble, without Meanness; beneficent without Ostentation; devout without Superstition. These admirable Qualities in which she was excelled by few of her Sex, surpassed by none, rendered her every Way worthy of that close Union and Friendship in which she lived with the Lady *Catharine Jones*; and in Testimony of which she desired that even their Ashes, after Death, might not be divided, and therefore ordered herself here to be interred, where she knew that excellent Lady designed one Day to rest, near the Grave of her beloved and religious Mother, *Elizabeth*, Countess of *Ranelagh*.

Westminster Abbey.

Edwardus Primus Scotorum Malleus hic est: 1308.
Pactum serva.

Edward the 1st. was Son of King *Henry III.* and born at *Westminster* the 17th of *June*, 1239. and four Days after christened by the Legate *Otho*; he was called *Edward* from his Father's Favourite, *Edward the Confessor*, and *Longshanks*, from the Tallness of his Stature; he was at his Father's Death warring in the *Holy Land*, where he had been successful against the

Infidels; and, returning, he was crowned in *Westminster Abbey*, the 19th of *August*, 1274. He was a Prince of martial Spirit and overcame the *Welch*, and subdued *Scotland*, bringing away the fatal Stone, and offering it at *St. Edward's Shrine*: He was a Prince every Way of extraordinary Accomplishments, and in his Time many wholesome Laws were enacted. Lastly, hearing the *Scots* had rose and shook off their Allegiance, he marched against them; but being afflicted with a Dysentery, or bloody Flux, he returned to *Carlisle*; where, sending for his Son, Prince *Edward*, he gave him in strict Charge, that he should carry his Bones with him through *Scotland*, till he had brought it to Subjection: Secondly, that he would send his Heart to the *Holy Land*, with 140 Knights, and the 32000*l.* he had provided for that Purpose; and that he should not recall *Gaveston* from Banishment. Neither of which the Prince performed. After which, proceeding on his Journey, he fell ill at *Burgh* upon the *Sands*, in *Cumberland*, and died the 7th of *July*, 1307; having reigned 34 Years, 7 Months, and 21 Days, and lived 68.—J. DART.

Westminster Abbey.

O Rare Sir *William Davenant*.

He was Son of *John Davenant*, a Vintner at *Oxford*; where he was born, in *Feb.* 1602, his Father being then Mayor of that City. His Mother was a Woman of good Wit and agreeable Conversation, which occasioned a Resort of polite Men to their House; among whom *Shakespear* is said to take up his Lodging frequently. His Education was in *Lincoln College*; after leaving which, he became first Servant to *Frances Dutchess* of *Richmond*, and next to *Fulk Lord Brook*; after whose Death he took to writing Plays, and grew acquainted with *Endimion Porter*,
Henry

Henry Jermain, and *Sir John Suckling*. This *Sir William* was Poet Laureat to King *Charles* the 1st. upon *Ben. Jonson's* Death; but had the Misfortune to make no graceful Appearance in that Station, having lost his Nose by an odd Accident, for which he was cruelly bantered by the Wits of that Time. In the Year 1641, he was accused of seducing the Army against the Parliament; for which he was seized at *Feverham*, in *Kent*: But, being afterwards bailed, he fled into *France*. In 1643, he was knighted at the Siege of *Gloucester*; but, the King's Cause declining, he went again into *France*, at which Time he wrote his *Gondibert*: Afterwards, being taken at Sea by the Parliament Ships, he was committed Prisoner to the *Isle of Wight*, and thence removed to the *Tower* to be tried for his Life; but got off at *Milton's* Intercession. At length, having lived to see the Stage flourish after the Restoration, he died in his 63d Year, at his House in *Little Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, Anno 1668; and was two Days after buried in *Westminster Abbey*.

J. DART.

Antony Wood gives us the following Epitaph written for *Sir William*.

Here lies the Subject of immortal Praise,
Who did from *Phæbus'* Hand receive his Bays:
Admir'd by all, envied alone by those
Who for his Glories made themselves his foes:
Such were his Virtues, that they could command
A general Applause from ev'ry Hand:
His *Exit* then this on Record shall have,
A Clap did usher *Davenant* to his Grave.

Westminster Abbey.

To the Memory of
Nicholas Rowe, Esq;
Who died in 1715, aged 45;

I 3

And

And of *Charlotta*, his only Daughter,
 Wife of
Henry Earle, Esq;
 Who, imitating her Father's Spirit,
 And amiable
 In her own Innocence and Beauty,
 Died
 In the 22d Year of her Age, 1739.

Thy Reliques, *Rowe* ! to this sad Shrine we trust,
 And near thy *Shakspeare* place thy honour'd bust.
 Oh ! next him, skill'd to draw the tender Tear,
 For never Heart felt Passion more sincere ;
 To nobler Sentiment to fire the brave,
 For never *Briton* more disdain'd a Slave.
 Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endless Rest ;
 Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest !
 And blest that timely from our Scene remov'd,
 * Thy Soul enjoys the Liberty it lov'd.

To these so mourn'd in Death, so lov'd in Life !
 The childless Parent and the widow'd Wife,
 With Tears inscribes this monumental Stone,
 That holds their Ashes and expects her own.

A. POPE.

* *Mr. Pope wrote but very few of these elegiac Pieces, and yet we meet with this very same Line at the End of his Epitaph on Sir W. Trumbal.*

Mr. *Rowe* was born at *Litt'e Berkford*, in the County of *Bedford*. He was descended from the Family of the *Rowes*, of *Lamerton*, in *Devonshire*, and Son of *John Rowe*, Esquire, Serjeant at Law. He was first put to a private School at *Highgate*; and afterwards went to *Westminster*. From thence he was removed to the *Middle Temple*; where, after a considerable Progress in the Study of the Law, he was called to the

the Bar, and attained a Reputation suitable to his Merit; but he early quitted those dry and laborious Studies, to pursue the more pleasing Bent of his Genius in polite Literature. He was, in the late Reign, near three Years Under-Secretary to the Duke of *Queensborough* and *Dover*, Principal Secretary of State: And after his Majesty's Accession, he conferred on him the Places of *Clerk of the Council* to his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales*, *Poet Laureat* to his Majesty, One of the *Land Surveyors of the Customs* in the Port of *London*, and *Secretary of the Representations* to the Lord High Chancellor of *Great Britain*. He was easy and instructive in his Conversation, polite in his Manners, and perfectly sincere in his Professions of Friendship. In his Writings there is a Beauty of Expression, a masterly Wit, a nervous Strength, and a Diction more exactly dramatic than any other Author.

Witbyam, Sussex.

On Charles Earl of Dorset.

Dorset, the Grace of Courts, the Muses' Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd.
The Scourge of Pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.
Blest Satyrift! who touch'd the Mean so true,
As shew'd, Vice had his Hate and Pity too.
Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please,
Yet sacred keep his Friendships and his Ease.
Blest Peer! his great Forefather's ev'ry Grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other *Buckhursts*, other *Dorsets* shine,
And Patriots still, or Poets, deck the Line.

A. POPE.

A true

A true Report of Mistres Isabell Harington, sometime of her Majesties privie Chamber, written by a credible Person, that was well acquainted with her Conditions.

A Body chaff, a virtuous mind, a temperat tounge, an humble hart,
 Secret and wise, faithfull and kind, plaine without guile, milde without art,
 A Friend to peace, a foe to strife, a spotlesse maid, a matchlesse wife.

I found this Epitaph in the Notes on *Harington's Orlando Furioso*. This *Isabel* was his Mother.

In the Collegiate Church of *Warwick*.

Pray devoutly for the Sowle whom God assoyle of one of the moast worshippingfull Knyghtes in his dayes of manhod and connyng, *Richarde Beauchampe*, late Earl of *Warwicke*, Lord Despenfer of *Bergeveny*, and of many other greate Lordships, whos body restithe here under this tombe in a full seire vaulte of Stone set in the bare roche ; the whiche visyted with long sycknesse in the castle of *Rohan*, therin deceasyd full christianly the last day of *Aprile*, the Year of our Lord God, *A. D.* 1439, he beinge at that tyme Lieutenant Generall and Governour of *France*, and of the Duchye of *Normandye* by sufficien auctorite of our soveraigne King *Harry the VI* ; the whiche body with great deliberation and ful worshipfull conducte by sea and land, was brought to *Warwyke* the fowrthe day of *Octobar*, the Yere abovesayde, and was leyde with full solemme exequies in a fayre chust made of Stone in this chirche, afore the west doore of this chappelle, accordyng to hys last wyle and testament therein to rest

rest tyll this chapelle by him devisid in hys Lyfe wer made, all the whiche chapelle foundyd on this rocke, and all the members therof his executors, dyd fully make and apparilby the authorietie of his last will and testament, and thereafter by the sate authorietie they dyd translate full worshipfullye the sate Bodye into the vout abovefayde. Honouryd be God therefor.

St. Luke's, Loudon.

In the Grave the Wicked cannot oppress :
 For there the Weary are at rest;
 Here doth the Body of *John Dewberry* rest,
 Waiting for the Resurrection of the Just :
 When Tears and mourning shall be turned to Joy,
 Then Sorrow and sighing shall flee away.
 He departed this Life, *March* the 26th, 1685.

St. David's Cathedral.

Under this Marble Stone here inclosed, resteth the Bones of that most noble Lord * *Edmond* Earl of *Richmond*, Father and Brother to Kings. The which departed out of this World in the Year of our Lord God 1456. the first of the Month of *November*, on whose Soul Almighty *Jesu* have Mercy, Amen.

* This *Edmond* married *Margaret*, the sole Daughter and Heirefs of *John Beaufort*, Duke of *Somerset*, a Son of *John* Duke of *Lancaster*, Fourth Son of King *Edward* the Third, and by her had *Henry* Earl of *Richmond*, afterwards *Henry* 7th, King of *England*.

St. Margaret's, Westminster.

In Memory of Mrs. *Elizabeth Corbett*, who departed this Life at *Paris*, March the 1st. 1724, after a long and painful Sickness. She was Daughter to Sir *Uvedale Corbett*, of *Longnor*, in the County of *Salop*, Baronet, by the Right Honourable Lady *Mildred Cecill*; who ordered this Monument to be erected.

Here rests a Woman good without Pretence,
 Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense!
 No Conquests she, but o'er herself desir'd,
 No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a Mind;
 So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
 Heav'n, as its purest Gold, by * Tortures try'd;
 The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

A. POPE.

* She dy'd of a Cancer in her Breast.

Roschild Cathedral, Denmark.

Hic expectat Resurrectionem Reverendissimus et Illustrissimus Princeps *Uldaricus*, Hæres *Norvegia*, Administrator Episcopatus *Suerinensis*, Dux *Holsatia*, *Sleswigia*, *Stormaria* et *Dithmarsia*, Comes in *Oldenburgh* et *Delmenborst*, qui natus 4. Non. *Februarii*, Anno MDCCXI. Statim perfecti ævi exemplum representans, Patriæ votis nihil deesse passus est. Nunquam puer, nunquam adolescens, semper Vir fuit; adeo feliciter ætatem ante annos prævenit; cæteras virtutes publica fama loquitur. Post obitاس celebriores *Europæ* plagas, *Belgium*, *Angliam*, *Gallias*, dum *Germanica*

Germanica bella lustrat fraude cæsum xi *Augusti* Anno 1633. mors extra patriam in veram rediit, ubi nunc liber et invictus inter Cælites vindicatos triumphat.

The *Danes* are obliged to *Ulric* for having recovered the famous cælestial Globe of *Tycho Brache*; which is six Feet diameter, and is one of the finest Curiosities that can be met with: It is kept in the Academy of *Copenhagen*, and *Rossenius* has given a large Description of it in his *Monumenta Helsingia*. This fine Piece having undergone the Fortune of the rest of the Instruments of *Tycho Brache*, which were dispersed and lost after his Death, fell into the Hands of the Jesuits of *Neisa*, in *Silesia*. But the Prince having found it there at the taking of that City in 1632, and knowing what it was, he conveyed it away, and restored it to his Country. *Rossenius* says it is the only Instrument of that learned Astronomer that is not perished.

Kilkenny Cathedral.

Hic jacet
Reverendus Pater *Nicholaus Walsh*,
Quondam *Ossoriensis* Episcopus,
Qui obiit die Mensis *Decembris* 14,
Anno Domini 1585.

This worthy Prelate, being an early Protestant, had numerous Enemies on the other Side of the Question; and when promoted to this See by Queen *Elizabeth*, set about not only the Reformation of the Church, but to regain the Finances, that by Degrees had been pilfered from it. These Intentions gained him powerful Opposers; but he still persisted for the Honour of God and his Church, and punished all Crimes within his Jurisdiction with an upright Hand,

strictly adhering to the Truth; for he thought himself answerable for every Crime that he did not punish. One *James Dullard*, being guilty of Adultery, was cited to answer as usual in the Bishop's Court, before the Bishop. — *Dullard*, during his Examination, drew out a concealed Weapon, stabbed the Bishop to the Heart, and made his Escape. But Heaven overtook him, and he suffered Death for the Murder. Yet we see the Abettors of the Villain, though they could not prevent his Execution, had Power enough not to have their Crimes cut in Marble against them.

Sora, Denmark.

Siste, Viator.

Adspice hic

Johannem Meursium,

Nec majora quære Eulogia.

Testantur viri scripta

Quod majus hoc nomine

Nihil habuerit

Sora.

Natus

1579.

Denatus

1639.

This is under a Picture of the learned *Meursius*; the Picture is twenty Feet high from the Ground. He lies on the Right Hand as you go into the Choir. He was a Native of *Lausdun*, in *Holland*. Whilst he was *Greek and History Professor* in the University of *Leyden*, about 1610, *Christian IV.* who had a Mind to make the University of *Sora* flourish, offered to make him *Professor of History and Politicks* there, which he accepted.

On

On the Grave of Shakspeare, at Stratford upon Avon.

Good Friend, for *Jesus*' Sake forbear
To dig the Dust enclosed here ;
Blest be the Man who spares these Stones,
And curst be he that moves my Bones.

I have heard the last Line of this Epitaph greatly condemned, yet we find among the Ancients frequently the same Inscription. *Fabretti* gives us one, which says, *Quisquis hoc sustulerit, aut jusserit, ultimus suorum moriatur* ;—another there is in the Garden of *St. Mary's Convent trans Tiberim*, which runs thus, *Si quis hanc aram (for tumulum) læserit, habeat Genium iratum Populi Romani et Numina Divorum*.: Nay, near the Church of *St. Constanza*, at *Rome*, one says, *Si quis sepulcrum hoc violarit, male pereat insepultus, jaceat non resurgat, cum Judâ partem habeat*. So far did they carry this, that *Fabretti* says, he saw an Inscription on the Sepulchre of *Gaius Cæcilius* in these Words, *Qui hic minxerit aut cacarit, habeat Deos superos et inferos iratos*. He is not content to wish, that if any Man piss against his Tomb, he may never piss again, which would have been bad enough ; but calls for Vengeance of God and Devil on the poor Delinquent. As for the Request in the third Line, it is full as common as the Imprecation, and is always intreated in as earnest a Manner. — Yet, after all, it is a hundred to one that *Shakspeare* never intended these Lines to be put on his Grave, as I do not remember to have met with them in his Will, which I have seen.—There was erected a fine Tomb to his Memory in *Westminster-Abbey*, in the Year 1741. which I shall speak of in its proper Place : A Man would be laugh'd at for erecting a Monument this Day.

to

to *Augustus Cæsar*—one to *Shakspeare* was as needless.

What need, says *Milton*,
What needs my *Shakspeare* for his honour'd
Bones,

The labour of an Age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing Pyramid?

Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak Witness of thy
Name?

Thou, in our Wonder and Astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long Monument.
For whilst to th' Shame of slow-endeavouring
Art,

Thy easy Numbers flow, and that each Heart
Hath from the Leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
These *Delphic Lines* with deep Impression took,
Then thou our Fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make Us Marble with too much conceiv-
ing.

And so sepulcher'd in such Pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

I find these Four Lines in Dispute on a Stone in
St. Paul's, Covent-Garden: And under them,

Virginea optima Vita, E. C. aged 21 Years. Ob.
Feb. 1700.

St. Michael Bassishaw, London.

Siste pedem, Viator,
Quisquis es, ac venerare. *Thomæ Warton, M. D.*
C. L. M. S. quod fuit mortale heic juxta situm est.
Qui Winstoniz apud Dunelmenses natus, Cantabrigiæ,
apud

apud *Pembrochianos* educatus, non ipsius Natalis Soli, non Academiae, sed in commune Humani generis Commodum natum se, educatumque factis comprobavit. Vir justus, probus, pius, omnimodo Eruditione cæteris Hominibus hoc solummodo Conditione impar, quod omnes sui seculi Medicos facile antecelluerit. Grassante infami illa *Londiniis* peste, Hoste infensissima Anno M.DCLXVI. Rebus ad Triarios jam plane perductis, Receptusque aliis canentibus, Fixis Aquilis, adhæsit immotus, Saluti Publicæ velle asserens prospicere, Alienæ appetentem, suæ profusum. Natus An. MDCXIV. Obiit MDCLXXIII.

Thomas Warton was descended from the antient and genteel Family of his Name, living in *Yorkshire*, educated in *Pembroke-Hall*, at *Cambridge*, retired to *Trinity College* in *Oxon*, before the Civil Wars broke out, being then Tutor or Governor to *John Scrope*, the natural and only Son of *Emanuel Earl of Sunderland*, whom he begot on the Body of his Servant Maid, named *Martha Jeanes*, Daughter to *John Jeanes*, a Taylor; living some time in the Parish of *Furfield* near to *Great Wicomb* in *Bucks*. When the Rebellion began, *Warton* left the University and went to *London*, where he practised Physic under Dr. *John Bathurst*, a noted Physician of that Place. After *Oxford Garrison* was surrendered for the Use of the Parliament, in 1646, he retired to *Trinity College* again, and as a Member thereof was actually created Doctor of Physic in the Beginning of the Year 1647, by virtue of the Letters of Sir *Thomas Fairfax*, Generalissimo of the Parliament Army. Afterwards he went back again to *London*, was admitted a Candidate of the College of Physicians the same Year, Fellow thereof in 1650, and for five or six Years was chosen Censor in the said College. He was also one of the Lecturers of *Gresham College*. He wrote

Adeno-

Adenographia, seu descriptio Glandularum totius Corporis. Lond. 1656. Oct. Amstel. 1659.

He was the first who discovered the *Ductus* in the *Glandulæ Maxillares* by which the *Saliva* is conveyed into the Mouth.

A. W.

Christ-Church, London.

1671 Captain *Valentine Pyne*, born at *St. Mary Antrey* in *Devon*, in the Year 1691, went to *India*, where he spent the best Part of his Life in Trade with the Natives; by whom, particularly the King of *Bantam*, he was highly respected and beloved for his Integrity, Modesty, and other good Qualities. Being forced to return, by the Unkindness of some of his countrymen, he arrived in *England* in the Year 1688; and after three Years Stay, besides other Compensations, he was by the *East-India Company* made Commander of one of their best Ships, the new *Berkeley Castle*. His Ship being ready to sail, he fell sick, and died on *Feb. 11, 1691*, lamented by all that knew him, aged 43 Years, leaving Issue by his Wife *Ann*, only one Daughter, *Mary*, aged two Years.

Hic jacet ingenti casu Pulcherrima *Pinus*,
Cujus erat saluber fructus et umbra Sacra :
Non rapidis ventis aut sævâ prostrata bipenni,
Nec Jovis Immaturi fulmine tacta ruit.
Per Frigora et æstus et mille pericula tutum,
Perdidit Empirici missa manu pilula.

St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Hic jacet *Sebba*, Rex Orientalium *Saxonii*, qui
conversus fuit ad fidem per *S. Erkenwaldum, Londinens.*
Episcopum,

Episcopum, *Anno Christi* 677. Vir multum Deo devotus, actibus religiosis, crebris precibus, et piis Eleemosinarum fructibus plurimum intentus, vitam privatam et monasticam cunctis Regni divitiis & honoribus præferens. Qui cum regnasset *An.* 30. habitum Religiosum accepit, per benedictionem *Waltheri, Londinens.* antistitis, qui præfato *Erkenwaldo* successit.

In English :

‘ Here lies *Sebba*, King of the *East Saxons*, who
‘ was converted to the Faith by *St. Erkenwald*, Bishop
‘ of *London*, in the Year of *Christ* 677. A Man
‘ much devoted to God, intent on religious Duties,
‘ frequent Prayers, and Deeds of Charity, preferring
‘ a private and monastic Life to all the Riches and
‘ Honours of a Crown: Who when he had reign-
‘ ed thirty Years took the religious Habit by the
‘ Blessing of *Walther*, Bishop of *London*, who suc-
‘ ceeded the aforesaid *Erkenwald*.’

Charter-House Chapel, London.

Sacred to the Glory of God, in grateful

Memory of *Thomas Sutton*, Esq;

Here lieth buried the Body of *Thomas Sutton*, late of *Castle-camps*, in the County of *Cambridge*, Esq; at whose only Costs and Charges this Hospital was founded, and endued with large Possessions, for the Relief of poor Men and Children. He was a Gentleman born at *Knaith*, in the County of *Lincoln*, of worthy and honest Parentage. He lived to the Age of 79 Years, and deceased the 12th Day of *December*, *Anno Dom.* 1611.

Ἐπὶ τῆς μητέρος τῆς Ὀλιβέρας Κρομυέλλου ἐν τῇ Ἐκκλησίᾳ
τῆς Ὁσιμοναστερίου κειμένης.

Μήτηρ τῶ τέκνου κατὰ κράτος ἐνθάδε κῆλται,

Ὅς δύο μὲν βασιλεῖς τε καὶ ὅλεις τρεῖς βασιλείας.

WILLIAM DUGARD.

Christ's Hospital, London.

In hope of a blessed Resurrection

Near this Place are deposited

The venerable Remains

of

Sir *George Mertins*, Knight,

and

Dame *Philadelphia* his Wife,

Worthy Examples of Conjugal Affection and paternal Tendernefs;

They were lovely and pleasing in their Lives,

And in Death they are not divided.

He was Alderman and some time Mayor of *London*,

For many Years Treasurer, and before his Death,

President

Of this Hospital, which great Offices of Trust and

Power,

He discharged with Impartiality, Integrity, and Honour.

In Trade, he was without Extortion,

In the Exercise of Power without Oppression,

In Offices of Friendship without Ostentation,

In Acts of Piety without Dissimulation,

And by his disinterested and diffusive Merit, in public

And private Life, received universal and unenvied

Applause.

She

She
Was a Lady of excellent Accomplishments
and distinguished Worth.

Beautiful in her Person,
Virtuous in her Mind,
Obliging in her Temper,
Pious in Life,
Resigned in Death.

She died *April* the 24th, 1722, aged 49.

He died *November* the 3d, 1727, aged 63.

Their Bodies are buried in Peace,

And

Their Names will be remembered with Honour.

Christ's Hospital.

Near this Place lieth interred the Body of Mrs. *Johanna Parry*, who was born in the Year of our Lord God 1577. She lived twenty-five Years under the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; the Reign of King *James I.* the Reign of King *Charles I.* the Reign of King *Charles II.* and in the second Year of the Reign of our present gracious Sovereign Lord King *James II.* on the 20th Day of *February*, 1685, she died, in the one Hundred and eighth Year of her Age.

St. Mark's, Florence.

Joannes jacet hic *Mirandola* : cætera norunt
Et *Tagus*, et *Ganges*, forsan et *Antipodes*.

Ob. An. Sal. MCCCCLXXXIII, vixit An. XXXII.

In English :

' Here lies *John Duke of Mirandola* : the rest the
' *Tagus* and the *Ganges* will tell you ; nay, perhaps
' the *Antipodes*.—He died 1494. aged 32.'

St. Lau-

St. Laurence's, Florence.

Paulo Jovio Novocomensi Episc. Nucerinò
Historiarum sui Temporis Scriptori
Sepulcrum quod sibi testamento decreverat
Posterì ejus integrâ fide posuerunt ;
Indulgentiâ maximorum optimorumque Cosmì
Et Francisci Etruriæ Ducum.
 Anno MDLXXIII.

The Meaning of this is :

‘ This is raised to *Paulus Jovius*, the great Histori-
 ‘ an of his Times, by his Heirs, according to his Will,
 ‘ in the Year 1574.’

Paulus Jovius, says Monsieur Bayle, was born at *Como*, in *Italy* in 1483, got a great Reputation by his Writings, and the Bishoprick of *Nocera* ; but he was looked upon as a mercenary Writer ; so that no great Credit is given to his Histories. It was said that he was not much ashamed to own it, and that he ingenuously confessed that he praised or blamed People according as his Favour was cultivated or neglected. No Man did ever ask for Presents with less Reserve than he. He was not accounted a Man of good Morals, and was charged with being very remiss in reciting his Breviary. His Stile was bright but not historical or correct enough. His Insincerity is not the only Fault he is censured for in his Histories, which of all his Works is that he has taken most Pains in. It cannot be denied however that he was a Man of great Part. He died the 11th of *December*, 1552 at *Florence* ; whither he had retired, very much discontented with the Court of *Rome*, because he could not obtain the Bishoprick of *Como*.

Cordelier's,

Cordeliers, Salognè, France.

D. M. Clariss. ossa *M. Nostradami* unius omnium mortalium iudicio digni, cujus pene divino calamo totius orbis ex astrorum influxu futuri eventus conscriberuntur *. Vixit *An.* 62. m. 6. d. 10. Obiit *Salo.* MDLXVI. Quietem posterì ne invidete. *Anna Pontia Gemella Salonia* conjugì optimo V. F.

* *Vide the Epitaph on Livy the Historian at Padua.*

In English thus :

‘ The Bones of the great *Nostradamus*, who alone
‘ was worthy with his almost divine Pen to write the
‘ future Events of the whole World from the Influence
‘ of the Stars, He lived 62 Years, 6 Months, and
‘ 10 Days. He died MDLXVI. Envy him not his
‘ Rest.—This Monument was erected to his Memo-
‘ ry by his loving Wife *A. P. G. S.*’

Lausdun, Holland.

En tibi monstruosum nimis et memorabile factum,
Quale necâ mundi conditione datum.

Margarita Hermannì Comitissæ Hennenbergiæ Uxor, Quarti Florentii Comitissæ Hollandiæ et Zelandiæ Filia, Gulielmi Regis Romanorum ac postea Cæsaris seu Gubernatoris Imperii, atque Aletheiæ Comitissæ Hannoniæ soror; cujus Patruus Episcopus Traiectensis, Avunculi autem Filius Dux Brabantiæ, et Comes Thuringiæ, &c. Hæc autem illustrissima Comitissa, annos quadraginta circiter nata, ipso die *Parasceres*, nonam circiter horam, Anno xxxx. 365 enixa est pueros, qui prius a *Guidone Suffraganeo Traiectensi* omnes in duabus ex ære pelvibus baptizati sunt, quorum masculi quotquot erant *Joannes*, puellæ autem omnes *Elizabethæ*

Elizabethæ vocatæ sunt, qui simul omnes cum matre uno eodemque die fati concesserunt, atque in hoc *Lausdunensi* templo sepulti jacent. Quod quidem accidit ob pauperulam quandam foeminam, quæ ex uno partu gemellos in ulnis gestabat pueros, quam rem ipsa *Comitissa* admirata dicebat, id per unum virum fieri non posse, ipsamque contumeliosè rejecit; unde hæc pauperula animo perturbata atque percussa, mox tantum prolium numerum ex uno partu ipsi imprecabatur, quot vel totius anni dies numerentur.

Quod quidem præter naturæ cursum obstupenda quâdam ratione ita factum est, sicut in hac tabula in perpetuam hujus rei memoriam, ex vetustis tam Manuscriptis quam typis excusis Chronicis breviter positum et enarratum est. Deus ille ter maximus hac de re suspiciendus, honorandus, ac laudibus extollendus in sempiterna secula. *Amen.*

This long Inscription only gives an Account, how, at the Curses of a Beggar Woman, *Margaret Countess of Hennenberg* was delivered of as many Children as there are Days in the Year.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

A briefe Epitaph upon the Death of that most valiant, and perfectly honorable Gentleman, Sir *Philip Sidney*, Knt. late Governor of *Flushing* in *Zealand*, who receiving his Death's Wound at a Battel near *Zutphen*, in *Gelderland*, the 22. day of *September*, and dy'd at *Arnhem* the 16. day of *October*, 86. Whose Funeralls were performed, and his Body interred, within this Cathedrall Church of Saint *Paul* in *London*, the 16. day of *February* next following in the yeare of our Lord God, 1586.

*England, Netherland, the Heavens and the Arts,
The Souldiers, and the World have made fixe Parts
Of noble Sidney: For who will suppose,
That a small heape of Stones can Sidney enclose?*

*England hath his Body for she it fed,
Netherland his Bloud, in her defence shed:
The Heavens have his Soule, the Arts have his
Fame,
The Souldiers the Griefe, the Worlde his good
Name *.*

* I know not who the Imitator was, but this Epitaph is taken from *Isaac Bellay's* Lines to the Memory of the Sienr *Bonnivet*.

*La France, et le Piemont, les Cieux et les Arts,
Les Soldats, et le Monde ont fait comme six Parts,
De ce grand Bonnivét: car une si grande chose
Dedant un seul Tombeau ne pouvoit estre enclose.*

*La France on a le corps, que elle aurit esleve:
Le Piemont a le cœur, qu'il avoit esprouve:
Les Cieux en ont l'esprit, et les Arts la Memoire
Les Soldats le regret, et le monde la gloire.*

Among other Epitaphs on this great Man, King *James* wrote the following:

*Vidit ut extinctum nuper Cytherea Philippum,
Flevit, et hunc Martem credidit esse suum.
Abripuit digitis gemmas, Colloque monile,
Marti iterum nunquam seu placitura foret.
Mortuus humanâ qui lusit imagine Divam,
Quid faceret, jam si viveret ille, rogo?*

In the Church of St. *Elphege*, *Canterbury*:

Pray for the sawlys of *John Caxton* and of *Joan*
And *Isabel* that to this church great good hath
done

In making new in the chancell

Of *Dexkys* and *Setys* as well

An Antiphon the which did bye

With a table of the Martyrdome of t. *Alphyge*:

For thing much which did pay

And departed out of this Life of October the 12
day.

And *Isabel* his second wiff

Passed to blifs where is no strife,

The xiith day to tell the trowth

Of the same moneth, as our Lord knoweth,

In the Year of our Lord God a thousand fower
hundred fowerfcore and five.

Westminster Abbey.

On Mr. Gay.

On the Monument erected to his Memory by *Charles*
and *Catherine* Duke and Duchefs of *Queensberry*, 1732.

Of Manners gentle, of Affection mild;

In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:

With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,

Form'd to delight at once and lash the Age:

Above Temptation, in a low Estate:

And uncorrupted, e'en among the Great:

A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,

Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.

These are thy Honours! not that here thy Bust

Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Dust;

But

But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
Striking their pensive Bosoms—*Here lies Gay.*

A. POPE.

In the Edition of Mr. *Pope's* Works, published by Dr. *Warburton*, we have the following Note on this Epitaph.—

Verse 12.—Here lies Gay.] *i. e.* in the Hearts of the Good and Worthy.—Mr. *Pope* told me his Conceit in this Line was not generally understood: For by peculiar ill Luck, the *formulary Expression*, which makes the Beauty, misleads the Reader into a Sense which takes it quite away.

WARBURTON.

Quere, Whether Mr. *Pope* had any Reason to complain of this Conceit's not being taken? However, since this is the Case, in an old Collection of Latin and Greek Verses (entitled, *Lucretius Posthumus Collegii Beatae Mariae Magdalenae apud Oxon. in Obitum Henrici Principis Walliae*) I find at the End of one Copy, signed *Accepted Frewen*, two Lines, which it is not impossible Mr. *Pope* had seen when he wrote his Friend Gay's Epitaph:

Angle! tuum tumulus sit cor, titulus fiet iste;
Henricus Princeps mortuus—Hic situs est.

These are two Lines written by *Gay* himself under Mr. *Pope's* Epitaph, which deserve highly to be erased;

Life is a Jest, and all Things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it.

I have met somewhere with a Greek Inscription somewhat like this,

Γελωμεν τον ειον, νυν δε γελοιοτατοι

Lincoln Cathedral.

To the deathless Memory of the Rev^d. Father Mr. *William Cole*, Doctor of thrice sacred Divinity, and sometime President of Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and late Dean of Lincoln, his much beloved and eldest Daughter *Abigail Stratford*, Wife of *Henry Stratford*, of Hawling in the County of Gloucester, Esq; erected this her pious Remembrance the 21st of June, 1632.

Reader, behold the pious Pattern here,
Of true Devotion and of holy Fear:
He sought God's Glory and the Church's Good,
Idle Idol Worship firmly he withstood.
Yet died in Peace, whose Body here doth lie,
In Expectation of Eternity.
And when the latter Trump of Heav'n shall blow,
* *Cole now rak'd up in Ashes then shall glow.*

* He died about Michaelmas 1600.

Peterborough Cathedral.

Heare lyeth the Body of *Jane Parker*, the Wife of *Valentine Parker*, she departed this Life, Sept. 19, 1653.

Here lyeth a *Midwife brought to bed*
Deliveresse delivered;
Her Body being *churched* here,
Her Soul gives Thanks in yonder Sphere.

From *Orcade Isles* to *Aegypt's Coast*,
His Travels * *Sawney* still would boast,
And lov'd about the World to roam.

How-

Howe'er at the last Trumpet's Sound
He promis'd he would here be found,
And tarry quiet now at home.

HIL. JACOB.

* Mr. A. H.

St. Dunstan's, Stepney.

Here Thomas Saffin lies interr'd : ah, why?
Born in New-England, did in London dy.
Was the third son of eight begot upon
His mother Martha by his Father John.
Much favour'd by his Prince began to be,
But nipt by death at th' age of twenty three.
Fatal to him was that we Small-Pox name,
By which his Mother and two Brethren came
Also to breath their last, nine Years before ;
And now have left their Father to deplore
The Loss of all his Children with that Wife,
Who was the Joy and Comfort of his Life.

Deceased June 18. 1687.

St. Dunstan's, Stepney.

Here lyeth interred the Body of Dame Rebecca
Berry, the wife of Thomas Elton, Straitsford Bow, Gent.
who departed this Life, April the 26th, 1696. aged
52.

Come, Ladies, ye that would appear,
Like Angels, fair, come dress you here.
Come, dress you at this Marble Stone,
And make that humble Grace your own,
Which once adorn'd as fair a Mind,
As e'er yet lodg'd in Womankind.

So she was dress'd ; whose humble Life
 Was free from Pride, was free from Strife,
 Free from all envious Brawls and Jars,
 Of human Life the Civil-wars.
 These ne'er disturb'd her peaceful Mind,
 Which still was gentle, still was kind.
 Her very Looks, her Garb, her Mien,
 Disclos'd the humble Soul within.
 Trace her thro' ev'ry Scene of Life,
 View her as Widow, Virgin, Wife ;
 Still the same, humble she appears,
 The same in Youth, the same in Years ;
 The same in high and low Estate ;
 Ne'er vex'd with this, ne'er mov'd with that.
 Go, Ladies, now, and if you'd be
 As fair, as great, as good as she ;
 Go, learn of her *Humility*.

St. Elphege, Canterbury.

O ye good People that here go this Way :
 Of youre charitie to have in remembraunce
 For the fowle of *Agnes Halke* to prey
 somtyme here of acquaintaunce.
 In this church Yard so was her chaunce
 First after the hallowyng of the same
 Afore all othyr here to begyn the daunce
 Whych to all creatures is the loth game,
 The Tuisday next before Pentecost
 The yeare of our Lord M.D. and two
 Whose soule Jhu' pardon that of myghte is most.

Sittingbourn.

I was as yee be, now in dust and clay,
 Have mercy on my Sowl yat bowght hit with yi
 bloodde,

For

For *Elizabeth* of *Cherite* a *Paternoster* say,
Sumtymes I was the wyff of *Edmonde Poodde*.

Narden.

O Lord my Sauour and hevenly Maker,
Haue mercy on * *Elizabeth Graistock* and *Daker*.

* Lady *Elizabeth Nevill*, Wife to Sir *Thomas Nevill*, and Daughter to the Lord *Dakers* and Dame *Anne Graistock*.

Pfarr-Kirk, Augsburg.

Perpetuæ

Securit.

Hieronimo Fugger Hulderici Senioris Filio.

Generis splendore, Coporis elegantia, Animique
Dotibus insigni. Gloriâ vero Equestri, ceterisque
virtutibus ornatissimo, cujus largas inter opes, absque
Curis anxiiisque negotiis, jucundos inter Amicos, in
otio hilariter ac benignè vitam traducere studium sum-
mum fuit. Monumentum hoc Patruelis, et Patruelis
Filii ex Testamento Hæredes, gratitudinis ergo Ag-
nato optimo *E. B. M. F. C.* obiit xxvi. Novemb.
An. Sal. M.D.XXXVII.

St. Thomas of Canterbury, Padua.

Dilectæ et æternæ Memoriz
Conjugis extra parem merentis

Catharinæ Whitenhal,

Ex alto *Talbotorum* Sanguine

Anglis venerando, *Gallis* tremendo, oriundæ,
Joannis Comitiss *Salopiæ*, *Waterford*, &c. Filiz.

Quæ indignata ætiori se Mari *Britannico*

Ab orbe pene toto secludi,
 Quum, ingentibus animis, majori pietate,
 Mariti amore longe maximo,
Belgio, Galliâ, Italiâque peragratis,
 Sæculari Anno *Romam* esset profecta,
 Non contenta visis ibidem Cæli Clavibus
 Ipsum usque Cælum
 Et Portam Sanctiorem arsit intrare,
Angelicam in Patriam, non *Angliam* reditura
 Nec jam *Alpes* superatura, sed *Olympum*,
 Amans mærensque Conjux
Thomas Whitenhal, P.
 Obiit Patavii Pridie Nonas Jul. M.DC.L.
 Ætatis suæ flore, virtutum messe.

Cordeliers, Cologn.

Scotia me genuit ; *Anglia* suscepit ; *Gallia* me docuit ;
Colonia me tenet.

Ante oculos saxum Doctorem comprimit ingens,
 Cujus ad interitum sacra *Minerva* gemit.

Siste gradum, Lector ; fulvo dabis oscula saxo ;
 Corpus *Joannis* hæc tenet urna *Scoti*.

Anno Milleno ter CCC cumque aderet octo,
 Postremum clausit letho agitante diem.

Paul Jovius, and other Catholic Writers have said
 that this *subtle Doctor* having been buried for dead,
 returned to Life in his Grave; but finding no Succour
 gnawed his Fingers, and dashed his Head against his
 Coffin.

Cologn Cathedral.

Ernestus *Bavarorum* Dux inclytus,
 Archi-Preful *Coloniensis* et Princeps Elector,
 Religionis

Religionis Columnen, Publicæ Pacis Assertor,
Patriæ Pater laudatissimus, hoc tumulo
Gloriosam præstolatur Resurrectionem.

Devotis quondam sui gregis se commendans precibus.
Electus 23. Maii. Obiit 17. Februarii

Anno 1583.

Anno 1612.

This Pillar of the Church and of Religion, was daily scandalizing his Flock by his Fornications and Adulteries. It was probably this Archbishop, whom a Peasant of his Diocese asked, what would become of the Archbishop if *Monsieur the Elector* should go to the Devil. At least it is of an Archbishop of *Cologne* that this Story is told. The Title of *Pater Patriæ*, (says *Blainville*) *the Father of his Country*, indeed might somewhat fit him, for he took thorough Pains to people it.

Pensive peruse, and keep, where'er thou art,
This wholesome Lesson treasur'd in thy Heart.
Tho' to thy Wealth the Heart humane be join'd,
And all the bless'd Benevolence of Mind;
Tho' Widows hail thee, as thou mov'st along,
And Orphans join in the celestial Song;
In blooming Youth, adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,
The noblest Offspring of a human Race;
The Virtues from thy Parents handed down,
Kept and increas'd with Thousands of thy own:
To ask thy Stray, tho' ev'ry streaming Eye,
And ev'ry Hand were lifted to the Sky;
In the same Track with * *Tayler* thou must tread,
And join the Number of the worthy Dead.

* *Simon Tayler*, Esq; Receiver-General for *Norfolk*.

Why in such thoughtless Haste? O stay, and know,
 The Dust now mould'ring here, once hurried so!
 If Will to serve, or Art to please Mankind,
 If being mild, just, generous and kind;
 If harmless Mirth, free Friendship, stingsless Truth,
 Unswerving Judgment, and unerring Youth;
 If these could e'er have brib'd the Dart of Death,
 This Grave's gay Tenant still had kept his Breath:
 Stay then! and lend one Sigh to mourn his Fate;
 So may your Loss be griev'd, so may your Death
 be late.

AARON HILL.

On Master Newbery.

Henceforth be ev'ry tender Tear suppress'd,
 Or let us weep for Joy that he is blest;
 From Grief to Bliss, from Earth to Heav'n re-
 mov'd,

His Mem'ry honour'd, as his Life belov'd.
 That Heart, o'er which no Evil e'er had Pow'r!
 That Disposition, Sickness could not sour!
 That Sense, so oft to riper Years deny'd!
 That Patience, Heroes might have own'd with
 Pride!

His painful Race undauntedly he ran,
 And on th' eleventh Winter dy'd a Man.

C. SMART.

St. Olave's, London.

M. S.

Sanctissimi Regis, et Martyris, Caroli.

Siste Viator,

Luge, Obmutesce, Mirare!

Memento Caroli Illius,

Nominis

Nominis pariter, et Pietatis insignissimæ, Primi,

Magnæ Britannicæ Regis :

Qui Rebellium Perfidia primo deceptus,

Dein Perfidorum rabie percussus,

Inconcussus tamen Legum et Fidei Defensor,

Schismaticorum Tyrannidi Succubuit.

Anno

Salutis Humanæ, MDCXLVIII,

Servitutis nostræ, } Primo,

Felicitatis suæ, }

Coronâ Terrestri spoliatus, Cælesti Donatus.

Sileant autem perituræ Tabellæ :

Perlege *Reliquias*, verè sacras, *Carolinas*,

In *Queis*,

Sui Mnemosynen, ære perenniozem,

Vivacius exprimit

Illa, Illa,

ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ:

This was written by *Richard Powell*, of the Inner-Temple, Esq; and set up with his Majesty's Picture at large and his Works in Folio under it.

On Sir Thomas Overbury.

The Span of my Days measur'd, here I rest,

That is, my Body; but my Soul his Guest,

Is hence ascended; whither neither Time

Nor Faith, nor Hope, but only Love can climb;

Where-being now enlighten'd, she doth know

The Truth of all Men argue of below.

Only this Dust doth here in Pawn remain,

That, when the World dissolves, she come again.

By Himself.

Thomas Overbury (according to the *Oxford Historian*) was Son of *Nicholas Overbury* of *Bopston on the*

Hill, near to *Morton in Marsh in Gloucestershire* Esquire, by *Mary*, his Wife, Daughter of *Giles Palmer*, of *Compton Scorsen*, in the Parish of *Ilmington*, in *Warwickshire*, was born at *Compton Scorsen*, in the House of his Mother's Father, and educated partly in Grammar Learning in those Parts. In *Michaelmas Term*, Anno 1595, he became a Gentleman Commoner of *Queen's College, Oxon.* in the Year of his Age 14. where by the Benefit of a good Tutor, and severe Discipline, he made great Proficiency in Logic and Philosophy. In 1598, he, as a Squire's Son, took the Degree of Batchelor of Arts, then left the University, and settled for a Time in the *Middle-Temple*. Afterward he travelled for a Time, and returned a most accomplished Person, which the Happiness of his Pen both in Poetry and Prose doth declare. About the Time of the Coronation of King *James I.* he became familiar with *Sir Robert Carre*, who perceiving him to be a Person of good Parts and Abilities, and withal sober and studious, did take him nearer to him, and made him his bosom Friend. Soon after *Carre* being in great Favour with the King, he not only procured *Overbury* to be knighted at *Greenwich*, 19 June, 1608, but his Father to be made one of the Judges in *Wales* about that Time. But so it was, that a Familiarity being made between *Carre*, then Viscount *Rochester*, and the Lady *Frances*, Daughter of *Thomas Earl of Suffolk*, and Wife of *Robert Earl of Essex*, it did so much distaste *Overbury*, who knew her to be a Woman of no good Reputation, that he endeavoured out of pure Affection and Friendship to dissuade *Carre* from her Company; fearing withal that he might in the End marry her, and so consequently ruin his Honour and himself; adding withal, that if he went on in that Business he would do well to look to his Standing: Which Advice *Carre* taking impatiently, because thereby he had touched the Lady in her Honour, discovered all to her:

her : Whereupon the thinking that he might prove a great Obstacle to their Enjoyment of each other, and to the Marriage then designed, she never ceased till she had procured his Overthrow. It happening therefore about that Time that *Overbury* being designed to be sent Embassador into *Russia*, or as others say, to the *Arch-Duke* in the *Netherlands*, by the King, which was proposed to him by the Lord Chancellor, and the Earl of *Pembroke* ; *Carre*, whose Counsel he asked, advised him to refuse the Service, by making some fair Excuse. This Advice he followed, supposing that it did proceed out of Kindness ; but for his Refusal he was committed to the *Tower*, 21 April, 1613. Soon after he being closely confined, she by her Instruments endeavoured to work his Ruin by Poison, the Particulars of which are now too many to enumerate ; but Nature being very strong in *Overbury*, it was repelled by breaking out in Blotches and Blains on his Body. At length by a poisoned Clyster given to him under Pretence of curing him, he was dispatched in *September* following. But before two Months were past, all being discovered, his Death was closely examined, and several Persons being found guilty of, and consenting to, it, were afterwards executed, viz. Sir *Jervis Elwais*, Lieutenant of the *Tower*, consenting, *Richard Weston*, and *James Franklin*, who attended *Overbury* in his Chamber, and gave him the Meats and Broths wherein the Poison was mingled, and *Anne Turner*, Widow, the Preparer of them, actually concerned in the Matter. *Carre* and the Lady were some Time after convicted ; but the King's Clemency spared their Lives, and only banished them the Court. Sir *Thomas* was buried in the Chapel of the *Tower*, but no Inscription was put on his Grave Stone.

*St. Bride's, London.**Zadock Sbermendine, obiit 24 July 1729. Ætatis 67.*

For Feats in Flandria's Plains renown'd,

Here lies a British Blade ;

Age gave at last the fatal Wound

Which Foes in vain essay'd.—

Yet boasts the Grave but half its Prey,

Whilst Friends his Name adore.

His Deeds shall consecrate his Clay ;

And what can *Marlbro's* more ?

—BECKINGHAM.

Ten in the Hundred lies here ingrav'd,

'Tis a Hundred to ten his Soul is not sav'd ;

If any Man ask, who lies in this Tomb ?

Oho ! quoth the Devil, 'tis my *John a Comb*.

W. SHAKSPEAR.

*This Shakspear wrote at the Desire of Mr. Combe.**Pantbeon, Rome.**Annibal Carraetius Bononiensis*

Hic est

Raphaeli Sanctio Urbinati

Ut arte, ingenio, famâ, sic Tumulo proximus

Par Utrique funus et gloria,

Dispar Fortuna.

*Æquam virtuti Raphael rulit,**Annibal iniquam.*

Decessit die XV. Julii, anno MDCIX. æt. XXXXIX.

Arte mea vivit Natura, et vivet in Arte.

Mens, Decus, et Nomen, cætera Mortis erunt.

In

In English thus :

‘ *Annibal Carrache, the Bolognese.*

‘ In Genius, Art, and Fame, he was the next to the
‘ famous *Raphael*, and buried in the same Place.
‘ Tho’ similar in these Respects, they were intirely
‘ dissimilar as to other Circumstances. *Raphael*, in
‘ his Lifetime, experienced a Fortune answerable to
‘ his Merit, but the Case of *Carrache* was the very re-
‘ verse. He died July 15, 1609, and the 49th of his
‘ Age.’

Our Lady of the Angels, Rome.

D. O. M.

Carolus Maratti Pictor.

Non procul à S. *Lauretana* Domo Camerani natus,
Romæ institutus, et in Capitulinis Œdibus Apostolico
adstante Senatu, *Clementis XI.* P. M. Bonarum Ar-
tium Restitutoris Munificentia creatus Eques. Ut
suam in Virginem pietatem, ab ipso natali, solo cum
vitâ haustam, ac innumeris expressam Tabulis, quæ
gloriosum ei cognomen tum compararunt, Mortalis
quoque Sarcinæ deposito confirmaret in hoc templo ei-
dem Angelorum Reginae sacro, monumentum sibi vi-
vens posuit Anno 1704. Vanitas Vanitatum.

In English thus :

‘ *Charles Maratti*, Painter, born not far from the
‘ Holy Cottage of *Loretto*, was bred at *Rome*, and
‘ created Knight by Pope *Clement XI.* that great En-
‘ courager of Arts and Sciences. From his very In-
‘ fancy he entertained an uncommon Veneration
‘ for the holy Virgin, and many Ways expressed the
‘ same in an Infinity of his best Performances, which
‘ acquired him an immortal Fame. And, as a far-
‘ ther Proof of his profound Regard, he in the Year

1704,

' 1704, erected this Monument to receive his Remains after his Death; being desirous they should repose in the sacred Temple of the Queen of Angels. Vanity of Vanities.

This Tomb of *Charles Maratti* which bears this Inscription, is composed of all Sorts of Marble, and of the finest Kinds, with a most beautiful Porphyry Urn. His Bust of white Marble stands in a very good Attitude, and its Head instead of being turned towards the Altar as it is customary, is turned on the opposite Side, towards the Church Door, and looking as it were, at those that are coming in.—His Epitaph is excessively religious, and at the same time not destitute of Vain-Glory.

A. B.

St. James's, Clerkenwell.

This Monument was made and placed, at the Cost and Charges of *John Skillicorn*, Esq; being his Executor.

Upon a very worthy Friend, Master *John Weaver*, a learned Antiquary.

Weaver, who labour'd in a learned Strain,
To make Men, long since dead, to live again,
And with Expence of Oil and Ink did watch,
From the Worm's Mouth the sleeping Corps to
snatch,
Hath by his Industry begot a Way,
Death (who insidiates all Things) to betray;
Redeeming freely by his Care and Cost,
Many a sad Horse which Time long since gave lost.
And to forgotten Dust such Spirit did give
To make it in our Memories to live.

For

For whereſoe'er a ruin'd Tomb he found,
His Pen has built it new out of the Ground.
'Twixt Earth and him this Interchange we find,
She hath to him, he bin to her like kind.
She was his Mother, he, a grateful Child,
Made her his Theme in a large Work compil'd;
Of Funerals, Reliques, and brave Structures rear'd,
On ſuch as ſeem'd unto her moſt indear'd.
Alternately to him a Grave ſhe lent,
O'er which his Book remains a Monument.

Lancaſhire gave me Breath, and *Cambridge* Educa-
tion,
Middleſex gave me Death, and this Church my Hu-
mation.
And *Chriſt* to me has given a Place with him in
Heaven.
Ætatis ſuæ 56. Anno Dom. 1632.

Howard's Chapel, St. Mary's, Lambeth.

Good Duches of *Norfolk*, the Lord have Merci
upon thee: Which dyed at *Lambeth* the laſt of *No-*
vember. . . .

Farewel, good Ladie and Siſter dere,
In Erth we ſhall never mete here;
And yet I truſt with Goddys Grace,
In Heaven we ſhall deſerve a Place:
Yet thy Kindneſſe ſhall nere departe
Duryng my Lyf out of my Hearte,
Thou waſt to me both farre and nere,
A Mother, a Siſter, a Frende moſt dere;
And to all thy frendes moſt ſure and faſt,
When Eortune had ſoundy'd the froward blaſt.

And

And to thy Powre a very Mother,
 More than was knowne to any other.
 Which is thy Trefure at thys Day,
 And for thy Sowle they hertily pray.
 So shall I do that here remayne;
 God thy Sowle preserve from Payne.

By thy most bounden Brother,
Henry Lord Stafford.

St. Julien's at Angers.

Quisquis hæc legis, disce paucis
 Fata *Leonis Caroli Sapieha de Gródek*,
 Juvenis, cujus Vita Ætatem et spem, Mors metum
 superavit.

Memor ille Generis *Sapiehant*,
 Quo *Polonia Lithuaniaque* sua patria non novit nec
 meminit majus,

Sive Antiquitatem Originis Regio *Jagellanorum* im-
 mistæ sanguini,

Sive Fastigia spectes Honorum uno Diademate, idque

Ideo solum deteriora, quod *Poloniæ Lithuaniaque*

Nimum tenera Libertas, dum Potentiæ

Cognitionis Regiæ domi diffidit,

Externis sese sæpius credidit Principibus.

Memor et majorum,

Nescias nascendo an agendo clariorum,

Anno Ætatis XIII. eripuit se Patriæ ignaris Parentibus,

Ut extra Paternas Maternasque Blanditias in Eum

Velut unicam Domus suæ spem, effusiores,

Corpus et animum formaret peregre, iis artibus

Quibus par succederet magnitudini avita.

Lustravit

Germaniam, Daniam, Norvegiam, Belgium Utrum-
 que,

Britanniam Magnam, Gallias,

Ac illis circumfusa regnis Maria,

Expor-

Exportata unque Virtutum ac earum Artium Merce
Quæ tantos a Vulgo vere fecernunt Natales.

Sed dum

Post Aulæ Gallicæ Tumultus, in Urbe hâc
Inter sapientiæ et Equestrium Artium Documenta,

Etiam Italiam cum Asiâ,

Hispaniam cum Africa meditatur,

Ut quicquid ullibi terrarum præclarum possessioni vel
Notitiæ adjungeret suæ ;

Cadit in fauces crudelis Fati,

Quod invidens tantum Indolem maturescere

In seculi Patriæque Fructum ac Nitorem,

Ante exactum XVIII. Ætatis Annum Terris exegit

V. Id. Sept. A. S. M.D.CLI.

Comes illi Vix

Et Educator contigit *Albertus Turski* Eques *Polonus*

Cujus Luctum illa quæ Vitam finiet Dies ;

Quia tantum Alumnum, quem per tot Terras et
Maria

In Manibus quasi circumtulit suis,

Præire ad Extremum vel sequi saltem non potuit ;

Paucis hisce Literis signavit Locum hunc.

Quem innumeris ante perfuderat Lacrymis,

Cum hic (prohibente suspicione Contagionis,

Quâ Mors ejus non caruit, celebriora Loca)

Mortales Dulcissimi Alumni Exuvias tantisper depo-
fuerat,

Donec reperit Opportunitatem in Patriam ad sepulcra

Majorum transferendi, ubi pluribus

Sparguntur Lacrymis et dignioribus conduntur Mo-
numentis,

In Ecclesiis et Conventibus Religiosis per

Majores suos erectis et dotatis.

Heu ! Illustris Anima !

Tantumne Cineres ex Te Patriæ

Præcellæque Domu reporto !—A. T.

This

This is written with a good deal of Spirit and Tenderness, though the Language is not equally elegant throughout.

Found at *Mexico*.

Madoc wyf mwydic ei wedd
 Jawn genau *Owen Gwynedd*;
 Ni fyniwn dir, fy awydd oedd
 Na da mawr ond y *Moroedd*.

The *Welsh History*, first wrote by *Caradoc*, Abbot of *Llancarvan*, and since published by Doctor *Powell*, informs us, that, in the Year 1170, *Madoc ap Owen Gwyneth*, to avoid the Calamities and Distractions of a civil War at home, took a Resolution to go in Quest of some remote Country to live in Peace. And so, having directed his Course due West, he landed in some Place of that vast Continent now called *America*. Thence, being charmed with the Fertility of the Soil, after having built some slight Fortifications for the Security of his People, he returns home to *North Wales*, leaving 120 Men behind. There reciting his successful Voyage, and describing the fruitful and pleasant Land he found out, he prevailed with many of his Countrymen and Women, to return with him, to enjoy that Tranquility in a remote Country, which they could not in their own. The brave Adventurers put out to Sea in ten Barges, laden with all Manner of Necessaries, and, by God's Providence, landed safely in the same Harbour they arrived at before: It is very probable it was about *Mexico*, since there Prince *Madoc* was bury'd, as the Epitaph (above) since found there, does make evident beyond all Contradiction.

St. Severin's, at Naples.

Hic ossa quiescunt *Jacobi Sanseverini*, Comitissæ honorariæ, veneno misere ob avaritiam necati, cum duobus miseris fratribus, eodem fato, eadem horâ commorientibus.

Jacet hic *Sigismundus Sanseverinus*, veneno impie absumptus, qui eodem fato, eodem tempore, peremunt germanos fratres, nec alloqui, nec cernere potuit.

Hic situs est *Ascanius Sanseverinus*, cui obeunti, eodem veneno inique atque impie, commorientes fratres, nec alloqui, nec videre quidem licuit.

1547.

These three Inscriptions are on the Tombs of three young Noblemen, all poisoned at one Hour by their Uncle ; who usurped the Possessions of the whole Family. They all tell the Fact in the same Manner, and contain nothing more.

On Lord Balmerino.

Here lies a Baron bold ; take Care ;
There may be Treason in a Tear.
And yet my *Arthur* may find Room,
Where greater Folks don't always come.

Here lies *John Mills*, who over Hills
Pursu'd the Hounds with Hollow ;
The Leap tho' high, from Earth to Skie,
The *Huntsman* we must follow.

M.

Westminster

Westminster Abbey.

Here lies *Henry Purcell*, Esq;

Who left this Life, and is gone to that blessed Place, where only his own Harmony can be exceeded; *Obiit 21 Die Novembris. Anno Ætatis suæ 37, Annoque Dom. 1695.*

Heydon, in Yorkshire.

Here lieth the Body of *William Strutton*, of *Parlington*, buried the 18th of *May*, 1734, aged 97; who had by his first Wife 28 Children, and by a second Wife 17; own Father to 45, Grand-father to 86, Great Grand-father to 97, and Great Great Grand-father to 23; in all 251.

Here lie * *Walker's Particles.*

* This was for *Dr. Walker*, who wrote a Book on the *English Particles.*

Here lies *Randolph Peter*, of *Oriel*, the Eater; Whoe'er you are, tread softly, I intreat you, For if he chance to wake, be sure, he'll eat you.

Gloucester Cathedral.

Memento Mori.

Vayne, Vanity, witness *Solomon*, all is but vayne, *Richard, Guy, Giles, Thomas, Thomas, Kingston, Peter, John; Anna, Margaret, Dorothe. Eliz. Nansan, Catherine, Joan.* *John Boyer* had 8 Sons, and 7 Daughters,

Daughters, by his Wife *Ann Boyer*. *John Boyer* departed this Life the 28th Day of *January*, A. D. 1615. *Anne Boyer* departed this Life upon the first Day of *December*, An. 1613.

Beneath in the Dust the mouldy old Crust
Of *Nell Bachellor* lately was shoven ;
Who was skill'd in the Arts of Pyes, Custards and
Tarts,
And knew every Use of the Oven.

When she'd liv'd long enough she made her last
Puff,
A Puff by her Husband much prais'd ;
Now here does she lie, and makes a Dirt Pye,
In hopes that her Crust will be rais'd.

St. Dunstan's in the West, London.

Alexander Layton, Master of Defence, 1679.

His Thrusts like Lightning flew ; but skilful Death
Parry'd 'em all, and put him out of Breath.

On Sir Francis Vere.

When *Vere* sought Death, arm'd with his Sword and
Shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the Field ;
But when his Weapons he had laid aside,
Death, like a Coward, struck him, and he died.

The Tomb of *Ferdinand* the 2d, at *Naples*, bears
the two following Verses ; from which, I suppose, these
on *Sir Francis* were taken :

Fernandum,

*Fernandum, Mors sæva, diu fugis arma gerentem,
Mox illum, positus, impia falce necas.
Obiit Anno Domini 1496.*

Sir *Francis Vere* died the 28th of *August*, 1608, as the plain Inscription on his Monument in *Westminster Abbey* mentions.

Westminster Abbey.

Michael Draiton, Esq; a memorable Poet of his Age exchanged his Lawrel for a Crown of Glorje, 1631.

Doe, pious Marble, let thy Readers know
What they and what their Children owe
To *Draiton's* Name, whose sacred Dust
Wee recommend unto thy Trust.
Protect his Mem'ry, and preserve his Storje,
Remain a lasting Monument of his Glorje.
And when thy Ruines shall declaim
To be the Treasures of his Name,
His Name that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting Monument to Thee.

This Gentleman was no indifferent Poet in his Time, and his Compositions have some Beauties in them, which might become the best of our modern Writers. He was well versed in our *English History*, as well as the Antiquities of our Country. The first appears by his *Epistles* and *Legends*; and the latter by his *Polyolbion*, which the learned *Selden* thought worthy his Comment! — Tradition has generally fixed on *Ben Jonson* as the Author of this Epitaph, tho' it was never printed in his Works, till Mr. *Whalley* inserted it with another Poem to Mr. *Draiton*. — It is not unworthy of *Jonson's* Genius, or the Friendship between
him

him and *Draiton*, or unlike the *Style* and *Spirit* of his smaller Poems.

Frome, Somersetshire.

Christopher Smith, alias *Thumb*, an industrious, not a free, Mason, died *January 21st*, 1742-3. Aged 66.

Stretcht underneath this Stone is laid
Our Neighbour Goodman *Thumb*;
We trust, altho' full low his Head,
He'll rise i'th' World to come.
This humble Monument will shew,
Where lies an honest Man.
Ye Kings, whose Heads are laid as low,
Rise higher, if you can.

Northleigh, Oxfordshire.

All you that told Lies of my Mother and me,
Come to my Grave and see.

Westminster Abbey.

O Rare Ben Jonson!

This great Poet died on the 6th of *August*, 1637, in the 63^d Year of his Age, and was three Days after his Decease buried in *Westminster Abbey*, in the North Isle, under the antient Escutcheon of *Robert de Roos*. One * *Young*, afterwards knighted in King *Charles*

* *Antony Wood* calls him *Jack Young*, of Great *Milton*, in *Oxfordshire*.

the Second's Time, placed a Stone over his Tomb, which cost Eighteen Pence, and on it this Inscription; which Stone is still remaining. There was, it is said, a considerable Sum of Money gathered among the ingenious Men of that Time, for erecting a Monument or Statue over him; but the Rebellion breaking out prevented it. The Monument, which is now set up in this Place, was done by some † Person of Quality, whose Name was desired to be concealed. It has only the old Inscription, *O Rare Ben Jonson!* and is a neat Piece of Work; but the Sculptor has set the Buttons on the left Side of his Coat.

† Mr. *Whalley* says—the second Earl of *Oxford*, of the *Harley* Family.

On a Miser.

Reader, beware immoderate Love of Pelf;
Here lies the worst of Thieves—who robb'd himself.

St. Dunstan's, Stepney.

Here lies the Body of *William Wheatly*, who departed this Life the 10th of *November*, 1683.

Whoever treadeth on this Stone,

I pray you tread most neatly;

For underneath the same doth lie,

Your honest Friend, *Will Wheatly*.

On the Parson of—Parish, in—.

Come, let us rejoice, merry Boys, at his Fall;
For, egad, had he liv'd, he'd a bury'd us all.

Beneath this Stone lies the old * *Kath'rine Gray*
Chang'd from a busy Life to lifeless Clay.

By Earth and Clay she got her Pelf,
Yet now she's turn'd to Earth herself,
Ye weeping Friends, let me advise,
Abate your Grief, and dry your Eyes.
For what avails a Flood of Tears?
Who knows, but in a Run of Years,
In some tall Pitcher, or broad Pan,
She in her Shop may be again?

* An old Woman, who kept a *Potter's Shop* in
the City of *Chester*.

The Temple, London.

Here she lies, whose spotlesse Fame
Invites a Stone to learne her Name.
The rigid *Spartan* that deny'd
An Epitaph to all that dy'd,
Unless for War, or Chastity,
Would here vouchsafe an Elegy.
She dy'd a Wife, but yet her Mind
(Beyond Virginity refin'd)
From lawlesse Fire remain'd as free,
As now from Heat her Ashes be.
Her Husband (yet without a Sinne)
Was not a Stranger, but her Kin;
That her chaste Love might seem none other
Unto a Husband than a Brother.

VOL. I.

L

Keep

Keep well this Pawn, thou Marble Chest,
Till it be call'd for let it rest.

For while this Jewell here is set,
The Grave is but a Cabinet.

Anne Littleton dyed 6 Febr. A. D. 1623.

Norwich Cathedral.

Under this Ston,

Ligs *John Knapton*,

Who died just

The XXVIII of *August*.

M.D.XC. and on,

Of thys Chyrch Peti-Canon.

St. Alban's, Wood-street, London.

Hic jacet *Tom Shorthose*, fine Tombe, fine Sheets,
fine Riches,

Qui vixit fine Gowne, fine Cloake, fine Shirt, fine
Breeches.

On Mr. Poultney.

True to himself and others, with whom both

Did bind alike, a Promise and an Oath;

Free without Art, or Project: giving still

With no more Share, or Hope, than in his Will:

Whose mast'ring even Mind so balanc'd all

His Thoughts, that they could neither rise nor fall:

Whose train'd Desires ne'er tempted simple Health,

Taught not to vex, but manage compos'd Wealth;

A season'd Friend, not tainted with Design,

Who made these Words grow useles—Mine and
Thine.

An

An equal Master, whose sincere Intent
Ne'er chang'd good Servants to bad Instruments:
A constant Husband, not divorc'd by Fate,
Loving and lov'd, happy in either State,
To whom the grateful Wife hath sadly drest
One Monument here, another in her Breast.
Poultney in both doth lie, who hitherto
To others liv'd, to himself only now.

WM. CARTWRIGHT.

St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Here lyeth *Walter Garden*, come out of the *West*,
God geev to the Soul of hym good rest.
I prey you negboirs everich on
Prey for me for I am gon.
Who died 26 April 1523.

St. Michael's, C. L. Southwark.

Here under lyth a Man of Fame,
* *William Walworth* callyd by Name.
Fishmonger he was in *Lyfftyme* here,
And twise Lord Maior, as in Bookes appere;
Who with Courage stout and manly Myght,
Slew *Wat Tyler* in King *Richard's* Syght.
For which Act done and trew Entent,
The Kyng made hym Knight incontinent.
And gave hym Armes as here you see
To declare his Fact and Chivalrie.
He left this *Lyffe* the Yere of our God
Thirteen hundryd fourescore and three od.

* His first Monument, erected in this Church, to
which he was a great Benefactor, being defaced in the
L 2 Reign

Reign of King *Edward* the 6th, was since renewed by the Fishmongers.—This last Monument was set up in *June*, 1562, with his Effigies in Alabaſter.

Isleworth Church.

Al yow that doth this Epitaph rede or ſee,
Of yowr mere goodneſſe, and grete cheritie,
Prey for the ſowl of Maiſter *Antony*
Sutton, *Bach̃r* of Divinity,
Who died in ſecundo Die *Auguſti*,
Annoque Domini,
M.CCCCC.XL. and Three.

Hackney.

Here lyeth *Jone Only*, the onely moſt faithfull wyf
of *John Only* of *Warwickſhire*, Eſquire, to whole
Soule the onely Trinitie be mercifull, Amen. She
died in the Yeare, 1525.

From an old Manuſcript.

Here lyeth the worthy Warriour
Who never bloodied Sword ;
Here lyeth the noble Counſellor,
Who never held his Word ;
Here lyeth his Excellencie,
Who ruled all the State ;
Here lyeth the Earl of *Leceſter*
Whom all the world did hate.

Sepultus apud *Warwick* 10 Octobris, 1588.
Obiit apud *Wichwood* Com. *Oxon.* 4 Septembris.

Johnny

Johnny Bell ligeth underneath this Stean,
Five of my ain Sons laid it on my Wame.
I liv'd a' my Days, without Sturt or Strife,
I had Meat in my House and was Master of my
Wife.

If, Reader, ye hae done mair in your time,
Than I ha' done in mine,
Take this Stean aff my Wame,—
—And lay it atop o'thine *.

* At *Farlam*, on the West Marches towards *Scotland*, near *Naworth Castle*, says *Cambden* is this :

John Bell broken bow ligs under this Stean,
Foure of mine een Sonnes laid it on my Weam :
I was a Man of my meate, master of my wife,
I liv'd on mine owne Land without mickle Strife.

On ****

Here old — lies,
Upon very odd terms ;
First a prey to the *flies*,
Now a prey to the *worms*.

Let those who grieve for him not wonder he's flown.
For the Carcase must rot when the Flesh is fly-blown.

Yet this may be said in his Praise,
Tho' Death, cruel Death from us tore him,
He died by endeavouring to raise
His Friend, who lay dead before him.

Here lies a round Woman, who thought *mighty odd*
Ev'ry Word that she heard in this Church about *God*.

To convince her of *God* the good Dean did endeavour,
 But still in her Heart she held *Nature* more clever.
 Tho' he talk'd much of Virtue, her Head always run
 Upon something or other she found *better Fun*.
 For the Dame, by her Skill in Affairs astronomical,
 Imagin'd to live in the Clouds was but *Comical*.
 In this World, she despis'd ev'ry Soul she met here,
 And now she's in t'other she thinks it but *Queer*.

Dean SWIFT.

Here *Francis Chartres* lies—Be civil!
 The rest *God* knows:—Perhaps the *Devil*.

Dean SWIFT.

Vide the Epitaph on John Duke of Mirandola.

Well then, poor *G*—lies under Ground!
 So there's an End of honest *Jack*!
 So little Justice here he found
 'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

Dean SWIFT.

Hereford Cathedral.

Good Chrysteyn People of your charite
 That here abide in this transitorye Lyfe,
 For the Soules of *Richard Philips* pray ye
 And also of *Anne* his dere beloved wyfe
 Which here togeder contynued without Stryfe
 In this worshipful citey called *Hereford* by name
 He being 7 tymes Mayer and Ruler of the same
 Farther to declare of his Port and Fame
 His Pitie and Compassion of them that were in woe
 To

To do Works of Charitie his Hands were nothing
lame.
Throughe him all People here may freely come and
goe
Wythout payeng of Custom Toll or other Moe
The which Thinges to redeme he left both House and
Land
For that intent perpetually to remain and stand
Anne also that godlye woman hath put to her hand
Approving her Husband's Acte and enlargyng the
same
Whyche Benefits considered all this Contrey ys band
Intirely to pray for them, or ellis it were to blame
Now Criste that suffred for us all Passion Payne and
Shame
Grant them their reward in Hevyn among that glori-
ouse Company
There to reigne in Joye and Blyssie with them eter-
nally. Amen.

This was near the West Part of the Cathedral on
antient Brasse, affixed to a Grave-stone; but being
taken off, it was for some time kept in the City *Tolse*
or *Hall*, till it has lately been fastened to a Freestone
on the West Side of the Bishop's Cloysters.

Westminster-Abbey.

Heare lyes, expecting the second comminge of our
Saviour *Christ Jesus*, the Body of *Edmund Spencer*,
the Prince of Poets in his Tyme, whose divine Spirit
needs noe othir Witnesse than the Works which he
left behind him. He was borne in *London* in the
Yeare 1510, and died in the Yeare 1596.

By what Mr. *Cambden* and others say of this Monument, the Original was in *Latin*, thus: — *Edmundus Spencer Londinensis, Anglicorum Poetarum nostri sæculi facile princeps, quod ejus poemata, faventibus Musis et victuro Genio conscripta comprobant. Obiit immaturâ morte, Anno Salutis 1598, et prope Galfredum Chaucerum conditur, qui felicissime Poesin Anglicis Literis primus illustravit, in quem hæc scripta sunt Epitaphia:*

Hic prope *Chaucerum* situs est *Spenserius* illi
Proximus ingenio, proximus et tumulo.

Hic prope *Chaucerum, Spencers* Poeta, Poetam
Conderis, et versu quam tumulo propior.

Anglica te vivo vixit plaussitque Poesis
Nunc moritura timet te moriente mori.

In English thus:

‘ *Edmund Spencer*, born in *London*, and chief Poet
‘ of our Age; which his Works, written with a
‘ happy Spirit and masterly Genius, testify. He died
‘ by a too early Death in the Year 1598, and lies
‘ buried near *Chaucer*; who was the first that success-
‘ fully wrote Poetry in the *English* Language, over
‘ whom were written these Epitaphs:

‘ Here plac’d near *Chaucer*, *Spencer* claims a Room,
‘ As next to him in Merit, next his Tomb.
‘ To Place near *Chaucer*, *Spencer* lays a Claim;
‘ Near him his Tomb, but nearer far his Fame.
‘ With thee our *English* Verse was rais’d on high;
‘ But now declin’d, it fears with Thee to die.’

As for the first Part, which are Mr. *Cambden*’s Words, there is no Mention made of his Birth. And it is plainly enough to be perceived, that the Verses are two distinct Epitaphs; the Thought in the first and

and second Lines being repeated in the third and fourth with very little Difference: But whether they were both placed on the Monument, or not, is doubtful. Perhaps (says Mr. *Dart*) the latter might (according to Mr. *Cambden's* Custom) be an Improvement of his own on the former. But what has raised the chief Dispute concerning this Epitaph, is the Date of *Spencer's* Birth, which was said to be in 1510. This indeed squares but ill with Mr. *Cambden's* Expression of an early Death; yet however (if poetically placed) may only relate to the too hasty Loss of such a Man, and allude to his Merit rather than his Years. That *Spencer* was an old Man at his Death it is generally supposed; but of what Age it is doubtful, and was perhaps when this Inscription, which was not till the Year 1631; and therefore this of 1510, being added to supply the Vacancy, requires no great Strefs to be laid upon it.

Savoy Church, London.

The fyrst sepulted in this Place after they it sacrated,
Was *Humphrey Summerfet*, Deacon, which here does
lye,

Batchelour in the arte, whom cruel Death oppressed
The fifteen hundredth and fifteenth Year of God Al-
mighty.

The fifteenth day of *April* which *Humphrey* doth call
and cry,

With lamentable E/crikes and good devotion,
All devout Christen Men and Women that pass here-
by

Pray for my dolorous Soul for *Christ's* bitter Passion.

St. Michael's, Wood-street.

John Casy of this Parish whose dwelling was
 In the North Corner House as to *Lad-Lane* you pass.
 For better knowledge the name it hath now,
 It is called and knowne by the name of the Plow,
 Out of that House yeerely did geve
 Twentie Shillings to the poore their neede to relieve.
 Which money the Tenant must yeerelie pay,
 To the Parson and Churchwardens on *St. Thomas Day*.
 The heir of that House *Thomas Bowrman* by name
 Hath since by his Deed confirmed the same.
 Whose Love to the poore doth thereby appeare,
 And after his death shall live many a Yeare.
 Therefore in your life do good while yee may,
 That when meagre death shall take you away
 Yee may live like famed as *Casy* and *Bowrman*,
 For he that doth well shall be a never poor Man.

Monastery of the *Minimi* of the *Holy Trinity*
 at *Rome*.

D. O. M. S.

M. Antonius Muretus Lemovix

Ad Dei Misericordiam obtinendam

Piorum Precibus adjuvari cupiens

Corpus suum post mortem hoc loco

Sepeliri iussit.

Ad tributis mille Scutatis hujus

Monast. Sodalibus impositoque onere

Perpetui Anniversarii.

Nicolaus de Pelleve Card. Senonen.

Testam. Execut. Ponit Mand.

Vixit Ann. LIX. Men. II. Obiit *Prid.*

Non. Jun.

CICIDLXXXV.

Hic *Marci* caros cineres *Roma* inclyta servat

Quos Patria optasset *Gallia* habere Sinu.

Stat

Stat colle Hortorum Tumulus, stat proximus astris,
Quæ propius puro contigit ille animo.
Tu sacros latices lacrymans asperge, Viator,
Et dic, Heu ! linguæ hic fulmina fracta jacent.

The Epitaph on *Muret* (says *Blainville*) only speaks of his Understanding, but not at all of his Heart ; and indeed scarce any thing could be said in Praise of it. For, in the first Place, he was a Man of no Principles, and a downright Atheist. He was besides utterly destitute of Humanity : Witness the eloquent Oration published by him, in which he had the Impudence to raise to the very Skies the most execrable Tragedy that ever was acted since the Creation of the World, and universally detested by all Men of Honour, even the Roman Catholics ; excepting the Pope and his barbarous Clergy : to wit, the Massacre of *St. Bartholomew*. He was also condemned to be burnt for a *Sodomite* ; but got off to *Venice*.

In the *Vinea* of the *Augustines*, at *Rome*.

Μ. ΣΕΜΠΡΟΝΙΟΣ. ΝΕΙΚΟΚΡΑΤΗΣ.
ΗΜΗΝ. ΠΟΤΕ. ΜΟΤΣΙΚΟΣ. ΑΝΗΡ.
ΠΙΗΤΗΟΣ. ΚΑΙ. ΚΙΘΑΡΙΣΤΗΣ,
ΜΑΛΙΣΤΑ. ΔΕ. ΚΑΙ. ΣΤΥΝΟΔΕΙΤΗΣ.
ΠΟΛΛΑ. ΒΥΘΟΙΣΙ. ΚΑΜΩΝ.
ΟΔΟΠΟΡΙΕΣ. Δ' ΑΤΟΝΗΣΑΣ.
ΕΝΠΟΡΟΣ. ΕΤΜΟΡΦΩΝ. ΓΕΝΟΜΗΝ.
ΦΙΛΟΙ. ΜΕΤΕΠΕΙΤΑ. ΓΥΝΑΙΚΩΝ.
ΠΙΝΕΤΜΑ. ΛΑΒΩΝ. ΔΑΝΟΣ. ΟΥΡΑΝΟΘΕΝ.
ΤΕΛΕΣΑΣ. ΧΡΟΝΟΝ. ΑΝΤΑΠΕΛΩΚΑ.
ΚΑΙ. ΜΕΤΑ. ΤΟΝ. ΘΑΝΑΤΟΝ.
ΜΟΤΣΑΙ. ΜΟΤ. ΤΟ. ΣΩΜΑ. ΚΡΑΤΟΥΣΙ.

This was erected to *Marcus Sempronius Nicocrates* ; the Poetry is very bad, but gives us to know that he was a Poet, a Musician, a great Traveller, and, as I understand it, a Merchant of Women Slaves.

St. Ambrose, Milan.

Jacet D. *Paganus Petra Santa*,
 Miles et Capitaneus *Florentinorum*
 qui obiit *Anno Domini 800.* ad cujus
 Funus interfuerunt quatuor Cardinales

This appears at the first Glance to be of great Antiquity; but the Fiction is detected by many Arguments. For in the Days of *Charlemaign*, where the Death of *Paganus* is placed, *Florence* was in Ruins, from the Time of *Totila*, till repaired by the Emperor, in the Year 802; so that he could not be Captain of the *Florentines*. There are now Survivors of that Family; which is inferior to few in *Italy* for Antiquity. But it is very familiar for the Nobility to turn their Race into Fable, and by a fictitious Antiquity to draw a Suspicion upon the true. They pretended to have flourished in the Time of *St. Ambrose*, and to have succoured him against the *Arians*.

St. Vitalis, Ravenna.

Εἰσαυθα. κείται. ο. στρατηγῆσας. καλως.
 Ρωμην. τε. φυλαξαι. αβλαβη. κι. την. δυσιν.
 Τρεις. εξ. ενιαυτοις. τοις. γαλενοις. δεσποσαις.
 Ισαακιος. των. βασιλεων. ο. συμμαχος.
 Ο. της. απασης. Αρμενιαις. κοσμος. μεγας.
 Αρμενιος. ην. γαρ. ετος. εκ. λαμπρη. γενους.
 Τετς. θανοντος. ευκλεως. η. συμβιος.
 Σωταννα. σωφρων. τρυγονος. σεμνης. τροτω.
 Πυκνω. σεναζει. ανδρος. εσηρημενη.
 Ανδρς. λαχθ'ος. εκ. καμαλων. ευδοξιαν.
 Εν. ταίς. αναβολαις. ηλις. κι. τη. δυσει.
 Στρατε. γαρ. ηρξει. της. δυσσεως. κι. πης. εω.

This

This is on *Isaac the Exarch*, who going to *Rome* to establish *Pope Severinus*, plundered the Church of *St. John Lateran*. He died in the Year of *Christ* 641, in the Reign of the Emperor *Heraclius*.

Wisbech.

Beneath a sleeping Infant lies :
 To Earth whose Body lent
 More glorious shall hereafter rise
 Tho' not more innocent :
 When the Archangel's Trump shall blow,
 And Souls to Bodies join,
 Millions will with their Lives below,
 Had been as short as thine.

S. WESLEY.

Westminster-Abbey.

With Diligence and Trust most exemplary,
 Did *William Lawrence* serve a Prebendary ;
 And for his Pains now past, before not lost,
 Gain'd this Remembrance at his Master's Cost.
 O read these Lines again ! you'll seldom find
 A Servant faithful and a Master kind.
Short Hand he wrote, in Prime his Flow'r did fade ;
 And hasty *Death Short Hand* of him hath made.
 Well couth he numbers ; and well measure Land ;
 Thus doth he now the Ground whereon you stand.
 Wherein he lies. So geometrical,
 Art maketh some, but thus will Nature all.
 Obiit December 28. 1621. Ætat. suæ 29.

Bolton,

Bolton, Yorkshire.

Blush not, Marble!

To rescue from Oblivion

the Memory of

HENRY JENKINS;

A Person obscure by Birth,

But of a Life truly memorable:

For

He was enriched with the Goods of Nature,

If not of Fortune;

And happy in the Duration,

If not Variety of Enjoyments:

And

Tho' the partial World

despised and disregarded

his low and humble State,

the equal Eye of Providence

beheld and blessed it

With a Patriarch's Health and Length of Days!

to teach mistaken Man,

"These Blessings are entailed on Temperance,"

"A Life of Labour and a Mind at Ease."

He lived to the amazing Age of

One hundred and Sixty-nine!

Was interred here, Dec. 6. 1670,

And had this Justice done to his Memory, 1743.

On the Earl of Halifax.

Weeping o'er thy sacred Urn,

Ever shall the Muses mourn;

Sadly shall their Numbers flow,

Ever elegant in Woe.

Thousands nobly born shall die,
Thousands in Oblivion lie;
Names that leave no Tract behind;
Like the Clouds before the Wind;
When the dusky Shadows pass,
Lightly fleeting o'er the Grass.
But, O *Halifax*, thy Name
Shall thro' Ages rise in Fame;
Sweet Remembrance shall them find,
Sweet in ev'ry noble Mind.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Ask not who ended here his Span;
His Name, reproach and praise! was *Man*.
Did no great Deeds adorn his Course?
No Deeds of his, but show'd him worse.
One Thing was great, which God supply'd,
He suffer'd human Life, and dy'd.
What Points of Knowledge did he gain?
That Life was sacred all—and vain.
Sacred, how high? and vain, how low?
He knew not here, but dy'd to know.

Feversham.

Hic jacet *Richardus Colwel*, quondam Major istius
Villæ de *Feversham*, qui obiit - - - 1533.

Who so him bethoft inwardly and oft
How hard it were to flitt from bed unto the pitt,
From pitt unto peyne, that nere shall cease certeyne,
He wold not doe one sinn, all the world to winn.

Βαιον επισησας ιχνης ενθαδε τομβον αδρησεν,
 Παιδος αφνω μαζων μερος αποπλामενυ.
 Ωκειο δέν νεκυεσσι λιτων παρι πενδος αληκλον,
 Δισσης πληρωσας πενταδα των συνοδιων.
 Τοιος δην γε γαωσι οιος ποτε φυσεν Ιακχος,
 Η θρασυς Αλκιδης, η καλος Ενδυμιων.

'Tis to be observed that after the Word *δισσης* in the 4th Line of the Inscription *σεληνης* is to be understood; that is five Conjunctions of two Moons, which is a periphrastical Expression for ten Months.

Pausilypum, near Naples.

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
 Parthenope. Cecini Pascua, rura, Duces.

The *Mausolæum* at *Pausilypum* near *Naples*, is looked upon as the Sepulchre of *Virgil*: For though there be no Epitaph, yet there are several Arguments to prove, that it is the Place where that celebrated Poet was buried. Among these, that is reckoned none of the least, which is taken from the Testimony of *Petrarch*, who says, that at the End of an obscure Path, meaning the Grott of *Puteoli*, where the Heavens first appear, one may perceive upon an Eminence *Virgil's* Sepulchre, a Work very antique. *Pompeius Sarnellus* has however collected all that relates to this Tomb, in his Book called *La Guida de Forestieri*, p. 343. In the midst of the *Mausolæum* were antiently, as *Cappaccio* tells us, nine Marble Columns, which sustained a Marble Urn, in which were deposited the Ashes of this Poet, with the Distich, I have given above. *Peter di Stefano* who wrote a Description of the Churches of *Naples* in 1560, says that he himself had seen this Sepulchre in the Condition abovementioned; which Thing *Alphon-*
sus

fus de Heredia Bishop of *Ariano*, as cited by *Cappaccio*, likewise affirms. Some are of Opinion, that the *Neapolitans*, fearing the Bones of this great Poet should be taken from them, buried them under Ground in the new Castle; and from thence it happened, that the Marbles and Urns have disappeared, and nothing now is to be seen but a naked Mausolœum, without any Appearance of its former Magnificence.

Dominicans Church, Venice.

* *Marci Antonii Bragadini*, dum pro fide et patria bello *Cyprio* contra *Turcas*, constanter fortiterque curam principem sustineret, longâ obsidione victi, à perfidâ hostis manu, ipso vivo, ac intrepide suffe-
rente, detracta pellis, Anno M.D.LXXI. XV. Kal. Sept. *Antonii* fratris operâ et impensâ huc advecta, atque hic a *Marco*, *Hermolao*, *Antonioque* filiis pietissimis, ad summam *Dei*, patriæ, paternique nominis gloriam sempiternam posita, Anno Sal. M.D.XCVI. Vixit Annos XLVI.

* Many say that this Man and several other Christian Officers were put to Death because they could not produce that they had inhumanly butchered the Prisoners they had made in several Sallies during the Siege.

Padua.

Venerare Pudicitæ Simulacrum et Victimam, *Lucretiam de Dondis ab Horologio Pyenæ de Obizzonibus*, *Orchiani* Marchionis Uxorem. Hæc inter Noctis tenebras, Maritales afferens tædas, furiales recentis *Tarquini* faces, casto cruore extinxit: Sicque *Romanam Lucretiam* intemerati tori gloria vicit.
Tantæ

Tantæ suæ Heroinæ generosis Manibus hanc dicavit
Aram Civitas *Patavina* Decreto. Die XXXI. Decemb. Ann. M.DC.LXI.

The Assassin escaped the Punishment he infallibly would have suffered, but not the Resentment of the young *Marquis d' Obizzi*, the Son of this Lady; for after many Years fruitless Pursuit in Search of him, he at last met with him, and shot him thro' the Head with a Pistol. The Family are called *Dondis de Horologio* because they have a famous Clock on one of their Towers at *Padua*, which was the Gift of a *Dondis*.

St. Victor's, Paris.

Quem superi Præconem, habuit quem sancta
Poetam

Religio, latet hoc marmore *Sanctolius* :

Ille etiam heroas, fontesque et flumina, et hortos

Dixerat; at cineres quid juvat iste Labor?

Fama hominum merces, fit versibus æqua profanis,
Mercedem poscunt carmina sacra Deum.

Monsieur de Santüeil was a Monk of the Abbey of *St. Victor's*, in *Paris*. To me he seems to have had in his Composition much more Oddity than Wit. I have met with some very strange Stories of him in a small Book called *Santüeiliana*; but for his Character I refer the Reader to *Monsieur de la Bruyere*, who has exquisitely drawn it under the Name of *Theodas*.

Ad sanctas rediit sedes, ejectus et exsul.

Hoste triumphato, tot tempestatibus actus,

Hoc

Hoc portu in placido, hæc sacrâ tellure quiescit
Arnaldus, veri defensor et arbiter æqui.
 Illius ossa memor sibi vindicet extera tellus,
 Huc cælestis amor rapidis cor transtulit alis,
 Cor nunquam avulsum, nec amatis sedibus absens.

Soon after the Death of the celebrated *Monsieur Arnaut*, les *Dames de Port Royal des Champs* begged his Heart to put in their Church ; it was granted ; and they got *Monsieur de Santueil* to write these Lines as an Inscription for it.—The Consequence of this was, that poor *Santueil* was heartily worried for it by the *Jesuits*, who for some Time, daily published little Pieces to abuse and ridicule him.—I have read all the Pieces that came out on this Occasion, and there is one entitled *Santolius Pendens*, that is indeed very clever. The Subject is, his being taken by some *Spaniards*, and carried to the Inquisition, which condemns him to be hanged, unless he retracts his Eulogium on *Mr. Arnaut*, which he refuses to do, and is accordingly tucked up.

Monsieur de Femas gave this French Translation of the Epitaph :

Enfin, apres un long voyage,
Arnaut revient en ces saints lieux :
 Il est au Port malgré les Envieux,
 Qui croyoient qu'il feroit naufrage.
 Ce Martir de la Verité
 Fut banni, fut persecuté,
 Et mourût en terre estrangeré ;
 Heureuse de son corps d'être depositaire ;
 Mais son cœur toujours ferme, et toujours innocent,
 Fût porte par l'amour a qui tout est possible,
 Dans cette retraite paisible,
 D'ou jamais il ne s'out absent.

In English thus :

Here rests in hallow'd Earth, secure from Spight,
Arnauld, great Arbiter of Truth and Right;
 Arriv'd in Port, and landed safe on Shore,
 The Foe subdu'd, and the wild Tempest o'er.
 Tho' in some distant Land his Bones be laid,
 His Heart, on rapid Wings by Love convey'd,
 Enjoys the dear Retreat, from which it never
 stray'd. }

Ely Cathedral.

Job. Moor, S.T.P.

Jam licet improba Mors satiet se corpore *Moori*,
 Præsulis et Medici, sed nec inultus obit.
 Mortis enim laqueis multorum Corpora solvit,
 Quorum Animis cæli spemque fidemque dedit.
 Dumque piis Studiis aditum patefecit ad astra,
 Arte suâ longam fecit ad astra viam.
 At tibi dum cordi est alienæ cura Salutis,
 Occidis, heu! vitæ prodigus ipse tuæ.
 Curasti bene, ne tecum tua Fama periret;
 Cum tot adhuc vivant munere, *Moore*, tuo.

John Moor, S. T. P. was born at *Harborough*, Co. *Leicester*; he was Fellow of *Clare-Hall*, *Cambridge*; Chaplain to the Earl of *Nottingham*, Rector of *Blaby*, Co. *Leicester*, and of *St. Austin's* and *St. Andrew's*, *Holborn*; Prebendary of *Ely*; made Bishop of *Norwich* 1691, on the Deprivation of the Nonjuring Bishop, Dr. *William Lloyd*; and from thence translated to *Ely*, July 31, 1707. He died July 31, 1714, with the Character of a great Divine and an excellent Physician.

1689.

Robert Grove, Anglo,
 Ex *Agro Wiltoniens.* oriundo,
 Amicus summus et popularis *Radulphus Lane*
 Sepulcræ Saxum posuit.

Lugubre Marmor,
 Inscripto dicas *Vulnere*,
 In morbi violentiam juventutis robur,
 In Mortis invidiam fiducia humana,
 In Fati decretum Morum sanctitas,
 Quantillum prodest !

Nam ille, quem custodis, fuit,
 (O Vox lugenda, fuit !)

Inter Juvenes Flos et Decus,
 Inter senes Spes et Desiderium,
 Ad omnes ubicunque Exemplar.
 Animi Magnitudine Viros superans,
 Corporis venustate Fæminas,
 Sexum Virtutibus utrumque.
 In Negotiis summâ cum Justitiâ providus,
 Pari cum Modestia hilaris in otio ;
 Ad Peregrinos humanus, facilis ad suos,
 Ad amicos sine promissis firmus,
 Ad omnes sine dissimulatione benevolus ;
 Ad Deum sine superstitione religiosus ;
 Ingenio florens, proposito sanctus,
 Vitâ innocens, beatus morte.

At Tu, fidele Saxum,
 Defuncto quod Amico dedit
 Amicus vix superstes,
 Æterno sis Interpreti
 Quod Virum meliorem,
Anglia nec genitum, nec *Thracia* deficientem
 Aut vidit unquam, aut videbit :
 Charas corporis reliquias per longa
 Tuere secula ;

Divinas

Divinas animi Virtutes seris Nepotibus
Commenda.

*Anglia cui cunas dederit, dat Funera Thrace;
Tam longum Virtus impigra tendit iter.
Quid fletis Gentes? hinc gaudeat utraque tellus
Quod dedit una viris Munus, et una Deo.*

After Mr. *Prior's* Death (this Inscription, written by him and sent abroad) was found amongst his Papers, by Mr. *Drift*.

Lincoln Cathedral.

Hujus Fundatur Templi *Remigius* Urnâ
Hac jacet, atque brevi sit satis ampla Viro.
Si tamen ingenti tribuas æquale Sepulcrum
Ejus par menti,—Mens ea quanta fuit!—
Sit Tumulus Templum quod Struxerat ipse, minore
Nec possit tumulo aut nobiliore tegi.

Remigius de Fescamp, a Monk of *Fescamp*, in *Normandy*, appointed Bishop of *Dorchester*, 1070. He was the last that sat at that Place, and the first that fixed at *Lincoln*, where he laid the Foundation of a most magnificent Church, and having in four Years finished it, and according to the *Norman* Custom, appointed to the Government thereof, a Dean, Precentor, Chancellor, Treasurer, and twenty-one Prebendaries, and placed seven Archdeacons over his Diocese, and prepared all Things for its Consecration, he died *May 6, 1092*, two Days before that intended Solemnity, and was buried there. * One of Successors caused the Verses to be engraved on a black Marble Table, about the Year 1670.

* Bishop Fuller.

Westminster.

Westminster-Abbey.

On a fine Monument by *Roubillac*, the Figure of *History* is writing the following Lines:

Briton, behold! if patriot *Worth* be dear,
A Shrine that claims thy tributary Tear.—
Silent that Tongue—admiring *Senates* heard;
Nerveless that Arm—opposing *Legions* fear'd:
Nor less, O *Campbell*, thine the Pow'r to please,
And give to *Grandeur* all the Grace of Ease.
Long from thy Life let kindred *Heroes* trace
Arts, which ennoble still the noblest Race,
* Others may owe their future Fame to be,
I borrow Immortality from Thee.

John Duke of Argyll and Gr—

Born *October 10. 1680.* Died *Octob. 4. 1743.*

* And when thy Ruines shall disclaim
To be the Treas'rer of his Name,
His Name that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting Monument to Thee.

Epitaph on *M. Drayton*

On King William the III.

Vain *Graces* consult no more or haughty *Rome*,
For *Worth* or *Virtue*, view this royal Tomb,
Beneath whose Shade more sacred Dust is wept,
Than in their Urns or Temples ever slept:
Cæsar had Courage—but the Tyrant's Name,
And *Rome* enslav'd—obscur'd the Victor's Fame:
Cato had Honour—but, the Dagger near,
When Dangers press'd, betray'd the Patriot's Fear;
His

His Triumphs one by dire Oppressions gain'd,
 And one his Virtues by his Weakness stain'd.
Britain's lov'd King did with each *Roman* vie;
 As warm for Freedom—as resolv'd to die:
 Without his Guilt did *Cæsar's* Laurels wear;
 And boasted *Cato's* Fame without his Fear.

Merton-College Chapel, Oxford.

Si scire cupias, viator, quis et quantus hic jacet, alibi quæras oportet; dicere satis nequeo. *Britannia* tota viri famam non capit. Ne cætera tamen ignores, in rem tuam pauca hæc accipe. *Johannes Bainbridgius*, vir famæ integerrimæ et doctrinæ incomparabilis; Medicinæ professor et Matheseos; morborum tam felix expugnator novorum, quam sagax indagator Siderum; quem primum Astronomicæ professorem, et dignum collegam, in Mathematicis prælecturis, quas magnifice erexerat, prudens hominum et librorum æstimator, elegit *Savilius*; Quem *Cantabrigiæ* educatum Academia *Oxonienfis* fovit ut suam, defunctum publice flevit, ut par utriusque ornamentum; Qui *Scaligerum* felicius correxit, quam *Scaliger* Tempora; in non levem literarum jacturam, obiit MDCXLIII. Abi jam; cætera quære vel ab exteris.

—— GREAVES.

John Bainbridge, Son of *Robert Bainbridge*, by *Anne* his Wife, Daughter of *Richard Everard* of *Shenton* in *Leicestershire*; was born at *Ashby de la Zouch* in the same County, educated in *Emanuel College*, under the Tutelage of his Kinsman *Dr. Joseph Hall*, took the Degrees in Arts, studied Physic, retired into his own Country, practised there and taught a School; till at length Lord *Henry Saville* made him his Astronomical Lecturer, being much taken

taken with a Piece that he published on the Comet in 1618.

St. Maria Gloriosa, Venice.

Accipite, Cives, *Francisci Foscari* vestri Ducis imaginem. Ingenio, Memoria, Eloquentia, ad hæc, Justitia, Fortitudine Animi, si nihil amplius, certè summorum Principum gloriam æmulari contendi. Pietati erga Patriam meæ satisfeci nunquam. Bella maxima pro vestra salute et dignitate, terrâ marique per annos plusquam triginta gessi; summa felicitate confeci. Labentem suffulsi *Italiae* libertatem. Turbatores quietis compescui. *Brixiam, Bergamum, Ravennam, Cremonam*, Imperio adjuuxi vestro. Omnibus Ornamentis Patriam auxi. Pace vobis parâ. *Italia* in tranquillum fœdere redactâ. Post tot labores exhaustos, *Ætatis anno LXXXIV. Ducatus quarto supra trigessimam, Salutisque M.CCCC.LVII. Kal. Nov.* ad æternam requiem commigravi.

Vos,
Justitiam et Concordiam
Quo sempiternum hoc sit Imperium,
Conservate.

The *Doge* holds his Quality for Life; but the Republic have still a Power of deposing him, when Age or Infirmities render him useless. This is a Maxim, which besides the disgracing of a faithful Servant, whose Abilities are worn out in his Country's Service, wounds the Honour of the Republick itself, through the Person of the *Doge*: Nor to mention the Injustice of punishing one for not exercising his Functions who has little or none either of the Legislative or Executive Part of the Government.—This Nobleman at the Age of 84, 34 of which he had governed,

verned, was deposed, because of his Infirmities, in 1457. The poor Prince, who had no other Failing but his advanced Years, was so touched with the Affront, that he died within two Days after it.

The Epitaph in English is thus :

‘ Contemplate, my Countrymen, the Figure of
 ‘ your Doge *Francisco Foscari*. To say no more, I
 ‘ at least vied with the greatest Princes in the Quali-
 ‘ fications of Genius, Memory, and Eloquence, and
 ‘ in the Virtues of Justice and Magnanimity. Ne-
 ‘ ver did I think that I could sufficiently satisfy the
 ‘ Love I had for my Country. For upwards of thirty
 ‘ Years I carried on the most important Wars, by
 ‘ Sea and Land, for your Safety and Dignity, and
 ‘ finished them with the greatest Success. The tot-
 ‘ tering Liberty of *Italy* I supported. The Disturb-
 ‘ ers of *Italy* I quelled. *Brescia, Bergamo, Ravenna*
 ‘ and *Crema*, I added to your Dominions. I em-
 ‘ bellished my Country with whatever could serve to
 ‘ make it beautiful. Having established you in
 ‘ Peace; having by a Treaty restored the Tran-
 ‘ quility of *Italy*; after passing through so many
 ‘ Toils, I removed to eternal Repose, in the 84th
 ‘ Year of my Age, the 34th of my Ducality, in the
 ‘ Year of our Lord 1457. Nov. 1.—Do you preserve
 ‘ Unanimity and Justice, and this Government will
 ‘ be eternal.’

St. Nicholas, Isle of Lido.

Joannis Marcello Sebastiani Filii
 Hospitium usque ad novissimum Diem
 In quò ipse et nemo alius condatur.
 Ex Testamento.

The

The Monks tell you the Reason this Man had for choosing no Company to lie with him, was, that being deposited once before he was dead, he came to himself, and by the Help of a Person belonging to the Church, who heard a Noise in the Vault, he got out, and very leisurely walk'd home. But not finding his Relations, who were already in Possession of his Estate, so rejoiced at his Appearance as he expected, he from that Instant conceived an unconquerable Hatred against them, which thus held him even beyond Death.— This Story does very well for Conversation, while the Monk shews the Tombs; but I am apt to think this Man only affected Antiquity; as we find many Hundreds of these monopolized Graves in the Burying-places of the old Romans.—However there are two which Mr. Bréval mentions; the first, I think, he says is on *Lipsius* at *Leyden*, and runs thus:

Terra hæc ab Ecclesiâ empta est.
Nemini Cadaver huc inferre liceat.

The second he saw at *Evora* in *Portugal*,

Hoc sepulcrum meâ manu feci in quo neminem
velim mecum nec servum nec liberum inferi.

St. Proculus, Bologna.

Si procul a *Proculo Proculi* Campana fuisset;
Jam procul a *Proculo Proculus* ipse foret.

This is on one *Proculus's* Tomb; People have generally thought that *St. Proculus's* Bell had knocked out his Namesake's Brains; whereas the Truth is that this *Proculus* being a very studious Person, accustomed himself for some Years to rise every Morning at

the Sound of that Bell ; which at last made him sick, and was the Occasion of his Death.

Cajeta.

Aucto Imperio, Gallo victo, superata Italia, Pontifice obsesso, Româ captâ, *Barbonius* hic jacet.

Charles de Bourbon was General of the Army of *Charles* the 5th. Emperor. He was killed on the 6th of *May*, 1527. at an Assault, when he was scaling the Fort of *St. Peter* at *Rome*.

Jerusalem.

Hic jacet inclitus Dux *Godefridus de Bullon*, qui totam istam Terram acquisivit cultui *Xtiano*; cujus Anima regnet cum *Christo* ! Amen.

The great and good *Godfrey* of *Bouillon* lies in a Tomb, with this Inscription, in the Church of the *Holy Sepulchre*.

Basil Cathedral.

Desiderium *Erasmum Rotterdamum* Amici sub hoc Saxo condebant IIII. Eidus Jul. Anno M.D.XXXVI.

St. Laurence, Vicenza.

Hic situs est clarâ *Ferretus* origine vates,
 * *Scaligeros* decuit quem cecinisse ducas,

Scriptit

Scripsit et Annales, *Genuense* et in ordine bellum,
Et nova de priscis carmina temporibus.
Et decus hic Patriæ, *Ferretæ* hic gloria gentis;
Hic locat æternum nomen et ossa Lapis.

* The Lords of *Scala*, formerly Princes of *Verona*.

St. Luke's, Venice.

Sepulcrum trium Virorum illustrium.

This is on a square Stone, under which lie
* *Aretin*, † *Lodovico Dolce*, and the blind Man of
† *Adria*.

* *Aretin* had so sarcastic a Turn that he spared neither *Charles* the 5th, nor *Francis* I. One of those Princes sent him a massy Gold Chain, all made of Links in the Figure of Tongues, by way of Hush-money; and the other, one more massy, all wrought into Ears. These Honours swelled our Poet so that he caused a Medal to be struck, with his own Bust on one Side, adorned with his Gold Chains, and these Words; *Il Divino Aretino*. On the other Side he is sitting on a Throne, with Royal Embassadors at his Feet, bringing him Presents, with the following Motto: *I Principi Tributati da i popoli, Tributano il servitor loro*. The Italian Princes whom he had lashed in his Satyrs, found a better Way of silencing him than either the *Emperor* or *Francis*; for they sent him twenty Stabs with a Poignard. He recovered indeed, but this Chastisement made him wiser and more upon the Reserve afterwards.—The following, by way of Epitaph for him, is taken from an Epigram of *Poltianus*.

Qui giace l'*Aretin* amaro *Tosco*
 Del Seme Human. La cui lingua trafisse
 Et vivi et morti. D' *Iddio* mai mal non disse,
 Et si scufo con dir jo n'ol conosco.

† *Lodovico Dolce* translated some of *Cicero's* Orationes into *Italian*.

‡ *Adria* is a small Town where this Person was born, who, though blind, was nevertheless an excellent Advocate, Orator, Philosopher and Poet. He harangued several times before the *Senate* and many *Doges* upon their Elections. He kept up besides a literary Correspondence with the Princes and learned Men of *Italy*.

Rotterdam.

Hoc tegitur saxo * *Brakelius* æquoris horror,
 Cui flamma et ferrum cessit, et unda maris.
 Fallimur, an flammæ et nunc vomat; adspice, jam-
 jam
 Ferrea qui rupit vincula, rumpet humum.

* Admiral *Brakel* was killed by a Shot from a Cannon in the Sea Fight, gain'd by the *French* in 1690. All the World knows that this Battle was lost, and this brave Commander slain, because Lord *Torrington*, Admiral of the *English* Fleet, which ought to have vigorously assisted the *Dutch*, kept off during the Action, and contented himself to be only a simple Spectator, suffering his Master's Allies to be beat without coming to their Assistance. It is true, that at the Request of the *States-General*, King *William*, of glorious Memory, made a Council of War to call him to Account; but most of its Members being the Friends or Creatures of *Torrington*, Means were found to ex-
 culcate

culpate him.—The last Line alludes to *Brake's* undertaking to break thro' the Iron Chains that were stretch'd across the River *Medway*; which he accomplish'd.

Wirtzburg.

Vere locus iste sanctus est, in quo Viri Sancti ac Martyres, *Killianus*, *Colonatus*, et *Totnamus*, Apostoliet Patroni *Franciae Orientalis*, a *Christo* sunt excitati ad pugnam, confortati ad Victoriā, Evocati ad Palmam. Quorum Corpora hic in Pace sepulta sunt.

This is in *St. Killian's Church*.—*St. Killian* (most likely a Corruption of *William*) *St. Colonat*, and *St. Totnam* were three poor *Scotch* Gentlemen, whom God inspired, above 1200 Years ago, with an Inclination to go to preach the Gospel in *Franconia*, a Country more fertile in every thing, especially in Wine, than their own. They converted the Duke of *Franconia* and his whole Court, except the *Dutchess*, who would not renounce her Idols. She in the Duke's Absence, whilst he was fighting against the *Saxons* on his Frontiers, prevailed on some of her Servants to strangle them; which they did in the Stable now the Chapel; and afterwards threw their Bodies into a Well, where they lay many Years without corrupting. The Duke had made *Killian* Bishop of *Wirtzburg*.—However they tell you all the Murderers came to most terrible Ends. The Bodies were taken out of the Well by *Burchard*, a holy Man, and likewise Bishop of *Wirtzburg*.

Westminster-Abbey.

Omnibus insignis Virtutum laudibus heros
Sanctus Edwardus Confessor, Rex venerandus,
 Quinto die *Jani* moriens super *Æthera* scandit.
 Sursum Corda. Moritur Anno Domini 1065.

This Inscription is supposed to have been put on in the Time of *Richard 2.* when the old one which was embossed on it was worn away, which when remaining was thus :

Anno milleno Domini, cum Septuageno,
 Et bis centeno cum completo quasi deno
 Hoc opus est factum quod *Petrus* duxit in actum,
 Romanus Civis, homo, causam noscere si vis,
 Rex fuit *Henricus Sancti* præsentis amicus.

But the Letters being not the usual Characters of that Age, it was since renewed. It may not be amiss here to take some Notice of a Narrative concerning the finding *St. Edward's Body* and his Cross in the Chest inclosed ; which was thus :

One * *Young*, belonging to the Choir of this Cathedral, some Time after the Coronation of King *James 2.* observed the Chest before-mentioned to be broken, and, as he supposed, by the Fall of a Beam from the Coronation Scaffolding, which had made a Hole in the Lid over the Breast. On putting in his Hand he turned the Bones, and found under the Shoulder-blade a Crucifix richly enamelled and adorned, a Gold Chain of 20 Inches long, and several Pieces of Linnen and Gold-colour'd Silk. The Head was solid and firm, the upper and lower Jaws full of Teeth, a List of Gold round the Temples, and much Dust in the Coffin. This Cross he presented to the
 King,

King, who, he says, thereupon ordered the Coffin to be inclosed in a new one, two Inches thick, and cramp't with Iron Wedges.

* This *Young* was no other than *Henry Keep*, who being reconcil'd to the Church of *Rome* in King *James* the 2d's Time, changed his Name.

Westminster Abbey.

Cy gist *Alianore* de *Bobune*, eifne fille et un des heires a l'Honorable Seigneur *Monfs. Humphry de Bobune*, Comte de *Hereford*, d' *Essex*, et de *Northampton*, et Conftable d' *Engleterre*, femme a puiffant et noble Prince *Thomas de Wodeftocke*, fils a tres excellent et tres puiffant Seigneur *Edward* Roy d' *Engleterre*, puis le conqueftries Duc de *Gloucefter*, Comte d' *Essex*, de *Buckingham*, et Conftable d' *Engleterre*, qui mourit le tier jour d' *October*, l' an de Mil CCCLXXXIX.

This Lady, who was the greateft Heirefs in *England*, and by whom the aforefaid Titles came to her Husband, had the Misfortune to have him taken from her at *Plesby*, a pleasant Seat in *Essex*, where his Nephew *Richard 2.* called to visit, and in Duty he thought to wait on him in the Evening Part of the Way to Town; but was hurried away to *Stratford*, by Persons placed for that Purpose; thence carried to *Calais*, and stified between Featherbeds. After this melancholy Accident she spent the Remainder of her Widowhood in the Nunnery at *Barking* in *Essex*, which was two Years; and making her Will on the 6th Day of *August*, in the Year 1399, died the 3d Day of *October* following, and being brought from *Barking* was here buried.

Verona Cathedral.

Offa

Lucii III. Pont. Max.

Cui *Roma* ob invidiam pulso
Verona tutiss. ac gratiss. Perfugium
 fuit. Ubi conventu *Christianorum* actō
 Dum præclara multa molitur è vitâ
 Excessit.

Pope *Lucius* retired to *Verona* for some Encroachments of Power at *Rome*, from whence he was driven by the Magistracy and the Friends of the Emperor *Frederic Barbarossa*. He bears the Character of a very profligate and wicked Pope, both in the History of his Pontificate, and in a great many Epigrams which were made against him.

*New Church, Amsterdam.**Effen Uyt.*

These *Flemish* Words are on a very antient funeral Monument of whitish Marble, on which are engraved a Pair of Slippers of a very singular kind. *Effen Uyt* means *Exactly*. The Story is, that a Man tolerably rich, and who dearly loved good Eating, took it into his Head that he was only to live a certain Number of Years, and no longer. In this Whimsey he counted that if he spent so much a Year, his Estate and his Life would expire together. It happened by chance that he was not deceived in either of these Computations. He died precisely at the Time he had prescribed to himself in his Imagination, and had then brought his Fortune to such a Pass, that, after paying his Debts, he

he had nothing left but a *Pair of Slippers*. His Relations buried him creditably, and would have the Slippers carved on his Tomb, with the abovementioned *Laconic Device*.

St. Luke's, Venice.

Jo. Car. Loth. Bavarus.
 Suorum Temporum *Apelles*.
 Ob virtutem *Penicilli*,
 Ab Imperatore *Leopoldo*
 Nobilium ordini aggregatus.
 Umbram Mortis depingere cepit,
 VI. Octobris anno M.DC.XCVIII.
 Ætatis suæ LXVI.

Padua Cathedral.

D. O. M.
Carolo Patino Paris. Eq. D. M.
 Prisc. Numismatum studiis clarissimo,
 Famam celeberrimi Patris æmidato,
 E Patrio in *Patavinum* Lyceum excepto.
 Post totam *Europam* lustratam
 Præmiis et majorum Principum gratia aucto,
 Cum Calumniâ feliciter luctato,
 Ac pro fundamento Virtutis
 Fortunæ ruinis uso,
 Ob veterem Eruditionem erutam
 Posterorum cultum promerito,
Magdalena Hommetz Paris. Uxor,
Gabrielis Carola, Sancta Paulina, et Carola Cath.
 Filix,
 Extremo Amoris argumento
 Annuente Capitulo
 M 6 Parentant.

Parentant.

Obiit A. D. M.D.C.XCIII.

VI. Id. Oct.

Æt. suæ A. LIX. Mens. VIII. Dies X.

Hereford Cathedral.

his Wyffe

That at this Lyffe have endyde her Pylgrimage
 That 14 Chyldern hadene with pefyble Lyffe
 8 Sonnes, 6 Doutres in Marriage withouten Stryffe
 And 5 times was Meyr of this cytee
 That as a Marchaunte leden a worthie Lyffe
 And honourabely ruled hit yn Prosperytee
 That hense decessid as all we shall in the Yer of
 Grace

Of Crystes Incarnation A. M.CCCC. with fyve
 and fyftee

The 11 Day of September made here mutacyon
 From Erthe to Hevyn have changed Habytacyon
 With a Paternoster and an Ave prayeth hit may be
 so restenge all weys

For her endlesse Salvation eternaly to
 preyse.

This is all that is left of an Inscription on an ancient
 Marble over the Entrance of the great West Door,
 where were formerly the Portraiture of this Man
 (*John Foster*) and his Wife.

In her, whose Relicks mark this sacred Earth,
 Shone all domestic, and all social Worth.
 First, Heav'n her Hope with early Offspring
 crown'd;

And thence a second Race rose num'rous round.

Heav'n

Heav'n to industrious Virtue Blessing lent,
And all was Competence and all Content.

Tho' frugal Care, in Wisdom's Eye admir'd,
Knew to preserve what Industry acquir'd,
Yet at her Board with decent Plenty blest,
The journeying Stranger sat a welcome Guest.
Press'd on all Sides, did trading Neighbours fear
Ruin, which hung on Exigence severe?
Farewel the Friend who spar'd th' assistant Loan,
A Neighbour's Woe, or Welfare was her own.
Did piteous *Lazars* oft attend her Door?
She gave.—Farewel the Parent of the Poor.
Youth, Age and Want, once cheer'd, now sighing
swell,
Bless her lov'd Name, and weep a long Farewel.

R. SAVAGE.

York Cathedral.

Here lyeth *John Thorne*, Musitian, most perfect in
Art,
In Logyks Lore, who did excel all Men who did
set apart;
Whose Lyfe and Conversation did all Men's Love
alure,
And now doth reigne above the Skyes in Joys most
firm and sure.
Who dyed 7. Decemb. A. D. 1573.

Great Upton, Shropshire.

Here lyeth buried Master *Adam Grafton*, the most
worshipful Priest living in his Dayes, sometime Cha-
pleyne to the famous Princes *Edward* the 5th and
Prince *Arthure*, Archdeacon of *Stafford*, Warden of
the

the Battelfield, Deane of Seynte Mary Collège in *Salop*, and Parson of this Church, which deceased on XXVII day of *July*, A. Dom. M.VCXXX. Whose Soul God pardon.

Des fiers *Austrichiens* gift ici * le dernier,
Trop tard pour son honneur, trop tot pour sa famille.

En attendant un Heretier,
Ce Prince trouva l'Art de laisser a sa Fille.
Un Heritage en l'Air, des Droits litigieux,
Un Epoux depouille des Biens de ses Ayeux :
De cent Titres brillants la pompeuse Funee,
Sans Argent, sans Conseil, sans Armi, sans Armée.

* The Emperor *Charles* the 6th.

Westminster-Abbey.

While *Britain* boasts her Empire o'er the Deep,
This Marble shall compel the Brave to weep.
As Men, as *Britons*, and as Soldiers, mourn
O'er dauntless, loyal, virtuous *Beauclerk's* Urn.
Sweet were his Manners, as his Soul was great ;
And ripe his Worth, tho' immature his Fate :
Each tender Grace that Love and Joy inspires,
Living, he mingled with his martial Fires ;
Dying he bade *Britannia's* Thunder roar,
And *Spain* still felt him, when he breath'd no more.

The Lord *Aubrey Beauclerk*,
Was the youngest Son of *Charles* Duke of *St. Alban's*,
By *Diana*, Daughter of *Aubrey de Vere*, Earl of *Oxford*.

He went early to Sea,

And

And was made a Commander in 1731.
In 1740, he was sent upon that memorable Expedition

To *Carthagera*,

Under the Command of Admiral *Vernon*,
In his Majesty's Ship the *Prince Frederick*;
Which, with three others, were order'd to cannonade
The Castle of *Bocca Chica*;

One of these being obliged to quit her Station,
The *Prince Frederick* was exposed, not only to the
Fire from the Castle,

But to that of *Fort St. Joseph*,
And to two Ships that guarded the Mouth of the
Harbour:

Which he sustain'd many Hours,
That Day, and Part of the next,
With uncommon Intrepidity.

As he was giving his Commands upon Deck,
Both his Legs were shot off,

But such was his Magnanimity,
That he would not suffer his Wounds to be dress'd
Till he had communicated his Orders to his First
Lieutenant,

Which were,
“ To fight the Ship to the last Extremity.”

Soon after this,
He gave some Directions about his private Affairs,
And then resigned his Soul

With the Dignity of a Hero and a Christian.
Thus was he taken off in the 31st Year of his Age;
An illustrious Commander,

Of superiour Fortitude and Clemency,

Amiable in his Person,

Steady in his Affections;

And equall'd by few

In the social and domestic Virtues of Politeness,

Modesty, Candour and Benevolence.

He married the Widow of Col. *Francis Alexander*,

A Daughter of Sir *Henry Newton*, Knt.

Envoy Extraordinary

To the Court of *Florence*, and the Republic of *Genoa*,
And Judge of the High Court of Admiralty.

Dr. YOUNG.

Durham Cathedral.

Preful-magnanimus *Antonius* hic jacet imus,
Jerusalem strenuus *Patriarcha* fuit, quod opimus
Annis vicens regnabat sex et i plenis,
Mille trecentenis *Christo* moritur quoque denis.

Antony de Bek, or *Beak*, Archdeacon of *Durham*, succeeded *Robert de Insula* in that See; he was elected July 5, 1283, and consecrated Jan. 9th following. He was a Man of vast Power and Wealth, and by that means obtained of the Pope the Patriarchate of *Jerusalem*, and of the King the Principality of *Man*: And had so great Command, that as *Stow* tells us, in the Battle of *Faw Kirk*, fought by King *Edward I.* against the *Scots*, there were no less than thirty-two of his Banners in the Army. He repaired divers Castles, built a noble Chapel and Hall at *Aukland*, in which he placed Prebendaries, and founded the Priory of *Alvingham* County of *Lincoln*, and a College of seven Prebendaries at *Chester on the Street*. He died March 3, 1310, and was buried in the Cathedral, behind the high Altar, being the first Bishop that presumed to lie in the Church, on account of the Interment of the holy *St. Cuthbert*. And so superstitious were they then, that they dared not to bring him in at the Doors, but broke a Hole in the Wall, to bring him in at the End of the Church, which is yet visible.

From

From an old Manuscript.

Although my Corps it lies in Grave
And that my flesh consumed be
My Picture here now that you have
An Earle sometime of this Cittie
Hugh Lupe by Name
Sonne to the Duke of *Brittayne*
Of Chivalrye then being Flower
And Sister's Son to *William Conquerour*
To the Honour of God I did edifie
The Foundation of this Monastery
The ninth Year of this my Foundation
God changed my Life to his heavenly Mansion
In the Year of our Lord then being so
A Thowland one hundred and two
I changed this Life verily
The XVII Daie of *July*.

St. German's Cathedral in the Isle of Man.

In hac domo quam et vermiculis
Mutuo accepi confratribus meis
Sub spe Resurrectionis ad vitam
Jaceo * *Samuel Permissone Divina*
Episcopus hujus insule.

Siste Lector, vide et Ride

Palatium Episcopi.

Obiit 30. Die Mensis *Maii*, An. 1662.

* *Samuel Rutter*, Bishop of *Sodor and Man*. He was buried under the uncovered Steeple of his own Cathedral then in Ruins, with this Epitaph on a Brass Plate.

In

In English thus :

‘ In this House which I have borrowed of my Bre-
 ‘ thren the Worms, do I lye, *Samuel*, by divine Per-
 ‘ mission, Bishop of this Island, in hopes of the Re-
 ‘ surrection to Life. Reader, stop, view the Lord
 ‘ Bishop’s Palace and smile.—He died *May 30th,*
 ‘ 1662.’

College de Quatre Nations, Paris.

D. O. M.

Et perenni Memoriae *Julii Ducis Mazarini*, S. R.
 Ecclesiae Cardinalis,
Italiae ad Cazale, Germaniae ad Monasterium, totius
 denique

Orbis Christiani ad Montes *Pyrenaeos* pacatoris :
 Qui cum *Res Gallicas, Lodovico Magno* adhuc im-
 pubere,

Felicissimè administrasset; atque illum jam adultum, &
 Regni curas capeissentem, Fide, Consilio, ac Labore
 indefesso juvasset,

Depressis undique *Franciae* Hostibus, ipsisque Famæ
 suæ æmulis,

Virtutum splendore, beneficiis, clementia, devictis ac
 devinctis,

Placide et pie obiit, Anno. R. S. M.DC.LXI. Æt.
 LII.

Templum hoc et Gymnasium ad Educationem No-
 bilium

Adolescentium ex IV. Provinciis Imperio *Gallico* re-
 cens additis

Oriundorum, extrui Testamento jussit, et magnificè
 dotavit.

The

The stately Monument to the Memory of *Cardinal Mazarin* with this Inscription, is not placed to all the Advantage it might have been. The three symbolical Figures at the Feet of the *Mausolæum* are of *Bronze*, large as Life, but the Cardinal and the Angel behind him are of *Marble*. Some Doctors of the *Sorbonne* took me to see this Piece, and I cannot help thinking with *Mr. Breval*, that there is an extreme Stiffness in the Cardinal's Attitude.

Lincoln Cathedral.

Here lyeth the Body of *James Gardiner*, D. D. installed Sub-dean of this Church, *A. D.* 1671, and from thence preferred to the Bishoprick of this Diocese; who departed this Life *March* 1. 1704, in the 68th Year of his Age, and in the Eleventh of his Consecration:

Conditos quisquis cineres beati
Præsulis calcas, moriture, Normam
Disce vivendi, stimuletque diæ
Gloria Palmæ.

Vera si cordi est Pietas, Fidesque,
Si Pudor priscus, placidusque Mentis
Candor, antiquos imitare Mores,
Gardinerumque;

Qui diu Patrum æmulus optimorum,
Legibus Vitæ, studiisque sanctis
Duxit Exemplar, speculumque primi
Retulit ævi.

Prosperæ Pectus bene præparatum
Res, nec adversæ poterant movere;
Se parem semper sibi, cæterisque
Gessit Amicum.

Hinc

Hinc et in Terris supereffe Famam,
 Et datur celfas Animam tenere
 Cœlitum Sedes, nec habente Finem
 Pace potiri.

Disce Virtutem monitas ; Fugaces
 Te monent Anni, monet et feptultus
 Præful. I. mortis memor inſequentis,
 I pede fauſto.

On Richard Savage, *Eſq*;

From Pomp in Mind, and Meaneſs in Eſtate,
 From rebel Paſſions ſtill at War with Fate,
 Now manumiz'd, th' unequal Strife is o'er,
 Fix'd is his Fate, his Hopes and Fears no more.
 Peace to his Soul I wiſh ; I hope it too ;
 Since in his Crimes his Punishment we view ;
 Left to Remorſe by Rage, to Scorn by Pride,
 To Friendſhip wrong'd, a Martyr, when he dy'd. *
 Oh blam'd yet mourn'd, deſpis'd yet honour'd
 Shade,
 No more thy Fame ſhall ſpread a chequer'd Shade.
 Thy Faults ſhall periſh, all thy Worth ſhall ſhine,
 For Frailty's mortal, Excellence divine :
 O'er all the reſt while dark Oblivion flows,
 Late Times ſhall know thy Birth, thy Lays, thy
 Woes,
 Shall read, admire, compaſſionate and praiſe,
 And while they give, with Tears bedew, the Bays.

* See p. 178 of his Life ; where it alludes to Mr.
Pope's uſing the Word *Scoundrel*, which the unhappy
Savage did not long ſurvive.

On a Child killed by procured Abortion.

O thou ! whose Eyes were clos'd in Death's pale
Night,

Ere Fate reveal'd thee to my aching Sight ;
Ambiguous Something by no Standard fix'd,
Frail Span ! of Nought and of Existence mix'd ;
Embryo, imperfect as my tort'ring Thought,
Sad Outcast of Existence and of Nought ;
Thou, who to guilty Love first ow'dst thy Frame,
Whom guilty Honour kills to hide its Shame,
Dire Offspring ! form'd by Love's too pleasing
Pow'r !

Honour's dire Victim in a luckless Hour !
Softens the Pangs that still revenge thy Doom ;
Nor, from the dark Abyss of Nature's Womb,
Where back I cast thee, let revolving Time
Call up past Scenes to aggravate my Crime.

Two adverse Tyrants rul'd thy wayward Fate ;
Thyself a helpless Victim to their Hate !
Love, Spite of Honour's Dictates, gave thee Birth ;
Honour, in Spite of Love, pronounc'd thy Death.

* * *

On a Father, Mother, and Brother.

Ye sacred Spirits ! while your Friends distress'd,
Weep o'er your Ashes, and lament the Bless'd ;
O let the pensive Muse inscribe this Stone,
And with the gen'ral Sorrows mix her own :
The pensive Muse ! who from this mournful Hour
Shall raise her Voice, and wake the String no more !
Of Love, of Duty this last Pledge receive ;
'Tis all a Brother, all a Son, can give.

— PITT.

St. Gene-

St. Genevieve, Paris.

A la gloire de Dieu,
 Et a la Memoire eternelle
 D' *Anne-Marie Martinozzi*,
 Princesse de *Conti*.

Qui detrempee de Monde de l'age de XIX Ans, vendit ses pierreries pour nourrir pendant la Famine de 1662 les pauvres de *Berri*, de *Champagne*, et de *Picardie*;—pratiqua tous les Austeritez que sa Santé peut souffrir; demeura Veuve a l'age de XXIX Ans; consacra les restes de ses jours a elever en Princes chretiens les Princes ses Enfans, et a maintenir les Loix Civiles et Ecclesiastiques en toutes ses terres;—se reduisit a une depense tres modeste!—* restitua toutes les biens dont l'acquisition lui fut suspecte, jusqu' a la somme de 800,000 Livres*;—distribua tout son epargne au pauvres dans ses terres et dans toutes les parties de monde; et passa soudainement a l'eternité, apres 16 Ans de perseverance, Febr. 1672.

Agée 35 Ans.

Priez pour Elle.

Louis Armande de Bourbon, Prince de *Conti*, et *Francois Louis de Bourbon*, Prince de la *Roche sur Yonne*, ses Enfans, ont pose cet Monument.

This Lady was Neice to Cardinal *Mazarine*, which gives Light to that Part of the Inscription marked with Asterisks.

Canterbury Cathedral.

H. S. E.

Thomas Turner, S. T. D.

Ecclesiæ

Beati *Pauli* apud *Londinenses* Canonicus
 Residentiarius
 Ecclesiæ { Deinde *Roffensis* Anno
 CIO DCXXXI. }
 Tandem hujus Christi Can-
 tuariensis CIO DCXLIII. } Decanus.

Quem *Carolus Primus* et Archiepiscopus *Laud*
 Gloriosi et Sanctissimi Martyres,
 Sacellatum habuerunt et unâ cum illis fortissimum
 Confessorem ;

Quem Rex in ultimis fere agonibus,
 In *Curia Hamptoniensi* et insulâ *Veſtis*,
 Unum è paucis fidissimum ascivit sibi;
 Generosâ prosapiâ *Redingia*
 Natus, si quis alter, bono Publico:

Fortunâ, magnâque rerum Copiâ reverenter usus est.

Ingens { Humilitatis profundissimæ
 Simplicitis Christianissimæ } Exemplar.
 Zeli pro Ecclesia serventissimi

Calamitates sub Tyrannide Perduellium animo æquis-
 simo toleravit,

Et utriusque fortunæ expertus,
 utrique par exstitit.

Juxta felicem *Caroli Secundi* reditum

Novas dignitates minimè ambiebat:

Et octagenarius senex adhuc in concionibus domina-
 batur.

Jamque maturus cælo,

Post multa immortalia facta, nihil optavit mortale,

Nisi mori in Domino,

Et obiit anno Domini CIO DCLXXII.

Ætatis suæ LXXX.

Translated thus:

‘ Here lies *Thomas Turner*, D. D. Canon Residen-
 tiary of *St. Paul’s*, *London*, Dean of *Rocheſter* in the
 ‘ Year 1631, and lastly, Dean of this Church of *Can-*
 ‘ *terbury*

' *terbury* 1643. Whom King *Charles* the First, and
 ' Archbishop *Laud*, glorious and holy Martyrs, re-
 ' tained as Chaplain, and with whom he was a brave
 ' Confessor. Him the King, in his latest Troubles,
 ' at *Hampton-court* and the *Isle of Wight*, selected
 ' from the few faithful to attend him. He was de-
 ' scended from a genteel Family at *Reading*, and born
 ' (if ever Man was) for the public Good. His For-
 ' tune and Affluence of Wealth he used with Wisdom.
 ' A great Example of profound Humility, Christian
 ' Simplicity, and most fervent Zeal for the Church.
 ' He bore the Calamities under the Rebels Tyranny,
 ' with an even Temper of Mind; and having tasted
 ' of both Fortunes, was unshaken in both. At the
 ' happy Restoration of King *Charles* the Second, he
 ' little regarded fresh Dignities; and continued to
 ' preach to his eightieth Year: And being fit for
 ' Heaven, after many immortal Actions, he desired
 ' nothing mortal, but to die in the Lord. He deceased
 ' in the Year 1672, aged 81 Years.'

In the *Oxford Fasti* I find this Account of him.—
 ' Dr. *Thomas Turner*, was Son of *Thomas Turner* of
 ' *Heckfield* in *Hampshire*, Alderman and Mayor of
 ' *Reading* in *Berkshire*, born in the Parish of *St.*
 ' *Giles's*, within the said Borough, and admitted Scholar
 ' of *St. John's College* in *Oxford*, in 1610, being then
 ' put under the Tuition of Mr. *Will. Juxon*, who was
 ' afterwards Archbishop of *Canterbury*.—Then the
 Author proceeds according to the Epitaph.

What Beauty would have lovely stil'd,
 What Manners pretty, Nature mild,
 What Wonder perfect, all were fil'd
 Upon Record in this blest Child.

And

And till the Coming of the Soul
To fetch the Flesh, we keep the Roll.

BEN JONSON.

Reader, stay ;

And if I had no more to say,
But here doth lie till the last Day
All that is left of *Philip Gray*,
It might your Patience richly pay :
For if such Men as he could die,
What Surety of Life have you and I ?

BEN JONSON.

*On Master * Vincent Corbet.*

I have my Piety too, which, could
It vent itself but as it would,
Would say as much, as both have done
Before me here, the Friend and Son :
For I have lost a Friend and Father,
Of him whose Bones this Grave doth gather :
Dear *Vincent Corbet*, who so long
Had wrestled with Diseases strong,
That though they did possess each Limb,
Yet he broke them ere they broke him,
With the just Canon of his Life ;
A Life that knew nor Noise nor Strife :
But was by sweet'ning so his Will,
All Order and Disposure still.
His Mind as pure and neatly kept,
As were his Nurseries, and swept
So of Uncleaness, or Offence,
That never came ill Odour thence !
And add his Actions unto these
They were as specious as his Trees.

'Tis true, he could not reprehend,
 His very Manners taught t'amend,
 They were so even, grave and holy ;
 No Stubbornness so stiff, nor Folly
 To Licence ever was so light,
 As twice to trespass in his Sight :
 His Look would so correct it, when
 It chid the Vice, yet not the Men,
 Much from him, I profess, I won,
 And more, and more, I should have done,
 But that I understood him scant,
 Now I conceive him by my Want ;
 And pray who shall my Sorrows read,
 That they for me their Tears will shed ;
 For truly since he left to be,
 I feel, I'm rather dead than he !

Reader, whose Life and Name did e'er become
 An Epitaph, deserv'd a Tomb :
 Nor want it here through Penury or Sloth,
 Who makes the one, so it be first, makes both.

BEN JONSON.

* He was a Gardener, the Father of Bishop Corbet,
 and lived at *Twickenham*.

If, Passenger, thou can'st but read :
 Stay, drop a Tear for him that's dead :
 Henry, the brave young Lord *La Ware*,
Minerva's and the *Muses'* Care !
 What could their Care do 'gainst the Spite
 Of a Disease that lov'd no Light
 Of Honour, nor no Air of Good !
 But crept like Darkness thro' his Blood,
 Offended with the dazzling Flame
 Of Virtue, got above his Name ?

No noble Furniture of Parts,
No Love of Action and high Arts;
No Aim at Glory, or in War,
Ambition to become a Star,
Could stop the Malice of this Ill,
That spread his Body o'er to kill:
And only his great Soul envy'd,
Because it durst have noblier dy'd.

BEN JONSON.

This humble Grave tho' no proud Structures grace,
Yet Truth and Goodness sanctify the Place:
Yet blameless Virtue that adorn'd thy Bloom,
Lamented Maid! now weeps upon thy Tomb.
O scap'd from Life! O safe on that calm Shore,
Where Sin, and Pain, and Passion are no more!
What never Wealth could buy, nor Pow'r decree,
Regard and Pity, wait sincere on thee;
Lo! soft Remembrance drops a pious Tear;
And holy Friendship stands a Mourner here.

DAVID MALLET.

* * * * *

How strangely fond of Life poor Mortals be!
Who that shall see *this Bed* would change with
me?
Yet, gentle Reader, tell me, which is best,
The toilsome Journey, or the Trav'ler's Rest?

On Mr. Elijah Fenton, at Easthamstead in Berks,
1730.

* This modest Stone, which few vain Marbles can,
May truly say, *Here lies an honest Man.*

A Poet blest beyond the Poet's Fate,
 Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and Great:
 Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
 Content with Science in the Vale of Peace,
 Calmly he lookt on either Life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
 From Nature's temp'rate Feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

A. POPE.

* *This plain Floor*
Believe me, Reader, can say more
Than many a braver Marble can,
Here lies a truly honest Man.

CRASHAW.

On the young Lord Mount Cashel.
 Children are snatcht away sometimes,
 To punish Parents for their Crimes;
 Thy Mother's Merit was so great,
 Heav'n hasten'd thy untimely Fate,
 To make her Character complete.
 Tho' many Virtues fill'd her Breast,
 'Twas *Resignation* crown'd the rest.

MARY BARBER.

In the Chancel of the Church of *Taunton St.*
Magdalen.

Here Mr. *Joseph Allein* lies,
 To God and you a Sacrifice.

This Gentleman wrote several excellent Pieces.
 He was a Man of great Learning and greater Charity;
 zealous in his own Way of worshipping God, but
 not

not in the least bitter towards any Christians who worshipped in another Manner. He preserved a great Respect for the Church, notwithstanding all his Sufferings; and was eminently loyal to his Prince, notwithstanding the Severity of the Times. *Antony Wood* has treated his Memory very rudely, and betrayed that Spleen he had against the Non-conformists, in speaking ill of one, who spake ill of no Man.

St. George's Chappel, at Windsor.

Wythin this Chappell lyeth buried *Anne Duches of Exetor* Sister unto the noble *Kyng Edward* the forte, and also the Body of *Syr Thomas Sellynger* Knyght, her Husband, which hath sonde wythi this College a chauntre wyth two prestys syngyng for ev more on whose soule God have mercy. The which *Anne* duches dyed in the yere of our Lord a thousande CCCCLXXV. the dnical letter S.

primu S. XIII. xi daye of *January*.

On Lady Whitmore.

Fair, kind, and true, a Treasure each alone;
A Wife, a Mistres, and a Friend in one;
Rest in this Tomb, rais'd at thy Husband's Cost,
Here sadly-summing what he had and lost.

Come Virgins, ere in equal Bands you join,
Come first and offer at her sacred Shrine;
Pray for but half the Virtues of this Wife,
Compound with all the rest, with longer Life.
And with your Vows like hers may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd.

J. DRYDEN.

In the Chancel of *Stepney Church.*

Undyr this Ston closed and marmorate
 Lyeth * *John Kite* Londoner Natyffe;
 Encreasing in Vertues rose to high Estate,
 In the fourth *Edward's* Chappel by his yong Lyffe,
 Sith whych the Seventh *Henry's* Serwyce Prima-
 tyffe,

Proceeding stil in virtuous Efficace
 To be in favor with our King's Grace;
 With Wit endowed chosen to be Legate,
 Sent into *Spayne* where he right joyfully
 Combyned both Prynces in Peace most amate:
 In *Greece* Arch-Bishop elected wortheley
 And late of *Carlisle* rulying pastorally;
 Keepyng nobyl Household with grete Hospitality.
 One Thousand five hundred thirty and sevyn,
 Invyterate with Pastoral Carys, consumyd with
 Age,

The ninetenth of *Jun*, reckonyd ful evyn
 Passyd to Hevyn from worldly Pilgrymage;
 Of whose Soul good Pepul of Cherite
 Prey as ye wold be prey'd for, for thus must ye
 lye

Jesu Mercy

Lady help:

* This *John Kite* was titular Archbishop of *Thebes*, and Archbishop also of *Armagh*, in *Ireland*. He was consecrated to the See of *Carlisle*, A. D. 1520; and received the Temporalities, Nov. 11, 1521. He died at *London*, *June* 19, 1537. In his Will, dated *June* the 18th, and proved *June* 21, 1537, he ordered to be buried near his Father's Grave in *St. Margaret's Church, Westminster*; tho' probably he altered his Mind, and appointed to be buried here. According to *Newcourt* he seems to have been Rector of *Harlington* in *Middlesex*. While he sat Bishop he built
 also

also a Tower at *Rose-castle*, on the West Side; which yet bears his Name.

Waltham-Abbey.

An Epitaph upon the Death of the Righte Wor-thie Sir *Edward Denny*, Kt. Son of the Righte Honourable Sir *Anthony Denny*, Counsellor of State, and Executor to King *Henry* the Eighth; and of *Joan Chamnon* his Wife, who being of Queen *Elizabeth's* Privy Chamber, and one of the Council of *Munster* in *Ireland*, was Governor of *Kerry* and *Dismondy*, and Colonel of certain *Irish* Forces there, departed this Life about the 52d Year of his Age, the 21st. Feb. 1599.

Here is offered to the View and Consideration of the discreet Reader, a Spectacle of Piety and Pity. The Pity kindly proceeding from a virtuous Lady, Daughter of *Pierce Edgcombe* of *Mounte Edgcombe*, Esq; and some time Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, who hath out of mean Fortunes but no mean Affection, produced this Monument dedicated to the Remembrance of her dear Husband. The Title must inwardly be conceived and considered in the Person of the dead Carcass here interred, cut off like a pleasant Fruit for perfect Ripeness. This worthie Knight here represented, Religious, Wise, Just, Liberal, right Valiant, most Active, Learning's Friend, Pride's Foe, kindly loving, much beloved, was honoured with the Dignity of Knighthood by due Desert in the Field, in which Bed of Honour he willingly would have ended his Days; but it pleased his most merciful Redeemer to bring him to his Grave in Christian Peace; yet so far condescending to his honourable Desire, that in his Country's Service he took his deadly Sicknes. If the Times more happily flourish-

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ing under gracious *Astrea* had been answerable to his heroical Designs, without all Doubt, he could not but have had (according to the strange *Italian Proverb*) *His Beak greater than his Wings*. I finally refer inquisitive Searchers into Mens Fame, to the true Report even of the most malicious ; and recommend the gallant Pattern of his Life, together with his repentant Patience, and assured Faith at the Point of his Death, to his own and to all Posterity. —

Learn, curious Reader, whom you pass,
Your once Sir *Edward Denny* was
A Courtier of the Chamber, a Soldier of the Field,
Whose Tongue could never flatter, whose Heart could
never yealde.

When the old flaming Prophet climb'd the Sky,
Who had one Glimpse did vanish and not dye,
He made more Preface to a Death than this,
So far from Sick, she did not breathe amiss :
She, who to Heav'n more Heaven doth annex,
Whose lowest Thought was all above our Sex,
Accounted Death nothing but t' be repriev'd,
And dy'd as free from Sickniess as she liv'd,
Others are dragg'd away, or must be driven,
She only saw her Time, and stept to Heaven :
Where Seraphim view all her Glories o'er,
As one return'd that had been there before.
For while she did this lower World adorn,
Her Body seem'd rather assum'd than born ;
So rarified, advanc'd, so pure and whole,
That Body might have been another's Soul.
And equally a Miracle it were
That she could die or that she could live here.

WM. CARWRIGHT.

Waltham

Waltham-Abbey.

Here lyeth *John* and *Joan Cressley*
On whos Sowls Jesu have Mercy. Amen.
Of your Cheritye for us and all Christian Sowls,
Say a Paternoster and an Ave.

On lyve when we wer God sent us spafe,
To yink on him and of his grete grafe,
For as we be both body and fafe,
So both mor and less must be in lik Case.
In piteous aray as now you see,
It is no nay, so fal ye be.
Yourself make mon, or ye bin gon, and pray for us,
Wythout deley, past is the dey, we may not prey for
you ;

its thus.
Whylst yat you mey, both night and day, look
yat you prey,
Jesu of Grase,
When ye bin gon, help is ther non, wherefore
yink on ;
Whyl ye have Spafe.

Westminster Abbey.

Edmund D. of Buckingham,

Died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735.

If modest Youth with cool Reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,
Could save a Parent's justest Pride from Fate,
Or add one Patriot to a sinking State :
This weeping Marble had not ask'd thy Tear,
Or sadly told, how many Hopes lie here !
The living Virtue now had shone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.

Yet softer Honours, and less noisy Fame
 Attend the Shade of gentle *BUCKINGHAM*:
 In whom a Race for Courage fam'd, and Art,
 Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
 And, Chiefs or Sages long to *Britain* giv'n,
 Pays the last Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

A. POPE.

The following Lines on this Nobleman I met with
 in Manuscript; but I know not the Author;

Hail, *Patriot Youth*! lost in Life's Bloom,
 In Virtue's Shrine with Honour sleep;
 While at thy consecrated Tomb
 The Muses and the Graces weep.

But never shall thy Mem'ry die;
 All at thy Urn shall that revere;
 Who honours Worth shall heave a Sigh,
 Who *Britain* loves, shall drop a Tear.

York Cathedral.

O merciful Jesu, that brougth Man Sowl from Hell,
 Have Merci on the Sowll of *Jane Belle*.

Thunderidge in the Vale, Hertfordshire.

Here lieth the Body of *Roger Gardiner*, elder Son
 of *Edward Gardiner*, Esq; and *Martha*, his Wife;
 who departed this Life the 13th of *April*, 1658. Aged
 21 Years, and 9 Months.

Roger lies here before his Hour,
 Thus doth the *Gardiner* lose his Flow'r.

Hampstead.

Hampstead.

Underneath whereas you see
There lies the Body of *Simon Tree*.
Who departed this Life *August* the 12th, 1722, in the
64th Year of his Age.

Ockham, in Surrey.

John Sprong
Dyed November XVII.
M.DCCXXXVI.
Aged LX.

Fell'd by Death's surer Hatchet here lies *Sprong*,
Who many a sturdy Oak has laid along ;
Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a *Place* could get ;
And liv'd by *railing*, tho' he was no *Wit* :
Old *Saws* he had, altho' no Antiquarian ;
Stiles he *corrected*, yet was no Grammarian.
Long liv'd he *Ockham's* premier Architect ;
And lasting as his Fame a Tomb t' erect,
In vain we seek an Artist such as He,
Whose Pales and Gates were for Eternity.
Here doth he rest from all Life's Cares and Follies ;
O spare, kind Heav'n, his Fellow-Lab'rer *Hollis*.

The Lord saw good, I was lopping of Wood,
And down fell from the Tree,
I met with a Check, and I broke my Neck,
And so Death lopp'd off me.

St. Margaret's, Westminster.

To the Memory of the late deceased Virgin, Mrs.
Elizabeth Hereicke.

Sweet Virgin, that I do not set
Thy Grave-Verse up in mournful Jet,
Or dappled Marble, let thy Shade
Not wrathfull seeme, or fright the Maid,
Who hither at her weeping Howers,
Shall come to strew thy Earth with Flowers:
No : know, blest Soule, when there's not one
Remainder left of Brasse, or Stone:
Thy living Epitaph shall be
'Though lost in them yet found in me :
Deare, in thy Bed of Roses then,
Till this World shall dissolve (as Men)
Sleepe : while we hide thee from the Light,
Drawing thy Curtains round.—*Good Night.*

Here lies the last King *Charles* of *Spain*,
Who all his Life ne'er made Campaign:
He made no Children, Girl, nor Boy,
Nor gave two Wives one nuptial Joy.
What has this valiant Prince then done,
Who long possessest so vast a Throne?
E'en nothing, neither good nor ill,
Nay, not so much as made his Will.

On an Infant.

To the dark and silent Tomb,
Soon I hasted from the Womb ;

Scarce

Scarce the Dawn of Life began,
Ere I measur'd out my Span.
I no smiling Pleasures knew,
I no gay Delights could view;
Joyless Sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.

" Happy Infant ! early blest !
" Rest, in peaceful Slumber, rest ;
" Early rescu'd from the Cares
" Which increase with growing Years,
" No Delights are worth thy Stay,

" Smiling as they seem and gay ;
" All our Gaiety is vain,
" All our Laughter is but Pain."

Are then all your Pleasures vain ?
Is there none exempt from Pain ?
Is there no Delight, or Joy,
But your fondest Hopes will cloy ?

" Short and sickly are they all,
" Hardly tasted ere they pall :

" Lasting only, and divine,
" Is an Innocence like thine."

Sickly Pleasures, all adieu !
Pleasures, which I never knew !
I'll enjoy my early Rest,
Of my Innocence possess :
Happy ! happy ! from the Womb,
That I hasted to the Tomb.

Oakham, Rutlandshire.

*Anne, the Daughter of
Andrew Burton, of Oakham, Esq;
Fellow of Grayes-Inn,*

Departed this Life *June 19, A. D. 1642, Æt. 15.*

Reader,

Reader, stand back ; 'dull not this Marble Shrine
 With irreligious Breath : the Stone's divine,
 And does enclose a Wonder ; Beauty, Wit,
 Devotion, and Virginity with it.
 Which like a Lilly fainting in its Prime,
 Wither'd and left the World ; deceitful Time
 Cropt it too soon : And Earth, the self-same Womb
 From whence it sprung is now become the Tomb.
 Whose sweeter Soul, a Flow'r of matchless Price,
 Transplanted is from hence to Paradise.

On Sir Robert Cotton, the Antiquary.

Posterity hath many Fates bemoan'd,
 But Ages long since past for thee have groan'd ;
 Time's Trophies thou did'st rescue from the Grave,
 Who, in thy Death, a second Burial have.
 Cotton, Death's Conquest now compleat I see,
 Who ne'er had vanquish'd all Things, but in thee !
 T. RANDOLPH.

On Sir George Speke.

Under this Stone lies Virtue, Youth,
 Unblemish'd Probity, and Truth ;
 Just unto all Relations known ;
 A worthy Patriot, pious Son ;
 Whom neighbouring Towns so often sent
 To give their Sense in Parliament ;
 With Lives, and Fortunes, trusting one,
 Who so discreetly us'd his own.
 Sober he was, wise, temperate,
 Contented with an old Estate,
 Which no foul Av'rice did increase,
 Nor wanton Luxury make less :

While

While yet but young, his Father dy'd,
 And left him to an happy Guide:
 Not *Lemuel's* Mother with more Care,
 Did counsel, or instruct her Heir;
 Or teach with more Success her Son
 The Vices of the Time to shun.
 An Heiress she, while yet alive,
 All that was hers, to him did give.
 And he, just Gratitude to show,
 To one that had oblig'd him so,
 Nothing too much for her he thought,
 By whom he was so bred, and taught;
 So (early made that Path to tread,
 Which did his Youth to Honour lead)
 His short Life did a Pattern give,
 How Neighbours, Husbands, Friends should live.
 The Virtues of a private Life
 Exceed the glorious Noise and Strife
 Of Battles won; in those we find
 The solid Int'rest of Mankind.
 Approv'd by all, and lov'd so well,
 Tho' young, like Fruit that's ripe, he fell.

EDM. WALLER.

St. Clement's Dunes, London.

Here lie the Remains of
 Honest JOE MILLER,
 who was

A tender Husband,
 A sincere Friend,
 A facetious Companion,
 And an excellent Comedian.

He departed this Life, the 15th Day of *August*, 1738.
 Aged 54 Years.

If

If Humour, Wit, and Honesty could save
 'The Hum'rous, Witty, Honest, from the Grave,
 The Grave had not so soon this Tenant found,
 Whom Honesty and Wit and Humour crown'd.

Or could Esteem and Love preserve our Breath,
 And guard us longer from the Stroke of Death;
 The Stroke of Death on him had later fell,
 Whom all Mankind esteem'd and lov'd so well.

S. DUCK.

Here rests his Head upon the Lap of Earth,
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science-frown'd not on his humble Birth,
 And Melancholy markt him for her own.

Large was his Bounty, and his Soul sincere;
 Heav'n did a Recompence as largely send:
 He gave to Want—'twas all he had—a Tear;
 He gain'd from Heav'n — 'twas all he wish'd — a
 Friend.

No fatter seek his Merits to disclose,
 Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode;
 (Where they alike in trembling Hope repose)
 The Bosom of his Father and his God.

— GRAY.

St. Lawrence, Jury, London.

William Bird died the 2d of October, 1698, aged four
 Years.

One charming *Bird* to Paradise is flown,
 Yet are we not of Comfort quite bereft;

Since

Since one of this fair Brood is still our own,
And still to chear our drooping Soul is left.
This stays with us, whilst that his Flight doth take,
That Earth and Skies may one sweet Concert make.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

Here lieth Sir *Christopher Wren*, Kt. Builder of this Cathedral Church of *St. Paul*, &c. who died in the Year of our Lord, 1723, Ætat. 91.

On the Wall above the Tomb-stone.

Subitus conditur hujus Ecclesiæ et Urbis conditor,
Christophorus Wren, qui vixit Annos ultra Nonaginta,
non sibi, sed bono Publico. Lector, si Monumentum
requiris, circumspecte. Obiit 25 Feb. Anno 1723.
Ætat. 91.

Westminster-Abbey.

Mr. *William Congreve* died Jan. the 19. 1728. aged 56, and was buried near this Place; to whose most valuable Memory this Monument is set up by *Henrietta* Dutches of *Marlborough*, as a Mark how dearly she remembers the Happiness and Honour she enjoyed in the sincere Friendship of so worthy and honest a Man, whose Virtue, Candour, and Wit gained him the Love and Esteem of the present Age, and whose Writings will be the Admiration of the Future.

Of gentlest Manners ever form'd to please;
The mildest Temper, ever blest with Ease;

An

An humble Mind,—a gay and generous Heart—
 Good without Shew,—and lovely without Art—
 Without one Thought, but did from Virtue flow;
 Without one Wish, but such as Heav'n might know;
 Glad to oblige, and fearful to offend—
 A kind Companion, and a faithful Friend;
 To cover little Failings ever prone,
 Blind to all others, conscious of her own.
 Fond to give Praises, still her own would be
 The only Merit which she could not see:
 To ev'ry Vanity so much a Foe;
 She lov'd that Virtue which she blush'd to shew.
 In Life's fair Spring, so Heav'n ordain'd her Doom,
 Untimely hurry'd to the silent Tomb.
 If Beauty asks—If Virtue claims a Tear—
 Stop, gentle Passenger—and shed it here.

Here Innocence and Beauty lies; whose Breath
 Was snatch'd by *early*, not *untimely*, Death;
 Hence was she snatch'd, just as she did begin
 Sorrow to know—before she knew to sin.
 Death that can Sin and Sorrow thus prevent,
 Is the next Blessing to a Life well spent.

Ripe in Virtue, green in Years,
 Here a matchless Maid lies low;
 None could read and spare their Tears,
 Did they but her Sweetness know.
 Humbly wise, and meekly good,
 No earthly Lover's Arms she blest,
 But, full of Grace, her Saviour woo'd,
 And hid her Blushes in his Breast.

On an Undertaker.

Here lyeth *Robin Masters*.—Faith 'twas hard;
To take away our honest *Robin's* Breath,
Yet surely *Robin* was full well prepar'd;
Robin was always looking out for Death.

For one who would not be buried in Westminster-Abbey.

Heroes and Kings! your Distance keep;
In Peace let one poor Poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you;
Let *Horace* blush and *Virgil* too.

A. POPE.

On a large fat Physician.

Take heed, O good Trav'ler and do not tread hard,
For here lies Dr. *Str—tf—rd* in all this Church-yard.

Peterborough Cathedral.

July 2, 1594, R. S. Ætatis 98.

You see old *Scarlet's* Picture stand on high,
But at your Feet there doth his Body lie;
His Grave-stone doth his Age and Death-time show;
His Office by these Tokens you may know.
Second to none for Strength and sturdy Limb,
A Scare-babe mighty Voice with Visage grim;
He had interr'd two Queens within this Place,
And this Town's Householders in his Life's Space

Twice

Twice over; but at length his own Turn came;
 What he for others did, for him the same
 Was done; no Doubt his Soul doth live for aye
 In Heav'n; though here his Body's clad in Clay.

Norwich Cathedral.

Here lies the Body of honest *Tom Page*,
 Who died in the 33d Year of his Age.

St. Bennet's, G. C. London.

Prey for the Saulys of *Henry Donne*, and *Joan*,
 his Wyf, theyr Fadyrs, theyr Modyrs, Bredyrs, and
 good Frendys; and of all Christian Saulys; Jesu
 have Mercy. Amen. Who departyd this Lif 1491.

St. Botolph, Bishopsgate.

On the 10th of August, Anno 1626, was interred
 without the Verge of the consecrated Burial Ground in
 Petty France, the Body of *Hadgi Shaughsware*, a Per-
 sian Merchant; whose Son, according to the Custom of
 his Country, daily repaired to his Grave for the Space of
 a Month, where he performed divers Prayers and Cer-
 monies over the Defunct. But being disturbed by the
 Populace, he discontinued his Funeral Devotions, and
 erected a Monument to his Father's Memory, with a
 Persian Inscription, English'd thus:

This Grave is made for *Hadgi Shaughsware*, the
 chieftest Servant to the King of Persia, for the Space
 of 20 Years; who came from the King of Persia,
 and

and died in his Service. If any *Persian* cometh out of that Country, let him read this, and a Prayer for him, the Lord receive his Soule; for here lyeth *Hadgi Maghmote Shaughsware*, who was born in the Town of *Novoy*, in *Persia*.

St. Anne's, Aldersgate, L.

Peter Heiwood, younger Son of *Peter Heiwood*, one of the Counsellors of *Jamaica*, by *Grace*, Daughter of Sir *John Muddesford*, Knight and Baronet, Great Grandson to *Peter Heiwood* of *Haywood*, in the County Palatine of *Lancaster*; who apprehended *Guy Faux*, with his dark Lanthorn. And for his zealous Prosecution of Papists, as Justice of Peace, was stabb'd in *Westminster-hall*, by *John James*, a *Dominican Frier*, Anno Dom. 1640. Obiit Novem. 2. 1701.

Reader, if not a Papist bred,
Upon such Ashes gently tread.

St. Antony's, London.

Such as I am, such shall ye bee,
Grocer of *London*, somtym was I.
The King's Weigher more than Yeres Twentie
Simon Street callyd in my Plas,
And good Fellowshypp fayn would tras.
Therefor in Heaven everlasting Lif
Jesu send me and *Agnes* my Wyff.
Kerli Merli, my Words were tho,
And *Deo Grattias*, I added thereto.
I passyd to God in the Yere of Grase
A Thousand Four hundryd just hit was.

All-Saints

All-Saints Church, Stamford.

Sub hoc marmore
positæ sunt reliquæ
Thomæ Truesdale de Stamford, Generosi,
plurimis noti, omnibus chari,
suis charissimi.

In Legum *Anglicanarum* usu, et Curiarum praxi
apprimè versatus, et peritiâ suâ
honestè alios æque ac se ditavit.

Egenis adhuc superstes, sæpe dedit,
cum moriebatur, semper.

In vico vicino *Anglice* Scotgate,
Hospitium statuit,
propriam domum sex pauperibus in perpetuo;
eandemque domum in agro *Lincolniensi*
Ad *Baston* et *Morton*, cum fundis dotavit.

Fama ejus occulto, velut arbor,
ævo crescit, crescetque;
dignum laude virum.

charitas (musa, melior vetat mori)

Si Gravitas, si Sobrietas, si mentis Honestas
Pulcrum homini nomen præbeat, ipse tulit.

Obiit 23^o Octobris,

Anno 1700.

St. Martin's Church, Stamford.

Deo optimo, maximo, et memoriæ sacrum,
Honoratissim. et longe clarissim *D. Gulielm. Cecili*, Baro
de *Burghley*, summ' *Angliæ* Thesauri, Curiae
Pupillor' Præfekt', *Georgiani* Ordinis Eques auratus,
Serenissimæ *Elizabethæ, Angliæ, &c.* Reginae a Sanc-
tioribus Consiliis, et *Academiæ Cantabrigiensi* Can-
celari, sub hoc tumulo secundum *Christi*, ad-
ventum manet,

Qui

Qui ob eximias animi dotes, primum a Secretis fuit *Edwardo sexto Angliæ regi*, deinde *Reginæ Elizabæthæ*; sub qua, in maximis et gravissimis hujus Regni causis spectat' et imprimis probat', veram religionem promovendo, Reipublicæ salutem et dignitati providendo, consilio, æquitate, constantia, magnisque in remp. meritis, honores consecutus summos, cum Naturæ et Gloriæ satis, Patriæ autem parum, vixisset;

Placide in *Christo* obdormivit.

Uxores habuit duas, *Mariam*, Sororem *Johannis Cheeke* Equitis aurati; è quâ genuit filium unicum, *Thomam* nunc Baronem de *Burgbley*; et *Mildredam*, filiam *Antonii Cooke*, equitis aurati; quæ illi peperit *Robertum Cecilium* Equitem auratum, Reg. *Elizabæthæ* a Secretis, et Curiæ Pupillorum Præfectum; *Annam*, enuptam *Edwardo* Comiti *Oxonie*; et *Elizabetham*, *Gulielmo Wentworth*, filio primogenito Baronis *Wentworth*.

Lord *Burleigh* lived in a very hospitable Manner, and constantly bestowed in Alms five hundred Pounds a Year. He was highly respected by the Nobility, and endeavoured always to advance Men of Merit. He was strict in his Devotions, kind to his Friends, gentle to his Enemies, averse to Pomp, temperate in Diet, and impenetrably secret. He was a Man of extraordinary Worth and Abilities; who (not to mention his venerable Presence and Aspect, which had a commanding Sweetness in them) was so formed by Nature, and polished by Education, that for all the Qualities of a Statesman, adorned with all the Virtues of a private Man and a Christian, he had no superior: And was one of those few, who both lived and died with Glory. By his first Wife, *Mary*, Sister of Sir *John Cheeke*, he had *Thomas*, afterwards Earl of *Exeter*; and by his second Wife *Mildred*, one of the Daughters of Sir *Anthony Cooke*, he had *Robert*, afterwards

wards Earl of *Salisbury*, and Lord High Treasurer of *England*, in the Reign of *James I.* and two Daughters; *Anne*, married to *Edward* Earl of *Oxford*, and *Elizabeth*, married to *William*, Heir to the Lord *Wentworth*; and three other Children, who all died young.

T. BIRCH.

St. Alban's, Hertfordshire.

Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. *Barbara Griffith*, late Wife to *Edward Griffith*, Esq; Daughter of *Richard Jenyns*, late of *St. Alban's*, Esq; who died at *London* the 22d Day of *March* 1678. in the 37th Year of her Age; having left one Daughter named *Barbara*.

Youth, Beauty, Virtue here intomb'd doth lie
O Death, luxurious in Cruelty,
Glutted with Age, and Vice thy common Prey,
How greedily this Life thou'st snatch'd away,
Which Virtue and good Manners did so grace,
Whose Death doth sweeten and adorn this Place,
And cheers the Ashes of her ancient Race,
This Virtue disappoints Death's cruel Skill;
They only die untimely who die ill.
Whose early Steps the sacred Height do climb,
'Tis just their Happiness begin betime.

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.



Courtenhall, Northamptonshire

A Salop's wely I, a ruen Partridge Noone,
no Birds I had her by, Such work with her ^{doone} ^{and}
She dead, I Turtle sought a wake in ^{bed} ^{and} ^{doone}
Twice six birds she me brought, She lives but I am
But when ninth year was come, I Slept that ^{a wake} ^{and} ^{doone}
Thus yielding to death's doome, did here my
lodging take.



Holdenby, Northamptonshire. church
on a brap place in the middle str of the
Tu quid es? Hattonous? quo te pronomine diuis
Franciscum, genitor cui Guliebous erat.
viventi qua cura? mori medicabar. Auebas
Deserere hanc vitam? non, Sed dixi Deum.

Kendal, Westmorland.

Here lieth the body of Ralph Tyrer, late vicar of
Kendal, B.D. who died June 4th. A.D. 1627.

London bred mee, Westminster fed mee,
Cambridge sped mee, my Sister wed mee,
Sady taught mee, Living sought mee,
Learning brought mee, Kendal caught mee,
Labour preped mee, Sicknes diddressed mee,
Death oppressed mee, the Grave posseped mee,
First gave mee christ did save mee,
Death did crave mee, And Heaven would have
mee.

Wendal - Westmorland

Here lies Francis late wife of Jacob
Barton Gent. who departed this life 19th
June 1700, in the 25th year of her age: who
by a free & cheerful resignation of herself
even in the midst of this world's affluence
has left us just grounds to hope she is now
happy.

This Epitaph (remark Mr. Nicholson & Dr. Burn
the authors of the History of Westmorland
& Cumberland) we only take notice of, as it
late occasioned a display of the droll humour
of the people, who upon any particular occasion
of festivity have from hence framed a proverb,
"we live as Jacob Barton's wife died."

The Chapel in Fairley castle, Somersetshire

An Epitaph

written in memory of the late right
noble and most truly virtuous

M^{rs} Mary Shaa

Daughter to the right Hon. Walter Lord
Hungerford Sister & Heire General to the
right noble Ed. Hungerford Kn. Decree
and wife unto Thomas Shaa Esq. leaving
Behind Robert Shaa her only Sonne
She departed this life in the faith
of Christ the last day Septem^r

An^o Dni 1613.

If

of birth of noble birth and noble
in years in years a married wife,
looke in this cabinet, becau'd of beauty
then lies the pearl inclos'd; she which by death
some death subdu'd, slighting vaine worldly
receiving heav'n with thoughts of Paradise.
She was her Sexes wonder, great in blood
But what is far more rare, both great & good
Shee was with all celestiall virtues storde,
The life of Shaa, and Soule of Hungerforde.

Finchley Leicestershire

burial ground belonging to the

Presbyterian meeting —

James Estlin Sen. Dec. 19. 1757. in the

54. y. of his age



day read, prepared to meet, whilst this

no reset must die uncertain: why
not you?

Bedlington Church, 921 Leicest.

Thomas Ballard of Drayton 16. Oct. 1765 in
the 54. y. of his age.

I lov'd my honour'd Parents dear,

I lov'd my wife & children dear,

I lov'd my Brothers & Sisters too,

and hope in heav'n to meet them there

I lov'd my uncles, aunts & cousins too

I pray to god to give my children

the same to do.

under this stone lies dead
Henry Muntrich Gentleman
who was beloved of rich & poor,
his alms were plenty at ^{his} the door:
his Prayers to God he did remember
and so he died the last of December.
A. 9. 1649. Aged 76.

Church Lench Wonescote
Sir Edward Mous Bar^t. died Nov. 5. 1677.

If Prayers, tears, & sighs could have
made ransom for him with the grave
no eye within this country but
had lent a tear to pay the shot.

Lidbridge Wonescote

In memoriam Willmⁱ Pennele qui ob. 7ⁱ. Jan. 16
This stone that covers earth & claye
longe in the earth uncovered laye
Man forc't it from the mothers wombe,
And made thereof for man a tombe;
And now it speakes, and thus doth saye,
The life of man is but a daye;
The daye will pass, the night must come,
Then here, poore man, is all thy roome:
The wri^{ter} & the reader must
like this good man, be turn'd to duste:
He lived well, & soe doe thou.
Then feare not death, when, where or how
It comes; 'twill end all grieffe, & paine
And make thee ever live againe.
Non mihi vita.

Weth - Yorkshire -

J. Benn

My Beloved Parishioners!

My Beloved Parishioners!

Prepare for Death devoutly receive the Sacrament
Prepare against Sudden Death, receive it often
as your Wills whilst you are well & in good health
that you may have leisure to dy wisely.

If you hope to dy comfortably,

you must resolve to live righteously.

Send us all on happy meeting.

John at Winchester, Fellow of New College

at Oxford, Rector of Tingswick in the County of Buck

of Glympton Som. Oxon. Principal of Don

at Bath, Prebendary of Ripon

aged 67 (2u69) obit 17^o Oct. A.C. 17

From The European Magazine.

John Benn Giffard Churchyard Devon

In learning was my Study most

of it I did not brag nor boast

Arithmetic do they I could

And keeper of an English school

This epitaph strikes us on account

of its simplicity and absurdity, the following

is enough from its being a simple

and extraordinary man, and that

as many of the lofty and pompous

descriptions which are in the Abbey of

neath this stone in sound repose,

William Rich of Lydeard Close:

Mold ——— Wales —

composed by Dr Wynne himself several years before
his decease, which was March 5th 1776. Aged 77.

William Wynne of Tower I.D.
sometime fellow of All-souls college in Oxford
and Rector of Llanvcechan in this Diocess,
departed this life +
aged +

In conformity to an ancient usage,
from a proper regard to decency
and a concern for the health of his
fellow creatures, he was moved to give
particular directions for being buried
in the adjoining church yard,
and not in the church.

And as he scorned flattering of others
while living, he has taken care to prevent
being flattered himself when dead
by causing this memorial to be
set up in his life time.

God be merciful to me a sinner!

Heb. Idun, Heb. ddim

Eight wives he had, yet none survive,
And thirteen children eight times five;
From whom an issue vast did pour
Of great grand children five times four.
Rich born, rich bred, but fate adverse
His wealth and fortune did reverse.
He lived and died immensely poor
July 20th Aged ninety four.

In Middleford church yard Devon
The wedding day appeared was,
The wedding clothes provided;
Before the nuptial day alas
He died and he his wife

at Botolph's Bishopsgate - London.

supposed to have been written by B. Atterbury

in conjuncta suo recubant. Franciscus marito,
et uxor est unus quia fuit una caro.

et uxor concine suos soror Anna jubebat,
corpora sic uno pulvere trina jacent.

et epifex rerum omnipotens, qui trinus et unus,
pulvere ab hoc uno corpora trina dabit.

et lies interr'd an husband and a wife

in dust in death, as once one flesh in life

their mingled ashes here repose,

their bodies thus one heap of dust compose

in power Almighty. Three in one, will raise

several bodies from one common mass.

now an husband & a wife are laid

in dust, when living, & one dust now dead

their ashes mingle in the urn,

thus three bodies to one dust return

Three, o Three in one, Almighty Power

in this one dust three bodies will

in a country church yard near Scour

in the earth beneath this stone

the honest John and faithful Jane

with no gay monument above

this humble stone shew where they lie

as like them be just and wise

like them to live, like them to die

flattery is written here;

and friends all say so with a tear.

